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P 353.7
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BOUGHT FROM THE
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CHARLES STUART BOWEN

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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1811.

BEING

AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF THE MOST INGENIOUS

ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS

THAT APPEAR IN THE

NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES

OF

MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. XV.

To be continued Annually.

LONDON:

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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

ADDENDA TO VOL. XIV.

BONAPARTE'S SACRIFICE

TO HIS GOOD PEOPLE OF PARIS, IN (AS NEARLY AS
TRANSLATION WILL ALLOW) HIS OWN WORDS, AT THE
NUPTIAL ALTAR.

[From the Bath Herald.]

"OUR Royal Self we here to France
Devote, her glory to enhance,
And banish her alarms;
We spur our *darling Demirep*, see,
And brave a fit of *catalepsy*.
In this young Virgin's arms."

April 14, 1810.

W. L.

A TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH SONNET.

BY JAMES STUART.

[From the British Press, May 14, 1810.]

ARISE, O my Love! near yon dew-spangled bower,
That waves its green boughs in the soft-sighing gale;
The king of day breaks on the hawthorn's white flower,
That hangs on the brow of the wood-cinctur'd vale.

VOL. XV.

Fr

From his sun-circled throne, see Morning advances,
 Soft-tinging the air with his rays as he goes ;
 And he mingles the blush with his smiles and his glances,
 That his kisses have stol'n from the crimson'd-ey'd rose.

O, thou soul of my soul—Evelina, arise !
 More charming thy smile than the morn's mildest hues ;
 More modest the beam of thy love-kindling eyes,
 Than the lily, when, rifled, she weeps in her dew.

More serene is thy face, with beauty's blush beaming,
 Than yon blue vault above, at the dawning of day,
 When the sun's strembling light, o'er the azure arch streaming,
 Has embosom'd the heavens in glory's pure ray.

The richness of wild-honey dwells on thy lip ;
 Such sweets lie enclos'd in the bean's snowy flower,
 And tempt the wing'd bee its soft nectar to sip,
 Ere it melts in the dew, or dissolves in the shower.

Red, red, is that lip, with playful smiles glowing,
 As the strawberry that peeps at the foot of the thorn ;
 Or the young-ey'd moss rose, when, in loveliness blowing,
 It pouts and it bends in the tears of the morn.

More fragrant thy breath than the apple's bright blossom,
 Whose perfume the zephyr hath stol'n as he goes,,
 When trembling he pants on its half-open'd bosom,
 And sighs as he leaves it to rifle the rose.

O ! glossy and black, as the jetty-wing'd raven,
 Adown thy white shoulders thy dark tresses flow ;
 And thy look in the breeze, when thy ringlets are waving,
 Like shadows that move o'er a surface of snow !

More fair is thy neck than the moon-beam in motion,
 Or the breast of the swan, when he floats in his pride,
 And his bosom, that rests on the slow-moving ocean,
 Is wantonly heav'd by the swell of the tide.

Arise, Evelina ! the sun-beam descending,
 Lingers fondly with kisses thy beauty to meet ; [ing,
 And the heath and the wild-furze their bloomy sweets blend-
 Have reserv'd all their odours, my fair-one to greet.

I will

STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

3.

I will range o'er the grove, at the foot of yon mountain,
Where, in rapture's soft notes, gently cooes the ring-dove;
And cull the fresh flowrets, that bloom near yon fountain;
And lay all their sweets at the feet of my love.

O, thou fair queen of smiles, my soul's only treasure,
O, life of my life, in thy beauty arise!
For, ah! ev'ry hour of thy absence I measure,
And number each moment that passes with sighs!

In the moss-circled cave shall I never behold thee,
Sweet virgin, nor gaze on thy heart-thrilling charms?
In Miscother's deep wood shall I never enfold thee,
Nor press thee, enchantress, again in my arms?

Chaste child of a meek-ey'd and white-bosom'd mother,
Hast thou heard the lone song that I breath'd on the
breeze?

And wilt thou descend to the groves of Miscother,
And wander with me in the shade of its trees?

Thou com'st like gay spring, when, encircled with glory,
She cheers the chill'd sons of the frost with her beam,
And dissolves the cold mantle, which, icy and hoary,
Stern winter had spread on the face of the stream!

O! thus to the trav'ler, sad, feeble, and weary,
Morning's harbinger comes with her soul-cheering light;
When through the deep forest, dark, cheerless, and dreary,
He wanders alone in the storms of the night!

THE STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

MR. Chinnery's excellent Prize Poem on *The Dying Gladiator* *, gave rise to much emulation at Oxford. The following lines, by a Non-Academic, are deserving of preservation:

IMPERIAL Rome and trophied Greece no more
O'er prostrate realms their conqu'ring legions pour;

* See vol. xiv. p. 286.

All their vain hopes of boundless empire crush'd,
 The victor-shout, the storm of war, is hush'd :
 Yet, in the relics of a milder fame,
 Still lives the Roman, still the Grecian name.
 Hoar boasts of genius, rescu'd wrecks of time,
 Tell their proud height, when science soar'd sublime,
 And Learning there unveil'd her mystic charms—
 They rul'd in arts, triumphant as in arms.

Yon carv'd memorial of their peerless skill,
 Sculpture ! 't was thine to model at thy will ;
 Who from the rude rock call'st the perfect form,
 Canst soften stone, and flinty marble warm ;
 There has thy lavish hand giv'n all but speech,
 To show how far thy wondrous art can reach :
 So rich the glow thy magic chisel gives,
 Through thee the Dying Gladiator lives.
 His form how strongly mark'd ! each swelling vein
 So chastely touch'd, we read his inward pain :
 Here the distended vessels scarce can hold
 The raging blood—while there, congeal'd and cold,
 Where ruthless Death hath press'd his heavy hand,
 Life's frighted current starts at his command *.
 His sinewy make proclaims his pristine might,
 And marks him fashion'd for the fiercest fight—
 Yet see ! he droops beneath the weight of woe,
 Shrunken his proud neck, his haughty head bent low ;
 On his swell'n arm he rests his tortur'd frame,
 His life, and, dearer still, his dying fame :
 For, as he liv'd but in the public eye,
 So, but for public sport, he seems to die.
 His soul still thirsts, unsated, for the praise
 That cheer'd his savage feats in former days ;
 Ere fell defeat had brought despair and shame,
 And nipp'd the growing honours of his name.
 Though in the grasp of Death, he strives to please ;
 Though torn by pangs, denies his suff'rings ease ;

* One of the Commentators upon this Statue thought he could discover the torpor of death extending itself gradually from the extremities of the body.

EPIGRAMS ON THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN. 5

Studious alone to fall with manly grace *,
And hold the wonted firmness of his face †.
His blood, slow trickling from his wounded side,
Too proud to weep, flows with reluctant tide.
Weak, faint, and spent, he seems already gone;
We start to help—and grasp a form of stone!

Thus when thy works attain their utmost art,
Their objects seize, resistless, on the heart;
Enwrapt in wonder, the deluded eye
Passes unmark'd their chisel'd beauties by;
And on those passions darts its gaze alone,
That swell expressive in the living stone.

ON THE OXFORD HONOURS.

[From the British Press, July 19.]

WHEN Sheridan wish'd to be double L. D.
The officers stopp'd him by crying out—"Fee!"
For to honours at Oxford, like honours in town,
You never can rise, without first—coming down.

ACADEMICUS.

ON SEEING THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN RANGED WITH THE DOCTORS, WITHOUT A DEGREE.

AN EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Herald.]

A MIDST the Doctors Sherry sits
(Self-dubb'd by talents) at his ease,
Whose rapid genius ne'er submits
To gather fame by dull Degrees.

NIM.

* The Gladiator is described as being particularly anxious, after having been mortally wounded, *at procumbat honeste*.

† It is plainly seen, that, in his expiring moments, he exhibits a solicitude to maintain that firmness of aspect, which the Gladiators esteemed so honourable in a dying state.

EXCLUSIVE INTELLIGENCE.

[From the British Press, July 26.]

GRAND ARMY OF FASHION.

DISPATCHES have been received at our office, EXCLUSIVELY, containing an account of the operations of the Grand Army of Fashion, since the commencement of the present summer campaign. We have made from them the following extracts :

On the 22d of June, being the day after the prorogation of Parliament, the Grand Army of Fashion began to break up from its cantonments in Westminster. The *Sharp-shooters* and *Rifle-corps* marched for the coast, and took their stations at Brighton, Bognor, Ramsgate, Margate, &c. &c. They consisted principally of the *flanking* corps, with some heavy artillery, of large calibre, from Leadenhall Street and its vicinity. A few light troops marched at the same time for Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, &c. They were in general well mounted, and made a showy appearance. It would be an endless task to attempt to enumerate the various skirmishes in which they have been since engaged; the campaign having been conducted, in a great measure, upon the plan of the present war in Spain—a sort of desultory warfare, in which every hero and heroine in the ranks has been anxious to *touch the Spanish*. The only general action fought took place at Oxford. It is called the famous Battle of the *Installation*, and lasted four successive days. The enemy, on this memorable occasion, made a very grotesque appearance: they were dressed in an old-fashioned style, consisting of cumbrous scarlet gowns, velvet caps, and other embarrassing and feeble armour. When drawn up in battle array, they withstood the grape and cannister shot with firmness, and in many cases with obstinacy;

but as soon as the *Light-corps* and *Sharp-shooters* from Mary-le-bone came up, they were seized with a sudden panic, and a dreadful slaughter commenced among them. In most wars, the doctors, and all the civil tribe attached to the army, have been placed in a state of comparative security, and seldom considered in danger; the contrary was the case on the present occasion. The Bloomsbury and Mary-le-bone Chloes and Phillises, armed with Cupid's arrows, laid whole ranks of Doctors sprawling at their feet. One case was peculiarly lamentable: it was that of Dr. ———, who was just recovering from a wound in his rear from Chloe, when a random shot from Corinna took him in front, and pierced him to the heart.

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 20.]

LET Canning's smooth numbers harmoniously flow
In praise of the "Pilot that weather'd the storm;"
At thy altar, O Pitt! let the sycophant bow,
And say, that "no longer dark tempests deform."

When the tempest-toss'd vessel is braving the seas,
Nor knows but each billow the wreck may o'erwhelm,
Shall the plaudits of flatt'ry be borne on the breeze,
In praise of the Pilot who guided the helm?

No; in accents of thunder from yon gloomy cloud,
The anthem of triumph and praise would be lost;
Vivid flashes of lightning, in majesty proud,
Would reprove the delusive, the impious boast.

No, Pitt! now the course of thy frenzy is o'er,
Thy boundless ambition with anguish we view;
Thy apostacy censure, thy talents deplore,
And shudder at evils which yet may ensue.

8 ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Not thus shall *thy* mem'ry, O Fox ! be rever'd,
 " *Thy* talents, *thy* virtues, we fondly recall ;"
 With *thee* for our Pilot, we safely had steer'd ;
 No fear if " rude whirlwinds " our hearts should appal.
 The wind might have howl'd, and the clouds might have
 gather'd,
 The white-foaming billows around us have roar'd ;
Thy skill, and *thy* judgment, the storm might have weather'd,
 We had smil'd at the tempest, hadst *thou* been on board.
 Let Pitt, like a Comet, *destructively* bright,
 With *meteor-like splendour* ~~delusively~~ blaze ;
 The dazzled spectator shall turn from the sight,
 On *thy* milder effulgence with rapture to gaze.
 As the bright setting sun, with his beautiful beams,
 Bestows a fresh lustre on mountain and grove ;
 So, Fox, at *thy* close, ~~we~~ acknowledge *thy* claims ;
Thy virtues to reverence, *thy* mem'ry to love.

PHILO-JUVENIS

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, July 20.]

WANTED by *That Party*, who have entitled themselves " No Party," some specious pretence for calling a Public Meeting in the metropolis, and for inviting the hitherto reluctant counties and cities to follow the noble example of the capital. It must have been observed, that there are many dreadful grievances which are felt by *the whole* country, and yet are known only to a *few* enlightened individuals. This is therefore to give notice, that if any such individual will bring information of grievances of this sort to the said " No Party," he shall be rewarded, according to the *value* of such grievances, in the following proportions ; that is to say : If affording a pretence for a Public Meeting, 500*l.*—if for a Patriotic Subscription, 500*l.*—if merely supplying a topic for a

Speech at a Dinner, 100*l*. These said rewards to be duly paid in *Assignats*, secured upon the freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates, merchants' warehouses, shopkeepers' goods, *consols*, and other property; all which are intended to be confiscated in the first year of *integrity! purity! innocence! equality! liberty!* and *reform!*—the year in which FELONY shall be deemed *Patriotism*, and MASSACRE, *Humanity!*

(Signed) ARTIFICE.

(Countersigned) VANITY.

(A true Copy, extracted from the
Knave and Fool Society.)

(Signed BOTH.)

 AN ODE,

BY SIR CHARLES B—F—DE, BART.

SET TO MUSIC (*affettuoso*) BY MIC. KELLY, ESQ.

[From the same, July 23.]

Nunc est bibendum! OVID.

DEAR M——ley, what is that d——d squib
The *Herald* gave!—it can't be true,
That Frank had thought about a *Rib*,
Without consulting *me* or *you*?

No! no! he has not had his fill
Of cordial *draughts* which you prescribe him,
To change them for a bitter *pill*,
To which no Woman's art can bribe him!

Frank ne'er was in so mad a fit,
I'll pledge my soul, as well as life;
So long well wedded to his *Wit*,
He'll not divorce it for a *Wife*!

Something I've heard you say he had
Of *hydrophobia* symptomatic;
Yet then we never thought him mad,
For loathing every cold-aquatic.

His taste for sparkling liquids craving,
 Congenial ran with yours and mine;
 For *water* set us all a-raving,
 Whene'er it flow'd instead of *wine*!
 But should he madly yoke—no doubt
 In penance we must shift our plan;
 You, *Doctor*, will go *North about*,
 I—catch a dinner where I can!

ANTI-UXORIENSIS.

THE RAPID FORTUNE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 23.]

SAYS Dick to Hal, "Your thrifty sire, in trade,
 For your *dear* sake a rapid fortune made:
 You drank, wench'd, gambled, mortgag'd house and land,
 And from the turf to jail drove four in hand."—
 "Have done," cries Hal, "nor with your gammon stun me;
 My fortune was so rapid, it outrun me." R.

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HENRY MASON AND MISS
 ELLEN READ.

[From the Morning Post, July 24.]

THE Fair, we're told, have wish'd in vain
 Masonic Clubs a place in;
 But here's an instance where a swain
 Has made his nymph a *Mason*.

LETTER TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

[From the same, July 25.]

SIR,

Crown and Anchor.

THE Electors of Westminster having express'd
 An anxious desire (don't think that we jest)
 To commemorate that ever-glorious hour
 When you were allow'd to come out of the Tower*,

* See vol. xiv. p. 275—286.

And

And treat all your friends with a kind of a *by-go*,
 To gain the great name of Frank, Marquis of *Sly-go*,
 Held a meeting at this very place on last Monday,
 At which 't was resolv'd (*nem. con.* too), that one day
 Should be set apart for a *gorge*, with a view
 That a speech, manufactur'd by Horne Tooke and you,
 Would be then deliver'd in style from the table,
 To please an enlighten'd and liberal rabble.
 This business to manage we stewards appointed,
 And chose from among us the six most *anointed*:

In consequence next of a wish universal,
 That you would make one—at the stewards' rehearsal
 They bid us solicit your company there,
 With the *wise* Sheriff Wood and the learned Lord Mayor.
 If with Gale Jones from Newgate you won't spend a day,
 We'll take measures for keeping the fellow away;
 He will probably though be engag'd then elsewhere,
 For lately he oft has been heard to declare,
 (As at Newgate they lately thought proper to scout
 This worthy, and turn him reluctantly out,)
 He will insult resent, while his name remains Jack,
 And that "he'll be d—'d if he does not go back."
 So Government will not for once gain their ends,
 By parting Gale Jones and his Old Bailey friends.
 On our *honour* we beg to say this is no hum,
 And therefore we trust you will answer, "I'll come:"
 If you won't, pr'ythee say so, and save us the trouble
 We had t' other day, when you *tipp'd us the double*;
 Making thus of the great Mr. Powell a pope,
 While despair put to flight the poor fools of the "*Hope*."
 Believing you'll not get us laugh'd at again,
 We your very obedient servants remain,

ROBT. H—TCH—N.
 GEO. P—LL—R.

To Sir F. B—rd—tt.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

GENTS.

Piccadilly.

THE Electors of Westminster do me great honour,
 But I wish they had ask'd Mr. Roger O'Connor,
 As he for a dinner is always at leisure,
 And would, I am certain, attend with great pleasure.

For myself, I shall always obey your commands;
 And the message which I have receiv'd through your hands,
 Affords me, I must say, no small satisfaction,
 And saves me almost from a state of distraction;
 Resolv'd such Constituents never to scout,
 When in Parliament, Gentlemen, ay, and when out,
 I shall always be ready to serve you in reason,
 (That is, to bawl out for reform, and brew ——)
 To you, Bob and George, I return my best thanks,
 And hope we shall have a fine day for our pranks;
 As, should we assemble—if that point we weather—
 No doubt we shall be very pleasant together,
 Unless some great man, or Commander in Chief,
 Should call out an army to charge our roast-beef:
 In that case, you know, each must bolt like a thief,
 And I, to avoid the confusion and slaughter,
 Shall feel it my duty to take to the water.

I remain, &c. &c.

F. B—RD—TT.

Mr. G. P. and Mr. R. H.

THE SAILOR'S CREED.

[From the same, July 31.]

AS a Sailor, while working my passage through life,
 Many hands I with grief oft remark,
 Dishearten'd at failures in this scene of strife,
 In despair let chance pilot their bark.
 At peril dismay'd, yet unable to fly,
 Stupify'd they relinquish the oar:
 But such conduct, d' y' see, is in Jack Splicewell's eye
 Beneath e'en a lubber on shore.

Off Cornwall, when once mountains high the sea roll'd,
 Averse to our hopes the wind veer'd,
 While, new scenes of danger and care to unfold,
 On our starboard-side *breakers* appear'd.
 Alarm'd, poor Tom Topsail thus cried out to me,
 "All is over—our efforts are vain!
 In less than a glass, at the bottom, Jack, we
 Shall be strangers to fear, hope, or pain!

"The

"The wind still against us continues to blow ;
 Every chance of escaping is past ;
 To *Davy* we all in a short time must go,
 For the leak, messmate, gains on us fast !"—
 "Well, brother," said I, "with fear yield not the ghost,
 If so be as how danger you scan ;
 Never strike to despair, but stand firm to your post,
 Do your duty, and die like a man !"
 My words were not slighted ; with pleasure I found
 Each his part anxious well to perform ;
 The leak we got under, the wind shifted round,
 And in safety we weather'd the storm.
 In life, thus from duty disdaining to swerve,
 Though calamities fast on us press,
 Some comfort we find Fate has still in reserve,
 And superior we rise to distress.
 The misfortunes of life, which so many bewail,
 I regard not the end of a rope.
 Be Reason our *helm*, Resolution our *sail* ;
 Ay—and still let our *anchor* be Hope.
 Then smoothly our vessel will scud with the breeze,
 And, the shoals of adversity pass'd,
 Though tempests assailing, sometimes may chase ease,
 We shall gain a fair haven at last.
 And thus, when the voice of base faction is loud,
 Though unprincipled arrogant elves
 May a while our horizon political cloud,
 Yet, if Britons are true to themselves,
 Their daring illusions must quickly decay,
 Nor longer our glories deform.
 With B——t, Tr——n's sons will, in trembling dismay,
 View the *Albion* weather the storm.

 THE PERFECT AGREEMENT.

[From the British Press, Aug. 2.]

CRIED a wealthy old Cit t' other day to his Wife,
 "The times may be bad—but for me—on my life,
 I laugh at these men who have fail'd—one and all—
 For I say—that the *weakest must go to the wall*!"

"And

14. LONG AND SHORT HORNED BREEDERS.

"And I," said his Lady, "approve your remark—
For I said just the same—t' other night—to our Clerk."

RECIPROCITY;

EPIGRAM.

A BINDER of Books—a small Volume of Love—
Address'd a rich Widow in suit most profound :
"Fair Lady, if you but my courtship approve,
You will find me *well letter'd* and handsomely *bound*.
"That style," cried the Widow, "my Library meets—
For I hear that your Works took but poorly—in *Sheets*."

UDOLPHO.

ON A CELEBRATED BOOK OF COOKERY.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 8.]

AN Authoress, of culinary fame,
Skill'd in the art which practice long had taught her,
In cooking greens, if well you'd do the same,
Most wisely bids you "*boil them in cold water* !"

LONG AND SHORT HORNED BREEDERS.

[From the British Press, Aug. 14.]

OF Bulls and their qualities, which may be best,
I attempt not to argue, unless as a jest ;
After all our fine statements, the labour I grudge,
When I think that a Cow is a much better judge.
But horns long and short we with confidence scan,
'Tis a subject comes home to the fortunes of man ;
And if 'tis our fate aught of these to throw out,
G—d send they may be of the *Hereford* sprout !

The poet, when measuring our wants, deeply thinking,
At horns, big or little, sure only was blinking ;
We want little below, or old Goldsmith was wrong,
And those little, he said, had no need to be long.

Our fathers (their like we shall ne'er see again),
When good humming beer was the liquor of men,
Drank their ale out of *horns* of their own handicraft,
And which, long or short, held a *dev'lish long draught*.

Then

Then success to *John Bull*, and his *horns*, which are strong,
 And may they, whoever his foes, *be felt long*;
 May his *English horn* blow long, defying *Mounseer*,
 And long be the *French horn* before it blows here.

SQUIB.

TRICKS OF NEWSMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

[Aug. 17.]

SIR,

I AM afraid you must do me the favour to provide me with another Newsman; the person who has hitherto supplied me with papers I have long known to be an idle fellow and a drunkard; but, for the sake of his large family, mere compassion has induced me to persevere in employing him. But now, Sir, besides going down in the world, he has turned politician it seems, and quite an arrant patriot, at least I judge so from a certain twist he has taken in the way of forwarding my newspapers. It was only this morning that he had the impudence to send me down a certain "Talent" Journal, instead of your decent, steady *Morning Post*; and, to complete the joke, the fellow was wise enough to stick a scrap of writing-paper between the folds, half covered with stains of tobacco and porter, on which he had contrived to scratch, in a scarce legible hand,

"SIR—Hope you'll excuse me sending you that d-mn-d *Post* any longer—no sober Gemman can bear to read it. I gives you our ——— to-day, and you'll find a particular good account of WELSLY, and of great use to the cause. Sir, am yours,

"GREG. GRUMBLE."

When we had done laughing at this characteristic puff, I gave the paper to my friend Dr. Solid, who happened to be present (my wife, poor woman, being troubled

troubled with a flatulency, had sent for him); but all the account the good Doctor could give us of "*Welsly*" was, that in one part of the paper there appeared to be a pass in the rear of his army, which the French would find absolutely impregnable; and in another part of the same Journal, "*WELSLY*," Sir, was transformed into a *chess-player*, who knew that he "must be finally check-mated," move in what direction he pleased.

Dr. S. appeared to muse for a few seconds, and then, raising his spectacles on his forehead, he turned to me:

"My good friend, Hopeful, it seems passing strange that such things should be in such a country as this; but I have for some time observed, and you know I am a pretty close observer, that the Editors of two or three of the London Journals have of late been afflicted with a train of disorders, which, on different occasions, and in different constitutions, assume a variety of aspects:—the leading diagnostic strikes me to be, a depression of spirits, accompanied by frequent eructations of foul wind—an utter loathing of all wholesome and nutritious aliment, or a speedy rejection of it, if accidentally swallowed—a voracious craving for all sorts of acid, bitter, and even bony substances, utterly indigestible by any healthy stomach—together with a perpetual fretfulness, peevishness, and moroseness, venting itself in passionate exclamations on things in general, but more particularly on public affairs, and in strange contradictions of their own stories. In short, many of the symptoms are those of mere dyspepsia; but there are numberless anomalies which I have not yet mentioned, and for which, in truth, I am at a loss to account. A curious coincidence in point of time is, that the complaint never appeared to take a serious turn until the hopes of the Spaniards began to revive; and especially

cially since it was foretold by some reflecting people, that Massena would not be in such a mortal hurry to make poor Lord Wellington run away and drown himself, as was at first intended."

I here shortly asked the learned Physician, "whether it was not possible that intelligence, of a secret and disastrous nature, might have reached these gentlemen through some private channels; intelligence which preyed upon their own spirits, but which they were too humane to publish."—"No, Sir," he replied, with much gravity, "you don't go near the bottom of the case." He then went into a long discourse on the relation between cause and effect, and other matters of which my wife and I did not understand a single word, when he resumed the former subject, by saying, that the patients in question owed their distemper partly to natural and partly to un-natural causes.

"For, my dear Sir," added he, "if the causes were not in the highest degree complicated and mysterious, how is it likely that their consequences should be so irregular and perplexing as we find them from day to day? I can understand, for instance, how a generous, though unthinking nature, may be so far prejudiced in favour of its native country as to fancy that England has something like a free Government, guaranteed and defended by wholesome laws, and by the spirit of a rational and high-minded population. All this is very well, for we are all susceptible of prejudices equally ill-founded; but what sort of disorder is it which seizes so violently on these very people, not only entertaining but professing these very prejudices, that they see no one of the above-mentioned objects through a distinct and proper medium? that in this free Government nothing is visible to them but tyranny and corruption? in these wholesome laws nought but mal-administration? that under this beau-
teous

teous frame and canopy of political mechanism, of progressive wisdom and auspicious fortune, canker and rottenness pervade every part? No remedy is in their mouths but the blister, the caustic, or the knife; none in their hopes, but a revolution—of *parties*. Here then is a complaint so intricate and inconsistent, that the most skilful practitioner might well be puzzled between the only two acknowledged modes of treatment: the single alternative being either to invest the patients with some portion of that power, whose abuse they deprecate while in other hands, and thus assuage their hatred of corruption, by suffering them to increase it at their own will and pleasure; or to make them the first subjects of the experimental theory which they patronize, and so indulge their taste for purging, blistering, and bleeding. But (proceeded Dr. Solid), I have little hope that either of these methods will be found practicable: to the former I am afraid the nation would not listen; and as for the latter, you may take my word, the patients never so much as thought of submitting to it themselves. As some comfort, however, I can assure you, that this malady is not likely to become epidemic. Here, as in most other cases, we may safely rely on the kind provisions of nature, who has made an incurable disorder scarce as it is malignant; and having rendered our senses impervious to its virulence, has left the imagination of a few mortified beings the sole channel through which it can be received.

“Likewise,” went on the instructive Doctor, “I can imagine, from the frequency of the thing itself, a very good sort of man so distressed by an overflowing of the bile as to become captious, uncandid, and a lover of contradiction; but he must be affected by some influence more deplorable than bile, when he takes every occasion of snapping at, and contradicting, *himself*. A mad dog, we know, will bite his own body.”

body. We have also heard of certain venomous reptiles—the scorpion, my friend, for instance, that, by being placed on a table, or on the floor, and enclosed within a circle of water, will instantly betray symptoms of the most outrageous fury, and, from having no other object of vengeance within its power, will inflict upon its own head the most shocking wounds and lacerations. Sir, if the allusion were not somewhat far-fetched, I would ask you, can it be the liquid fence which saves and separates this island from her enemies, that so distracts the nerves of all envenomed creatures among us, as to make them bury their stings in the fat of their own proper brains? If so, there is no radical cure but to transport them beyond the watery circle, to a scene where venom may ‘do its work,’ and be turned to the benefit of mankind.

“Moreover,” continued Dr. Solid, after wiping the perspiration off his face, “men of sanguine tempers and ardent minds may be endued with a high-born love of liberty, and with a noble pride in the national greatness: these, like all their other feelings, ~~will of course be vehement~~, and they will proclaim loudly what they vehemently feel. Such men, in their sound state, may be expected to chant the praises of their country; to read lessons of valour and of virtue to her youth; to stimulate, by acclamation and just applause, the prowess of those who bravely fight her battles. If touched, on the other hand, by a little gouty irritation, we may indulge them with an occasional ‘pshaw!’—when they are teased by comparisons between their favourite officers and others; by accounts that an expected engagement has not taken place; by intelligence bad enough to disappoint, or too good to be believed; or by a new tax imposed on Bachelors, or Port Wine: all this, Mr. Hopeful, is mere human nature, and, though carried to the debit side of the account, it is a debt which human charity

rity will not be slow to cancel. But what shall we say to those pestilential sufferers, who unite all sorts of contrarieties and extremes, in an assemblage the most offensive and unnatural; who believe whatever you tell them, not according to the weight of evidence, but according to the complexion of the fact; wildly credulous of impossible mischief; curious in their distrust of authenticated good; anticipating, fabricating, circulating, distorting, confounding, suppressing events, and arguments, and wonders, without the shadow of reference to reason or to truth—to any principle, but that which is the reverse of honesty; to any sentiment but one, whose existence the patriot revolts from believing? If with all this you mingle a boisterous uproar for the word called Freedom, and a concurrent esteem and admiration of the *Despot*, who, in every other country of the universe, has murdered her essence, detruncating her images, scattering her emblems, blotting out her name from the books of language, and eradicating almost her first seeds and conceptions from the very nature and the soul of man: add this to the other characters of that disease which I have laboured to unfold to you, and no longer will you doubt that they present a combination, not to be analyzed by the ordinary rules of science, nor to be classed, by affinities as yet discovered, near any determinate tribe—monsters of the political and moral world, of whom we understand no more, than that we need not fear them!”

On discussing this matter further with my friend, he was of opinion that the last class of unfortunates owed their aliment “to certain impurities of the blood, originally generated by a French diet, and inflamed by the use of pernicious, but home-made liquors.” I hinted at the substitution of English for a foreign regimen—

“Ah, my worthy neighbour,” he replied, “their
stomachs.

stomachs are too habitually depraved to be now reconciled to simple English aliment. Something, indeed, may still be done, by laying aside those mischievous liquors in which they have so long indulged. *Porter*, you and I know very well, used to be meat and drink to three-fourths of the people. But this once salutary beverage has quite degenerated, being either absolutely vapid, or so impregnated with poisonous drugs, as to be utterly destructive of the constitution. Good mild Ale is the substitute I would recommend; for almost every family might brew for themselves, and thus we should save vast sums of money, which certain great porter-brewers are glad enough to empty into their own wide pockets. But I would have nothing whatever to do with that dangerous drench called *Perry*; it is sure to get into the head, and invariably sours on the stomach. *Genuine* wine from Portugal is no comparison better."

As I had often seen the village apothecary make pills of paper and similar articles, I asked the ingenious Dr. Solid, whether a Gazette containing some satisfactory news might not be torn up, rolled into pills, and offered now and then to these poor devils, when their disease appeared most obstinate?—"Ay," said he, "and with decisive effect, if you could only prevail on them to get it down—but that will never do;—no, my dear Harry, your good-natured experiment would never answer; why, a Gazette-phobia is part of the distemper—an attempt to swallow it might bring on convulsions; if indeed the pills were gilt——" added the Physician, smiling sarcastically; "but that, at the present price of bullion, would cost more than the value of a hundred such patients." I wish, Mr. Editor, the Doctor had stayed a minute longer to explain what he meant by "gilding the pill;" for I am sure, by his smile, he had something comical in view—but he was that moment called away to an

22 ARGUMENT FOR THE MODERN UNDRRESS.

old bed-ridden Parson close by, who is greatly plagued, as it would seem, by a Constitution, at which he diverts his spleen with perpetually railing, because he has grown too feeble to take any further liberties with it.

On Dr. Solid's departure, I sat down to give you the substance of what he said, before it should slip my memory. By the by, on reading the letter in *The Morning Chronicle* "about chess-playing," he appeared half inclined to make some observations on that game, which perhaps he may favour me with on a future occasion.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, and (except when this cursed Newsman plays me a trick) your constant reader,

HENRY HOPEFUL.

W—bledon, Aug. 13, 1810.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE MODERN UNDRRESS.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 18.]

OUR Mother Eve, while free from vice,
Was free from dress, and knew no harm in't;
But when she sinn'd in Paradise,
'T was then she first put on a garment.

That vice and dress each maid abhors,
No man of sense can think so odd is,
Since sinning plainly was the cause
Of wearing clothes upon their bodies.

Now Ladies argue to the letter,
And thus excuse their want of dress;
They prove unblemish'd virtue better,
Who show uncover'd nakedness!

E. P.

THE

THE TEARS OF MARGATE; OR, DECORUM IN THE SUDS.

[From the same.]

BELLA, horrida bella!—The spirit of revolution and usurpation is at work at Margate; and King *Le Bas*, like the Grand Turk, is now tottering on his throne! But hear the dreadful tidings, O reader!

One account says, that on the last Assembly night, when the widow *Slyboots*, from Crooked Lane, was calling to the band to play “The Devil among the Tailors,” the monarch of the dance waved his necromantic wand of office, and the band ceased as suddenly as if Death had given the word of command. The waiter was ordered to put out the lights, as the prescribed hour of separation had arrived; when some officers (*mirabile dictu!*) broke the long extinguisher in two, and threw it into Cecil Square!

“There was a situation!”

“Why do you open that window?” questioned the M. C. strutting up to the offender like the King of Bantam—“To throw out a *dirty stocking*,” rejoined the insurgents: and the principal was in the act of seizing the little arbiter of elegance, when Terpsichore interfered, in the shape of the Spirit of Loyalty, and, by placing a slice of lemon under the left foot of the aggressor, he, luckily, stumbled, which gave the alarmed Monarch a happy opportunity to escape, which he incontinently did (*à la sourdine*) by strides, which his abridged anatomy was heretofore deemed unequal to. Thus the innovators remained masters of the field, while that demon Democracy hovered round the roof in ecstasy, flapping her sooty wings at this signal overthrow of royalty and right!

The M. C. was fortunately discovered the ensuing morning by one of the waiters, who “~~nosed~~” him
going

going to the lobby." He had dexterously taken refuge in the china-closet, and was found squatting, *à la Turque*, at the bottom of a punch-bowl, but without his *regalia*, and shorn of his beams—ah! how unlike his great self!

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Miss Debby Waddle, of Leather Lane, declared at the *hoy fair*, that the *Sieur Le Bas* remonstrated with a field-officer for dancing with spurs, contrary to his mandates, when the indignant son of Mars, taking his fair partner with one hand, and seizing the M. C. by the waistband of his inexpressibles with the other, rammed him into his coat-pocket, and actually finished the dance with this king of forms, thus incarcerated, who peeped and disappeared alternately; like the jacks of a harpsichord, when Dussek is running the *allegro* divisions of a *sonata*; calling lustily, but in vain, upon his merry subscribers for mercy, and a *habeas corpus*!

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Some say, that when he was dragged from the abyss of the punch-bowl, exhausted with lachrymal floods, and the pangs of a diseased soul, he was fanned into returning energy by Mr. Kidman's cook: when he first looked round him in wild dismay, like Ajax *minor* when he awoke in Tartarus, he ejaculated one emphatic exclamation, and no more, viz.

"All hell shall stir for this."

Three several committees of fashion have sate, successively, in Divan, upon this lamented event, in order to adjust the differences between the aggrieving and the aggrieved; but, ere they could come to a conclusion, the iron toe of pecuniary necessity hath kicked a majority on board of some friendly Hoy, whose sails were unbending for the classical and renowned port of Billingsgate. Thus the affair stands at present, for rest it cannot.

We

We will not pledge ourselves for the literal verity of either of the above accounts, though we believe that each is substantially true.

The following is the remnant of a descriptive ditty which hath been made upon this unpleasant occasion, and is now sung through the Isle of Thanet, and promises to be as popular as "Chevy Chase," or "Malbrook." It is attributed to the powerful and poignant pen of Mr. Fawcett, the comedian, who is now here on a flying visit to *Hygeia*, to buy half a yard of health for winter's wear; and who is well known to be *au fait* on such emergencies.

God prosper long our noble King,
Who rules each sturdy Briton;
And eke our little King Le Bas,
Whom *Athleta* have spit on!

Pray read, Sir Clement Cottrel, read,
What now flows from my *penna*;
Publish it not in Gath, I trow,
Nor Paris, nor Vienna.

Where will the difference be betwixt
An assembly and a hop,
If King Le Bas foregoes his crown,
And 's forc'd to—shut up shop?

Shall Elegance be now defunct?
Shall life's delights be o'er?
Shall *Phryne* flaunt where Virtue danc'd?
Shall Manners be no more?

Should Envy smile when Monarchs bleed
By Treason, or *par hazard*,
May gnawing Rheum infest his joints,
And Anguish writhe his mazzard!

Mild as Favonius greets the rose,
Kind as the May-morn breeze,
He urg'd politeness 'midst his mob,
And seem'd but pleas'd to please!

THE TEARS OF MARGATE.

Let tulips close their casices,
Each sunflower hide his head ;
'Cause Etiquette has got a squeeze,
And Dignity is dead !

Bid recreant Loyalty demand
A *Drimmandah* from "*Shelah*."
Let no dove coo, nor songster sing,
Excepting Philomela !

He was a man of mighty soul,
Although of little size ;
But, auditors, 'fore I proceed,
Pray let me wipe my eyes !

I've left my handkerchief at home,
And cannot do without it ;
Stay here, good folks : when I return
I'll tell you all about it.

Margate, Aug. 20.

THE CONTINUATION.

[From the same.]

Margate, Aug. 22.

IN order to methodize, and, if possible, to soften the habitudes of some of the piebald gentry who visit this renowned port, Mr. Le Bas hath issued the following official announcement :

" The Master of the Ceremonies requests that no gentleman will come to the rooms in boots, or pantaloons, or trowsers (military gentlemen in uniform excepted), as they will *not* be admitted; it being contrary to the orders and regulations of the place."

The ensuing lines were posted, last night, under this *Ukase* of authority :

Tut! tut! Le Bas, ne'er fume and fret,
But advertise the shop's to let;
And go, and live at Dover.
Here Vandal force, and impudence,
Have strangled manners, wit, and sense;

Here

Here the swill'd sons of riot swear;
 Doing what's rude, because—*they dare!*
 And all the charm of ceremony's over!!!

SYMPTOMS OF MAGNANIMITY.

We are informed, from the highest authority (locally considered), that yesterday morning the *Sieur Le Bernard*, M. C. of Dandelion, called upon his august competitor for fame and fortune, the *Sieur Le Bas*, M. C. of Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Bath, to inquire the state of his health, after his recent *row* with Colonel — and Captain —; when the domestic delivered the following consolatory bulletin:

“Much recovered, though a little uneasy in mind yet.—Dreamed of a *pirouette* at 3 A. M. and kicked down his panado: but the feverish indications are abated, and his complete restoration to pristine health may be looked for with confidence.”

On hearing this, the polished regulator of movements at Dandelion proudly exclaimed, like a Christian, a gentleman, and a chevalier, as he is, “I thank my stars!” This instance of benignity was not lost; for the moment that the *Sieur Le Bas* heard the liberal ejaculation, he descended (*sine cucullo*), like a flash of lightning, to the foot of the stairs, and pressed his rival to his swelling bosom! This fraternal hug was not ineffectual; for the Loves and the Graces saw it, with transport, from the edge of a blue cloud that hung over the North Foreland, and dispatched a young zephyr, to signify *their* pleasure at this felicitous reconciliation, and, at the same time, to deliver the following *billet d'amitié*, signed by the whole party, viz.

“In all the globe, but heroes two we know,
 Bernard the graceful, and Le Bas the beau!”

THE RUSTICATED CANTAB.

[From the British Press, Sept. 5.]

DREAD worthies, I bow at your shrine,
 And, kneeling submissive, petition
 You'll pardon this false step of mine,
 And pity my dismal condition.

When ye met all together of late,
 In the *rooms* which we term *combination*,
 To fix your petitioner's fate,
 Alas! why did you choose *rustication*?

That my conduct was wrong, I must own,
 And your justice am forc'd to acknowledge;
 But can I in nowise atone
 For my fault, without leaving the college?

Consider how strange 't will appear,
 In the mind of each fine jolly fellow,
 That a *Cantab* was banish'd a year,
 Just for *rowing* a little when mellow.

You have precedents, no one denies,
 To prove it but just that I went hence;
 But, surely, no harm could arise,
 If ye were to relax in your sentence.

No; trust me, much good should proceed
 From granting this very great favour;
 For, imprest with a sense of the deed,
 I'd carefully mend my behaviour.

You will, then, have on me a fast hold,
 For gratitude's stronger than any tie;
 Then pray do not think me too bold
 In thus begging hard for some lenity!

But, why should I humbly implore,
 Since to you all my sorrow's a farce?
 I'll supplicate *fellows* no more!

So, ye Reverend Dons—[*caret pars!*]

The lad who good drinking enjoys,
 I'll cheerfully pledge in a full can,
Rustication's quite common, my boys,
 Remember *Apollo* and *Fulcan*:

These

A SCENE FROM THE CRITIC.

29

These two heroes were hurl'd from the skies,
Neither forges nor music could save them,
For, heartily d——g their eyes,
Jove a travelling fellowship gave them.
Then, no longer let mortals repine,
If to grass sent from *Oxon* or *Granta*,
But stick to the blessings divine,
Which flow from a well-fill'd decanter.
When our goblets with nectar are crown'd,
And our spirits rise faster and faster,
While good humour smiles gaily around,
A fig for the *Fellows* and *Master*!

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO GOVERNOR ARIS.

[From the same, Sept. 6.]

———*Redeunt Saturnia regna.*

AWAY with democratic fears,
We now no longer need 'em;
For Aris self, it now appears,
Has turn'd his thoughts to *freedom*.
If home and all its dear delight
With democrat no care is,
"Pro Focus" if he will not fight,
Oh, let him fight—"pro Aris."

A SCENE FROM THE CRITIC,

PERFORMED AT THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 26.]

Enter Governor—with hair properly disordered.

GOVERNOR.

A HEMISPHERE of evil planets reigns!
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!
My great *suell* pris'ner and his *pal* are flown!
But hark! I'm summon'd to attend the bench;

c 2

Perhaps

NEGLECT OF WATCHMEN

Perhaps the *beasts* have met: amazing crisis!
O Dan, O Dan, from thy poor father's head
Thou 'st pluck'd the *few green laurels* time had left:
You will be sent to *quod*, and I must *bolt*!

ON THE NEW MINT.

[From the same, Sept. 11.]

IN the absence of *guineas* a new *Mint* is rear'd,
As the stable was lock'd when the steed disappear'd.

EXTEMPORE LINES

ON A MARRIAGE WHICH TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH IN
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BETWEEN MR. C. GUDGEON AND
MISS A. LOVE:

[From the same, Sept. 12.]

TO Cupid all mortals knock under,
Men and beasts his soft influence prove;
Then surely 't is no such great wonder
To hear of a GUDGEON in LOVE!

Swan Tavern, Sept. 8, 1810.

M.

THE IMPATIENT GENERALS.

[From the same, Sept. 21.]

SAYS Well—You brave, to Massena the great,
“Come on!—quite impatient to fight you—I wait.”
Says Massena the great, to brave Well—ton,
“I wait!—quite impatient to fight you—Come on!”
Sept. 20, 1810.

H. G.

NEGLECT OF WATCHMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, &c.

[Sept. 21.]

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, *Civis*, bears a little too hard—
upon our venerable guardians of the night, upon
account of certain alleged negligence on the part of
these

these gentlemen in the case of disturbances. Some apology, however, may be offered, and they ought not to be deprived of it. I strongly suspect that they mistake the nature of their office; and, being persons advanced in years, conceive that their business is to show an example of quiet and peaceable behaviour; and which, if it were followed by the younger part of the citizens, would, no doubt, produce very salutary effects. Nothing, indeed, can be more quiet and circumspect than these venerable worthies, nor more deserving of praise. According to your correspondent's account, they carefully avoid even the very appearance of mobs and riots, and all mixing with bad company, particularly with those gay young men and women who promenade our streets at an hour when sober and quiet persons ought to be in their beds; or, like our watchmen, gravely and quietly proclaiming how *tempus fugit*.

This, however, your correspondent may perceive, is an error in judgment, a thing which is always thought excusable; but I apprehend it arises from another circumstance, which I wish to plead in favour of the gentlemen of the pole and lantern. Perhaps, after all, our magistrates are to blame in this business. Great pains are taken with every description of persons concerned in the administration of the law, except watchmen. Regular *lectures*, under the name of *charges*, are given to grand juries and petty juries, and every other class of persons with whom our liberties are intrusted. Even volumes have been written for the information of justices and constables, overseers and churchwardens, &c.; but not one word is ever addressed, by way of instruction, to watchmen.

This, I apprehend, Sir, is a neglect of modern times. It was not so formerly. It was not so in the "good days of Queen Bess." In the writings of one Mr.

William Shakspere (a gentleman who lived at Stratford-upon-Avon, and occasionally in London), we have a copy of a charge given to watchmen, which, as far as I know, is the only one upon record. It has been often reprinted, and is, to this day, delivered once or twice every year, in a large building in Covent Garden. No alteration having been made in it for above 200 years, I suspect it is considered as the standard body of instructions for all watchmen; and the cases which your correspondent Civis states, and which he calls negligence, and neglect of duty, are precisely laid down in the charge I allude to, as things to be carefully attended to. I shall produce an example.

When Mr. Dogberry, who, I presume, was in the commission of the peace, was giving this important advice to the constable of the night, and the watchmen, among other things he said, "You shall comprehend all *vagrom* men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name." But no sooner had he given this advice, than one of the watchmen, a man, no doubt, of acute understanding, put a question to him of some importance—"How, if he will not stand?"

Mr. Dogberry's answer to this is deserving of notice, as it appears to have guided the discretion of all watchmen since his days:—"Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave." But what evidently proves that this charge has its weight in our day, is the advice which he subjoins—"You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most intolerable, and not to be endured.—You are to call at all the alehouses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed; and if they will not, let them alone till they are sober. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why—the more is for your honesty."

I might quote some other passages from this charge, but it is in every body's hands; and the above may be sufficient to prove that the complaints so common against watchmen have very high antiquity on 'their side; and that, with respect to the *proper* age at which they are appointed, the *vast* service they perform in securing persons and property, and especially in preserving the quiet of the streets, there is *nothing new under the sun!*

I am, Sir, yours,

GOODMAN VERGES.

TOWER GUNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, &c.

[Sept. 25.]

SIR,

IN the present improved age, it is next to impossible to look at the most trifling article but with wonder and astonishment; and especially when one labours under the consciousness of fully deserving the appellation of my signature. I am led to this remark by a circumstance which struck my fancy most forcibly to-day in passing through the Tower.—I have been accustomed to listen with thrilling delight at the loud, and, what I consider, melodious, *boong* of the Tower guns; and, since their disappearance from the wharf appropriated to this proud national Gazette, have been anxiously waiting their return—fearful lest they might not be in time to announce to my fellow-citizens any success of the British arms—you may, therefore, judge of my disappointment, when, passing by the “hal-
lowed spot,” instead of the noisy bull-dogs I had taught myself to revere, I discovered *two rows of machines*, like so many *quart pots*. In my ignorance, perhaps, I began to think what they could be meant for—and have at last determined within myself that it

C 5

must

THE COAL-MERCHANT'S DITTY.

must be a new invention; and that after firing the usual salute, the garrison is to turn out and have a justification—making use of these instruments of war to drink, as I do,—“God bless the King.”—If I am right, pray inform me; otherwise I must remain as at present, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
Hempe's Coffee-house, Sept. 19. IGNORAMUS.

TWO OF A TRADE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 29.]

A FISHERMAN one morn display'd
 Upon the Steine, his net;
 Corinna could not promenade,
 And 'gan to fume and fret.

The Fisher cried, “Give o'er the spleen,
 We both are in one line:
 You spread your nets upon the Steine,
 Why may not I spread mine?”

“Two of a trade can ne'er agree;
 'Tis that which makes you sore;
 I fish for flat-fish in the sea,
 And you upon the shore.”

Brighton, Sept. 27.

THE COAL-MERCHANT'S DITTY: A FUN.

[From the same.]

COME buy my coals; the winter's near,—
 And of your favours every year
 I'll not prove unobservant;
 At Christmas, when you send me pelf,
 I'll on my bills subscribe myself
 Your grate-full humble servant.

PROPRIETY

PROPRIETY OF RIOTS.

[From the British Press, Oct. 3.]

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH the riots at Covent Garden Theatre, after a short life of two years, may be said "to have made their *exequies*;" yet it is likewise said, that "the memory of a good thing never dies." On this account, I rejoice at the admirable precedent they must leave behind them. It will now be impossible for any dealer, whether in theatrical or other wares, to demand any price but what the mob may think fair and justifiable; which is precisely what the law ought to be on this subject; for it would be extremely hard if the seller of an article should have any thing to do with fixing a price upon his own goods!

But what I admire most is, the perfect *non-chalance* with which the Ministry have looked on, while the *great town* of London was in a state of uproar for above a year! Some malicious people have intimated, "that they had their reasons" for such conduct, as it drew off all attention from their own drama; and that, in consequence, they could act their own pieces with the most miserable performers, without being hissed off the stage. This at first appears plausible enough; but as they have continued acting with the same set, and have shown no disposition to improve their company, I am not led to believe they think the opinion of John Bull of much consequence. If Mr. Perceval plays "*the King*," Lord Chatham "*the Grave-digger*," and Lord Mulgrave "*the Cholerick Man*," at a fixed salary, which they are sure to receive, good or bad, what signifies public opinion?

All therefore that can be said is, that some fear may reasonably be entertained, that while they have been "smiling maliciously" at the disturbances at Covent Garden, they have been nourishing a "*nest egg*"

egg" of riot, which may soon discharge its contents upon themselves; and established a school for some "pretty boys," hereafter to practise the lessons which they have taught them.

SHILLALAH.

ON MR. KEMBLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 5.]

ACTOR and architect, he tries
To please the great and charm the small;
This bids the *private tiers* to rise,
And that the *public tears* to fall.

J.

NOTHING-TO-DO GENTLEMEN.

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE EXTRACTS FROM THE SELECT
COMMITTEE ON SINECURE PLACES.

[From the same, Oct. 8.]

'TIS shameful, cried W——ly, R——se, and the rest,
To talk at this scurrilous rate;
When, in their Report, it is prov'd by themselves,
We've *done nothing* to injure the state.
Oct. 6, 1810.

THE WHITE HAT:—A TALE.

[From the British Press, Oct. 11.]

AN honest hearty British Tar,
Just landed from a man of war,
For drubbing well foes Dutch and Spanish,
And French, and Russian, and Danish,
Receiv'd from th' agent of his ship,
Of prize-money so vast a heap,
That Jack was plagu'd and teas'd with doubt
If he should ever see it out;

THE WHITE HAT

But judging right—"If aught can do it,"
London's the place for getting through it,"
On Portsmouth soon he turn'd his tail,
And bore for town with press of sail.
Jocund his look—all toils forgot,
Jogg'd on, he thus or said or thought:—
"If Fortune messes on the earth,
I'm sure enough stow'd in her berth;
What thof I've wander'd three long years,
Left Poll love-sick and drown'd in tears—
What thof, on bounding billows borne,
Felt battle's rage and tempest's storm;
Now safe and rich I tread the shore,
And toils and dangers are no more—
How great do *present* blessings seem!
And troubles *past*—how like a dream!"

Of moral jaw, how long a spell
He would have ta'en, I cannot tell;
But from his maintop looking out,
He spied, which made him tack about,
A neat brick house, close by the road,
Where, o'er the window, hung a board
To tell the traveller its merits,
In porter, ale, and foreign spirits;
And to invite both man and beast
To enter and refresh or feast.

Jack, rather wearied with his walk,
This invitation would not baulk,
But enter'd his tir'd limbs to rest,
And call'd for some'at of the best.

The Landlord, ready at his post,
Soon set before him Britain's boast,
A good sirloin, so nice and brown,
And nappy ale to wash it down.

Our Tar, by appetite made brief,
Did ample justice to the beef,
And speedy—(for so sharp his case,
He stopp'd not even to say grace—
Nor pickle did he need, nor salad,
To stimulate his hungry palate)—

Unus'd at table long to stay,
Swallow'd his ale, and call'd to pay;

The

The bill, on Landlord's fingers counted,
 To four and three-pence net amounted.
 Jack from his fob a guinea drew,
 And toss'd it down to pay his due;
 The host declar'd, *cash was so strange*,
 He could not give his Honour change.
 "Ne'er mind," quoth Jack, "just now—but when
 From London I return again,
 You'll know me; and I'll tell by what,
 Be sure remember this *white hat*—
 Then twirl'd his hat, and off he went,
 Leaving old Boniface content.

At every inn where'er he stay'd,
 His reck'ning in this manner paid,
 The *white hat* serv'd to dozens more
 The self-same signal as before.

'At length arriv'd in town—he flew
 To meet his Poll, so kind and true;
 From her ripe ruby lips to hear
 Th' applause, to British seamen dear;
 To treat her to the play, the ball,
 The gardens, Circus, and Vauxhall;
 To feast and revel all the day,
 And kiss the fleeting night away.

It needs no foresight to discover
 This kind of work would soon be over—
 Time flew as if on wings of wind,
 And Jack, too late, began to find
 That, if you spend your money fast,
 The heaviest purse will fail at last.
 He knew that none but fools could think
 To live on short without the chink;
 And quick resolv'd to go to sea,
 To make more cash for Poll and he.

Had I the knack to show the heart
 Of loving sweethearts when they part,
 I here most movingly had painted
 How much Poll wept—nay, even fainted—
 How sad Jack snatch'd the parting kiss,
 And bade a long adieu to bliss—
 But, this not hitting with my taste,
 I to my tale return in haste.

For

For Portsmouth now, so fate inclin'd,
 Jack steers, nor casts one look behind.
 Some four leagues made with passing speed,
 He o'ertook one of Abram's seed,
 Whose bended back a glittering store
 Of golden toys and trinkets bore,
 Such as poor landmen grieve to pass,
 When sailors treat their fav'rite lass.

As travellers of every station
 Soon enter into conversation,
 Jack and the Jew full quickly found
 Whence each had sail'd, and whither bound;
 And as both steer'd for the same port,
 Resolv'd to make their course, by convoy, short.

Of various things they talk'd—of snakes and toads;
 And Buonaparte, and the dirty roads—
 Our Tar was griev'd there was no war this year—
 Moses regretted "travelling *vash* so *tear*."
 "Ho!" says the Tar, "*that* alters not my plight,
 This magic *hat* pays every bill at sight;
 A look of it soon settles every elaim,
 Whether for meat or drink, 't is all the same."

Moses was too polite to say "he lied;"
 But only begg'd to see its virtues tried.
 Jack now resolv'd, since he had begun,
 To have his joke, and carry on the fun.
 An inn just then appearing pat,
 To prove the merits of the *hat*;
 They enter, eat and drink their fill,
 The magic *hat* settles the bill.
 Moses was half-convinc'd by the first bout,
 And two 'r three more dispell'd all doubt.
 The value of the *hat* appear'd so great,
 He was resolv'd to have 't at any rate.
 Jack's strength was such, that open force,
 He saw, would be a dang'rous course;
 But craft remain'd, and *that* was Moses' forte,
 To it, of course, he made his first resort.

Some miles from Portsmouth, he began
 To sound our Tar upon this plan;
 Swore 't was a shame to take to sea
 What *there* would wholly useless be;

Which

THE WHITE HAT.

Which folks on shore would gladly buy,
Nor think the *highest* price too *high*.
All this being well receiv'd by Jack,
The Jew soon offer'd him his pack,
With golden toys and trinkets fill'd,
Three hundred pounds the worth upheld :
To which objections first being stated,
The bargain was at length completed.

In Portsmouth now, with mirth at heart,
The well-pleas'd pair full gladly part—
Jack bids farewell in friendly guise,
And soon disposes of his prize ;
Then skips on board, where fav'ring gales
Already kiss the fluttering sails,
Relating to the jovial crew
How he had taken in the Jew.
The roaring laugh resounds through all the shore,
And all the waves in ready chorus roar.

Meanwhile the Jew, resolv'd t' enjoy
Each good his wondrous *hat* could buy ;
He sent, and went all Portsmouth round,
Where'er an Israelite was found,
T' invite them all with him to dine—
Under the rose—nice fish and wine.

You need not doubt that all came cheerily,
The table groan'd, and beards wagg'd merrily—
And, to conclude this famous feasting,
They all got drunk as beast, or Christian—
By dozens sunk upon the purple ground,
And Jew on Jew lay tumbling round,
Till stupor left them on their backs *supine*,
Their floating beards well drench'd in rosy wine—
Then carried off the field, in chairs or beds.
Leave we the tribe to rest their aching heads.

By th' bill next day poor Moses found
The cost vash more tan fifty pound ;
But what need Moses care for that ?
He only had to show his *hat* :
So, as he to depart prepar'd,
His *hat* he took—the Landlord star'd—
“ Why, Sir, you will not use me ill,
You surely mean to pay your bill ! ” —

“ My

" My bill ! vy yesh—be not afraid—
Look at my *hat*—de bill ish paid !"—
" Look at your *hat* ! Damme, d' ye see,
You must not crack your jokes on me :
Pay me this instant on the nail,
Or, by the L—d, you go to jail,
Your *hat*, indeed ! you swindling sot—
I've bought a better for a groat !"

Moses, thus gull'd, found, to his cost,
The virtues of the *hat* were lost !
He swore, protested, groan'd, and rav'd,
Yet from a jail could not be sav'd,
Though he applied to all his cronies,
To lend him, on his bond, the monies.
Their answers only taught him—that
Friendship 's as rare as Magic Hat ;
That to feed daily at your table,
And pigeon you of what they 're able—
And to assist you in your need—
Are very different things indeed !

I think, I here declare before all,
A tale is nought without a moral :
I trust my moral all will hit,
Which shows—a biter's often-bit.

AGGREGATE MEETING OF DUBLIN.

[From the same, Oct. 11.]

THE SPEECH OF AN EMINENT SEEDSMAN, INTENDED TO
HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE LATE MEETING, WHICH
THE PRESSURE OF THE CROWD PREVENTED HIM FROM
DELIVERING.

MR. ***** , springing up, said, " I shall endeavour to *develope the seeds* of the nation's decay. The powers of *increase* and ' *growing prosperity*' have been *planted* in the *soil* by the *Great Gardener* of nature, until the *infant blade* has been *nipped* by the *rude blast* of the *Union*. For my part, I am unable to explain, how Ireland could *bear fruit*, while
grafted

grafted on the stock of British supremacy, which, like an overshadowing plant, interrupts those genial rays so necessary to fructify the incipient growth of this kingdom—I affirm, that the infant manufacture, like the infant bud, requires shelter and heat to forward its expansion; and when the pale is once broken down, it is in vain for the watchman of the orchard to provide against the nightly incursions of the thief, who throws a sop to the dogs to stop their barking. Before this chilling exposure, Ireland had flourished like a well cultivated garden; but now, alas! her walks have grown green for want of feet to tread them—and a beauteous flower, that promised such fine fruit, has drooped its head, become sickly, and died. And as for the deadly nightshade, the weeds at the Castle, and the great garden Hop-Pole, they are all so rotten as only to be fit to manure the soil.”—(*Dublin Evening Post.*)

FRENCH INFANT MARINE.

[From the same, Oct. 12.]

AS Buonaparte has at last begun to think seriously of beating us at sea, the subject, on our part, is surely not unworthy of serious consideration.

The following Decree, contained in the last French papers, must excite alarm in British breasts, and cause our fearful politicians to dart an anxious glance into the terrible futurity that shall see so promising a plan fully matured. It runs thus:

“Fontainebleau, Sept. 27. We, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. have decreed, and do decree as follow:

“Art. I. There shall be formed, in each of our ports of Brest and Toulon, a special School of Marine.

“Art.

“ Art. II. These schools shall be under the orders of the Maritime Prefects.

“ Art. III. No one shall be admitted to these schools but by a decree; he must not be under the age of 13, nor above 15, of a good constitution, and without bodily deformity.

“ Art. IV. The number of pupils at each port is fixed at 300, and each shall pay an annual pension of 300 francs.”

Those who are inclined to superstition will remark, that there is something prophetic as well as remarkable in the name of the place whence is issued this awful Decree—“ Fontainebleau,” or *Blue Water*, is very curiously adapted to the promulgators of Marine Edicts, and seems to predestinate, either that the water shall really be blue, or that these new naval heroes will be made to look blue on the water by our brave Blue Jackets!—Proceeding to analyze this Decree, the same bigots will please to observe, that Napoleon does not presume to style himself Emperor, &c. “ *by the grace of God* ;” and this, though a modest abstinence, truly showing that he can have no such pretensions, must be a further consolation to the devout and holy.—In the further wording of it, another anticipation of its nature and description is implied by the 1st Article, where it is said, “ There shall be formed, at each of our ports of Brest and Toulon, a *special School of Marine*.” Lord knows they will indeed, as we shall endeavour to show, be *special Schools* ! for in this way must the poor lads be taught: First, on entering, their masters will explain to them, that they come there to be instructed in the best and newest mode of drubbing the English *at sea*, which species of knowledge is of course the most systematically and readily to be acquired *in port, or on shore* !—*Health* being necessary for the pursuit of all learning, it is not to be supposed, that sending boys

to

to sea to *make them sick*, is at all a fit way of preparing them for the acquisition of the very difficult science of navigation; and neither can it be imagined, that to debilitate them by disease is a process calculated to inure them to thrash the hardy Tars of Old England.

—It is not clearly stated in the Decree who are to be appointed instructors of the youths; only that the Maritime Prefects are to be the supreme pedagogues. In addition to these, we must suppose that a few of the best Admirals and Captains of the French Navy, as they have now nothing else to do, will be selected as ushers and assistants. Their *experience*, united to the *theory* of the landsmen, will consequently complete the admirable system of education, far superior to Lancaster's, though in discipline and regularity, formed upon that model. In teaching victoriousness, there are two modes of imparting instruction to the scholar: either by showing him how he may conquer his opponent; or, how he may avoid being conquered by his opponent. About the first of these modes, it cannot be expected that the ushers, &c. of the New School can give their pupils any information; for how can a person impart a knowledge which he has never in his life been able to acquire? In the second, however, they may more successfully exert themselves in the

“ Delightful task to rear the tender thought,

And teach the young FRENCH SAILOR *how to shoot!* ”

They may tell how well they escaped on the first of June—in the battle of Camperdown—in the battle of the Nile—in the battle of Trafalgar—off Cape St. Vincent, and a dozen or two other *memorable* occasions, when they (the happy few!) baffled the British thunder, and got into port. They may prove their superiority in the *art of sailing*, by the frequent sallies made from Brest and Toulon, and their *safe return*.

King

King Murat's Neapolitan Bulletins, being the latest and most approved productions for the use of schools, will afford a fine source of study, and examples of heroic achievements in defeating the British! Should any acute boy be tempted to ask, wherefore, since victory over these islanders is so easy, such a number of vessels as he daily sees should remain in the harbour? he must be flogged for prating of things far above his comprehension, even should he have reached the first form; for an understanding of this part of the system is only to be acquired practically, and after he leaves school he will be taught it fast enough. As the Romans, during the first *Punic War*, learnt navigation by erecting benches on the shore, so these young Gauls, in this *puny war*, improving upon the hint of the Romans, to whom they are so vain of comparing themselves, will, doubtless, not only erect benches on the shore, but launch tubs, buckets, deals, and rafts, on the smooth surface of the inner harbour, reciting or singing, with all the gaiety and courage in the world,

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit!

But after all these exploits, like the Roman *Benchers*, they cannot expect to be at first very successful on a larger scale. It was a long time before Duilius obtained the first triumph ever received by Roman after a naval victory; and the historians of Rome themselves confess, that “*the successes they met by sea were trivial, and little advantage could be gained over an enemy that were sailors by actual practice, and long experience.*” It may be observed by the way, that this period of ancient history bears a very striking resemblance in many points to the present era. We are not without our modern Mamertina, in Sicily; and

and we trust that the fate of Regulus's descent on Africa awaits every threatened expedition of our enemy, who endeavours to ape the Romans of that age, in sixty days cutting down timber, building, manning, and provisioning a fleet of 120 galleys—about as completely as Boney himself can accomplish!

But to return to our juvenile heroes of Marine, and their accomplished preceptors. The Brest and Toulon fleets, which they will have continually before their eyes, and indeed near enough the shore to admit of their sometimes going on board to make experiments, will furnish numerous topics for information. The *Indefatigable* being laid up in dock, and rotten for want of action, will, by contrast, elucidate the favourite theme of the ruinous waste and expense of the blockading system to which the excellent manoeuvres and policy of the grand Napoleon has reduced his enemy. The *Bellicieux* dismasted, and warlike no longer, will serve as a hulk for the salt-water school-room; and, though education on board the hulks is a system not much admired on this side of the Herring-pond, who knows but it may answer better on the other side? The *Raisable* may be their logic classroom, in which they will acquire the science of writing bulletins, which may give all the features of victory to a defeat. The *Invincible*, the *Indomptable*, the *Redoubtable*, and other vessels of equally formidable names, will inspire them with ardour and valour to realize their heretofore imaginary baptismal rites, and render them worthy of their appellations. The *ci-devant* Commanders of these ships will explain the causes why, up to the present moment, the *Invincible* has been beaten, the *Indomptable* compelled to seek safety in flight, or the *Redoubtable* to remain in port under the protection of batteries; and from these lessons will deduce theories how the same may hereafter be avoided. Being fully instructed in every thing per-
taining

taining to the sea-service; to the sailing of vessels, to their trim, to breaking the line, to manœuvring, to tacking, &c. &c. which may most *easily* and *conveniently* be done in a harbour, our young able seamen will then be handed over to other preceptors, to be taught the higher elements of their profession. Those whose *rising* genius has been remarkably displayed in the earlier part of their studious course, will be accomplished as *Marine Voltigeurs*. Others, who have shown a *profundity* of acquirement, will become equally famous *Plougeurs*, and have the direction of *Infernals* to blow the British navy out of their own element, and try to beat them in the air, since they cannot beat them in the water. Leap-frog will be the chief study of the former of these classes—Pope's *Dunciad* of the latter, and from him their motto:

“Here strip, my children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin.”

After these “cold long-winded natives of the deep,” others of more aerial mental powers will be consigned to teachers of *Gascony*, by whom they will be completed in the logic of which the first rudiments were taught in the *Raisable*. From these, in future wars, gasconading accounts of their achievements, and poetical details of imaginary victories, may be expected. As they will surpass the present race in naval skill, so will they be eminently fitted to surpass them in descriptions

———“of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes,
Of being taken by the insolent foe”—

and such-like adventures, to which they will be exposed in their sea-faring career. Those of a more mechanical turn will be instructed in the *art of notching bullets*, that they may meet on equal terms those villainous

villanous English, of whom this notable discovery has been lately made—that they practise this murderous art!!

Thus variously and wonderfully accomplished, these 600 pupils of the Schools of Brest and Toulon, (who shall be, according to Article 3, “*of a good constitution, and without bodily deformity*”), may be expected to put to sea, like another Argonautic Expedition against Colchis and the *Golden Fleece*, or rather against Britain and her *staple wool*. Yet, with all their learning, we do not feel dismayed at the prospect of encountering these fresh-water sailors, who, when they get out of the protection of their batteries, may e’en, like their predecessors, exclaim with Horace,

“O Navis, referent in mare te novī
Fluctus?—O quid agis?—”

Then, as now, our gallant tars will know how to despise all their vain theoretical tactics, and to chastise their presumptuous ambition, in attempting to rival the sons of Britain on the ocean! Our Commanders, after a long career of naval glory, skilful from practice, accustomed to conquer, fired by the recollection of their own past victories, and emulous of a Nelson’s fame, will scarcely acquire a laurel by whipping these puny Captains from the face of the deep. Our sailors will laugh at their new-fangled stratagems of war, which, like their old ones, will be found insufficient to oppose the intrepidity inspired, by former glory and the love of their country, in the breasts of freeborn Britons. The French of the new, like the French of the old schools, must bow to British valour, and confess their inferiority amid defeat and destruction. Their new Navy must follow the fashion of their old Navy; and then any speculative Ruler, who may chance to be at the head of the Grand Na-
tion,

tion, will have another opportunity of founding other Schools, and forming other Captains.

There is somewhat of whim and folly in this Marine schoolery, that M agrees with the acknowledged talents of Buonaparte. But he expects nothing from it; and it is only one of those bagatelles which serve to amuse the Parisians. We, indeed, have treated it seriously, as if intended to be the source of future greatness to the infant Navy of France. We have not considered, that the best way to inspire French boys with contempt for the enemies they are destined as men to cope with, is to educate them in a situation where they must witness these very enemies cooping up, driving in, beating, and destroying every vessel belonging to France. We have not ascribed to the constant view of the British blockading squadron in the offing any such wonderful effects. We have not endeavoured to comprehend how a home education of two, three, or four years, can better qualify a young man, of from fifteen to twenty years of age, for the naval service, than the system by which the British navy is replenished with youthful heroes, gallant officers, enterprising captains, and glorious veterans. When we see our young midshipmen old (for we may use the expression) in service—our boys who have visited the Eastern, and Western, and Northern seas, and have fought the battles of their country in various situations—when we see the fruits of *this* education after such are intrusted with command, it is with ineffable contempt we deign to notice *that* which Gallic vanity would attempt to compare with it! The comparison is, indeed, a splendid one for Old England and her Old Naval School, against France and her New Naval School, and all her new principles in morality, in religion, and in politics!

It is scarcely possible that persons embarked in the profession of the navy at the age of twenty, or any

period nearly advanced to that, can ever reach the same degree of skill and excellence acquired by a more early entrance into a sailor's life. Our habits are formed while yet we are very young; and the total difference between the situation of seamen and landmen, renders it almost intolerable to endure the hardships of the former, if not initiated at an age, when, like wax, the body as well as the mind is capable of taking any impression. It is, therefore, in this line, that, unlike to any other, it is better to begin with practice, and add theory to it. The very habit of seamanship (if we may say so), being the most difficult part of the profession, must be earliest begun with; and while our boys are at sea, they imbibe, with wonderful facility, a thorough knowledge of those matters which they have every day experimentally proved, as well as theoretically inculcated. Above all things, they acquire by emulation, as it were from their cradle, an heroic firmness, a cool intrepidity in action, a contempt for dangers the most appalling, an ardent thirst for glory, a delight in their profession, and a skill and precision in every branch, pertaining to it, which cannot be equalled, far less excelled, by all the inventions of Gallic ingenuity.

Such are Britain's Defenders, and such are to be her French Invaders. May Britain never have more to fear than the result of their meeting half-seas over!

ANECDOTES OF BUONAPARTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

{Oct. 16.]

SIR,

MANY particulars have been related, at different times, respecting the private habits and manners of this extraordinary person, but seldom with sufficient

sient regard to truth: partiality has represented him as a demi-god, and prejudice as a monster. He has no just claim to either character. The writer of this has recently had frequent opportunities of conversing with him, of seeing him both in public and in the bosom of his family, and will endeavour to give a short, but unbiassed, account of a man whose importance is beyond dispute, though his virtues may be questioned, and his foibles thought more numerous than those of most others. He is not, as Mr. William Cobbett supposes him, by any means an angel in his person, or a divinity in his mind; neither is he, as the *Morning Post* asserts, a stunted goblin, a prey to turbulent passions, and delighted with human misery: moreover, he does not at all answer the conception commonly entertained of him by that person who calls himself honest John Bull; for he has only one head, no visible horns or tail, and not a nail or a tooth of more than the ordinary length. He has, however, many strange, and even laughable, peculiarities both in appearance and manners. He is, for instance, accustomed to take off all his clothes on going to bed; but previously puts on a night-shirt and a cap. From the moment sleep seizes him to that in which he awakes, he continues in a state of repose, and rises as soon as ever he gets up in the morning. His first meal, which he preposterously terms his breakfast, consists of different articles, and he usually eats this with the appetite of one who had not eaten any thing since the evening before. In mounting his horse, which he invariably does when he rides, he puts his left foot first into the stirrup; and has been frequently seen to hold the reins with one hand, and his whip with the other, and in this curious fashion, booted and spurred, and wearing a black hat, and sometimes a blue coat, has he galloped for nearly half a mile, as if in a hurry, and then trotted, or even walked, his horse,

horse, as if he were at leisure. He is as bulky as men of his size commonly are; and, should he ever lose his flesh, will probably fall away somewhat. By the singular accident of having been born in the year 1769, he is now more than forty; his length of life will depend upon the number of years he may survive: he is, it is reported, occasionally indisposed by slight fits of illness; his health would otherwise be uninterrupted. With regard to temperance, he might safely be upbraided for the want of that virtue, were he to drink as many cups of brandy as he does of coffee, which, however, it is not his custom to do.

Among the caprices and absurdities of his disposition may be ranked, a droll method he has of speaking to every one with whom he converses, and very often waiting for an answer after he has asked a question; add to these, his practice of sitting on chairs, lolling on sofas, writing with an ordinary pen and ink, and being cheerful when he is in good spirits; and you may be said to have a tolerably exact picture of the present French Emperor, of whom, if you like this sketch, you shall hear something more at a future period,

From, Sir, yours, M.

Swan Tavern, near St. Martin's Lane, Oct. 11.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS; OR, LABOUR IN VAIN.

BY ST. WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

(An excellent New Song to a Tune never sung before.)

[From the same, Oct. 18.]

THE following *Jeu d'Esprit*, by Mr. Cowper, author of *The Task*, descriptive of one of his rural excursions, is not in his published Poems, or in his posthumous Works:

I sing

I end of a journey to Olney*,
 We would have perform'd if we cou'd;
 Without cart or barrow to lift on,
 Poor Mary †, and me, through the mud.
 Snee, sla, slud,
 Stuck in the mud;
 O it is pretty to wade through a flood!
 So away we went slipping, and sliding,
 Hop, hop, *à la mode de deux frogs*;
 'Tis near as good walking as riding,
 When the ladies are dress'd in their clogs.
 Wheels, no doubt,
 Go briskly about,
 But they clatter, and rattle, and make such a rout.

DIALOGUE.

ONE.

"Well! now, I protest it is charming;
 How finely the weather improves!
 That cloud is rather alarming,
 How slowly and stately it moves!"

HE.

"Pshaw! never mind,
 'Tis not in the wind,
 We are travelling south, and shall leave it behind."

SHE.

"I am glad we are come for an airing,
 For folks may be ponn'd and penn'd,
 Until they grow musty, not caring
 To stir half a mile to an end."

HE.

"The longer we stay,
 The longer we may;
 It's a folly to think about weather or way."

SHE.

"But now I begin to be frighted,
 If I fall, what a way I should roll!
 I am glad that the bridge was indicted:
 Stay! stop! I am sunk in a hole!"

* A village near Olney.

† Mrs. Unwin.

HE.

"Nay, never care,
 'Tis a common affair;
 You'll not be the last, that will set a foot there."

SHE.

"Let me breathe now a little, and ponder
 On what it were better to do:
 That terrible lane; I see yonder,
 I think we shall never get through."

HE.

"So think I:—
 But, by the by,
 We never shall know, if we never should try."

SHE.

"But, should we get there, how shall we get home?
 What a terrible deal of bad road we have pass'd!
 Slipping, and sliding; and if we should come
 To a difficult stile, I am ruin'd at last!
 O this lane!"

Now it is plain,
 That struggling and striving is labour in vain."

HE.

"Stick fast there, while I go and look."

SHE.

"Don't go away, for fear I should fall."

HE.

"I've examin'd it every nook,
 And what you have here is a sample of all.
 Come, wheel round,
 The dirt we have found
 Would be an estate at a farthing a pound."

Now, sister Anne*, the guitar you must take,
 Set it, and sing it; and make it a song:
 I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,
 And cut it off short—because it was long,
 'Tis hobbling and lame,
 Which critics won't blame,
 For the sense and the sound, they say, should be the
 same.

* The late Lady Austin.

ON THE PROMOTER AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE INTENDRD BRITISH HERRING FISHERY COMPANY.

[From the same, Oct. 19.]

THAT pains-taking body,
Vice-President O—y,
Has of late touch'd the pelf of cornudgeons—
He engages to catch
Of nice herrings a batch—
But as yet has caught nothing but gadgeons.

BUNAPARTE BECOME SHOPKEEPER.

[From the British Press, Oct. 19.]

OF all the passions that rage in the human breast, there is none more active or rancorous than Envy; it poisons and corrodes every pleasure; while to its jaundiced eye the fairest prospects take the sickly hue of yellow. As Necessity is the mother of Invention, so may Envy be called the parent of Hatred; and from this hateful source spring Slander, Abuse, Injustice, and Falsehood. When Napoleon Buonaparte first, in derision, denominated us "*A Nation of Shopkeepers*," we imputed the taunt to his anti-commercial habits, who made all his bargains at the point of the bayonet, and paid in lead what gold could not purchase: we, therefore, contented ourselves with the repartee—that if we were Shopkeepers, he would find us, in spite of all his efforts, determined to keep our Shops. Here the matter rested. We, though only Shopkeepers, continued to deal with our adversary in his own wares; and Trafalgar, Maida, the Nile, and Vimiera, afford proof sufficient that the *rate of Exchange* was much in our favour. Indeed, even Napoleon himself confesses, that in war we are considerably above *par*; and when in battle it comes to the

push, there has always been among the most forward of his ranks a melancholy fall of *Uranus*!—In the most pacific modes of trade we also continued to deal together a little; and in this, as well as in the former, the British were invariably acknowledged to be *sharp fellows*, who knew how to turn the penny, and to turn the enemy. Finding that in either species of traffic the advantage was all on our side, he at length resolved to take away his custom altogether, and have no further dealings in our Colonial Produce, such as sugars, coffee, &c.—or in our Home manufactures, such as fine spirited soldiers and gallant seamen. His invectives became more strong, his abuse gathered new force, his acrimony imbibed additional violence, and we found out that all his former conduct sprang from pure envy—that he did not call us Shopkeepers, because he disliked trade, but because he found the grapes were sour, hated the traders, and in fact longed most vehemently to turn Shopkeeper himself. On this speculation, he began in no very honourable way, by depreciating the commodities and calumniating the characters of others established before him, and particularly by slandering the good old Firm of *John Bull and Co.* To listen to this new Shopkeeper's dark insinuations, broad hints, and sometimes open accusations, one would have thought that the good Old Firm was on the very eve of bankruptcy, and that their names would appear in the next *Gazette*. Having by these means, as he thought, shaken the confidence heretofore had by customers in the Old Firm, his next trick was to try to set himself up in business, which was no easy task, seeing he had neither capital nor credit. No one would trust him with a farthing, and he had no property of his own to produce goods for sale. In this dilemma, which would have discouraged any common rogue, our new Shopkeeper set his wits to work, and, being a clever fellow, he soon succeeded,

ected, by one of the most dexterous schemes ever devised.— Having great influence over the Customs house Officers and Board of Management in the principal trading Firms on the Continent, which dealt with the house of John Bull and Co. he procured a heavy duty of 40 per cent. to be laid on all goods where his influence extended, pretending that the produce would be of much use to the State; that it would destroy the trade of J. Bull and Co. and encourage the ingenuity of his and their own people. The consequence of this measure was precisely what he had anticipated. The owners of these goods were unable to pay the immense tax laid upon them, and they were immediately seized for the benefit of Napoleon's new Shop, and lodged for sale in his warehouses. By these cheap means furnished with goods, having swindled the poor merchants out of their wares, and the public out of the duties, he hopes no doubt to undersell his rival, and pocket all the enormous profits. In pursuance of his plan, we now hear the trade carried on by this mighty Pedlar at all the wakes, fairs, and marts, upon the Continent. He sells tea, sugar, and all kinds of groceries, wholesale and retail—but *not for Exportation*, as he has not yet succeeded in the Shipping company way. When his present stock fails, he has found out a method of serving his customers with the best refined sugar made from beet-root—with hyson of broom-leaves—with coffee from horse-beans—with Jesuit's bark of burnt feathers—and best English broadcloth from *fustian*! In fine, he has as many substitutes as an apothecary, and declares (upon his credit as an *honest* tradesman), that they are all as good, or rather better, than the original articles, as in times past manufactured and sold by Bull and Co.!! —It is most wonderful how ingenuity, being once set agoing, stops at nothing. Not satisfied with these improvements in the direct line of his business, we

have heard that one of his Clerks, not long ago, invented a mode of *blowing up* rocks with lightning, to save gunpowder, which is scarce; and we are assured that it gives the stone a fine polish, and splits it as accurately as if done by wedge and saw, like our clumsy British marble-merchants. The only defect attendant on the invention is, that a good storm is not always to be had; but, however, this deficiency is made up by working double tides when the weather is favourably unfavourable, and excellently bad! Yet with all these improvements, and notwithstanding his puffs in the papers, it is asserted, by men of judgment and veracity, that he does very little real business, and what he does do is chiefly, if not altogether, by *commission*: for what success, say they, could a man expect in trade, who is, according to report, utterly deficient in arithmetical knowledge?

We have the authority of his Wives for saying that he is acquainted with Multiplication. Fellowship he is utterly a stranger to; and knows nothing of settling Partnership accounts. On the other hand, however, it must be confessed, that he is master of Addition (*vide bulletins*); of Subtraction (*vide all the States of Europe*); of Division (*vide ditto, and particularly Spain and Portugal*); of Practice (*vide his life*); and of Fractions (*vide Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Asperne, and the whole world*).—In other respects, though his assurance is great, little faith can be put in his assurances. Though a great figure at the head of a line, he is, in the management of domestic affairs, little better than a cipher; and though he has hitherto been able to enforce payments to him of debts and demands in money, it is now probable that he will be compelled to receive a great many checks, in which case it will not be possible for him to support his credit much longer.

We have a vulgar saying, when a person combines
the

the accomplishment of two objects in one action; that "he kills two birds with one stone;" and in this science it is that Buonaparte appears to be peculiarly dexterous. At first, being a military man, he had only soldiers under his command; and, when he turned Shopkeeper, he must have been somewhat in difficulty for proper persons to employ in his service in the new line, as soldiers are not easily converted into retail hucksters. But even this has been done by a curious amalgamation; and we now see, in the service of Napoleon, creatures of the most wonderful anomaly, and a villanous compound between War and Trade. War is their trade, and their trade is a war. He has his armies of custom-house officers, huccaneering for wealth and plunder; his mercantile agents and Douaniers are trading armies, seeking the same ends by means with only a shade of difference. The inkhorn is suspended from the same belt from which hangs the cartouche box; the pistol and the pen are slung together. We have cordons of troops, and cordons of Douaniers; posts military and commercial; seizures by the soldiery, and seizures by the civil power; contribution and confiscation; bankruptcy and bayonets tend to the same object; and decrees or regulations, and general or regimental orders, are, in point of effect, absolutely similar. A commission in the coast army is, in fact, a license to trade; and a license to trade is a military commission in every place of commerce.

What with agents of the one description, and agents of the other, this new Shopkeeper has contrived to get all the Colonial Produce of the Continent into his own hands. He will sell it for his own emolument, and invent new stratagems to obtain more goods under false pretences. Thus this Swindler thinks to rival the fair trade of Britain; but surely the wisdom of our forefathers shall not now be discovered.

to be folly, and the present generation be doomed to see it proved, that honesty is not the best policy. No! we shall not be condemned to witness rogues completely and ultimately successful, though practised on the highest scale. Even though the great Emperor be turned a swindler, a smuggler, a monopolist, a forestaller, and a regrater, he shall not succeed in his nefarious practices. Tardy Justice will at length overtake him; and the crimes that would draw destruction on a lowly head, shall not escape vengeance on the Crown of a Sovereign!

This new occupation of Buonaparte must, after all, form a singular contrast with that occupation which is gone—Trade! trade! his whole soul is now bent on trade! and we no longer hear of the warlike Chief leading his armies to glory and to victory. The laurels of Buzaco and of Talavera are left for other minions of Fortune to reap, while her higher favourite has converted the saddle of the war-horse into a covering for his writing-stool—his tent into a counting-room—his columns of troops into columns of figures—his sword into a grey-goose quill—his Marshal's truncheon into a convenient rule, with which and with his iron stile he draws the lines in his book instead of lines in the field, and may thence be said still to *rule with a rod of iron!*

No longer does he peruse with anxiety the returns of the slain and the list of the wounded: his cares are centred in the returns of the market-prices, and the lists of bankruptcies, dividends, and supersedeases. He does not inquire the number of prisoners taken, and the prisons where confined; but the number of seizures and the depôts—Conscription has given way to confiscation—He who should have been studious to learn how Lord Wellington contrived to smuggle Portuguese troops in English uniforms into the battle of Buzaco, is employed in sorting pepper and all-spice, and

and making new tariffs; when he ought to be practising *tere and tret* at the head of his army. No thought is now engaged on the transportation of artillery and ammunition—the cartage of tea and sugar is a more agreeable speculation: the trade in human flesh and blood has been superseded by the trade in treacle and molasses; and the highest ambition of the *Conqueror* seems to be, to become the *Carrier* of Europe!

THE DOWNFALL OF MINISTERS.

[From the same, Nov. 5.]

When beggars die, there are no comets seen.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Hem!*

IN all ages of the world the human race have put more or less faith in omens; and though, in our times—times, it may be asserted, of presumption and scepticism—we do not go to the same extent of belief in portents and prognostications that the ancients did, who divined by the flight of crows, and augured from the guts of calves; yet, on a reference to that most authentic source of prediction, Moore's Almanack, and an attentive examination of the mysteries of fortune-telling, as practised by itinerant gypsies in the country, and settled conjurors in the metropolis, we must be ready to confess, that the Fates do, even to this day, sometimes give little hints and intimations beforehand of what they are about.—Many of these indications of what is to come to pass doubtless escape our observation; as it is not upon every occasion that Scotsmen and Edinburgh Reviewers (who are the only mortals acknowledged to be legitimately possessed of the *second sight*) are inclined to exercise their faculties, and enlighten the darkling world. But some are so very obvious, that every man who runs may read, and they require merely to be noticed to be understood

Of this description is the dreadful prognostic which portends the calamity under the head of which these observations are written. On a dismal night of the last week of the wintry month of October, and on a dreary blasted heath, were the two Chief Ministers of the British Empire overthrown.—O! where are thy lacrymals, Britannia?—but pails will do!—then weep them full—empty them, and fill them again with thy tears, while it is told unto thee, that thy Lord Chancellor, and thy Chancellor of the Exchequer and ~~First Lord~~ of the Treasury (two great offices in one little person), were, upon Hounslow Heath, on their return from Regal Windsor, tumbled from their carriage, and thrown into the mud!—O! where were thy guardian angels when this shocking catastrophe took place?—They must surely have been busy on some other spot, and looking after the safety of some other persons; else never could they have suffered thy chiefest ornaments and most mighty directors to be so unceremoniously filthified and be-draggled!

But what was the accident in itself to the fearful forebodings with which, as an omen, it must fill every breast! The coachman's reins falling from his trembling hands—the wheels of the vehicle stopping—how like the wheels of an Administration standing still! The springs breaking—how like the failure of the Cumberland springs on which the state machine is hung! The pole snapping—how like the (Wellesley) *Pole* giving way! The whole overturning!—how like a complete smash and *Downfall of Ministers*!—No wonder that the shock struck their appalled senses with dismay and terror; and that they should, like Balteshazzar of old, apply to every probable source to have the sign explained, and their fears either confirmed or dispelled. In this dilemma, there being now no Daniels, or Soothsayers, or Magicians; and,
indeed,

indeed, very few Wisemen or Conjurors, to whom they could have recourse; they were fain to consult with the *Cunning Men*, and therefore immediately called a Cabinet Council. But hence, after much witchcraft, sorcery, and incantation, they were obliged to depart as ignorant as when they entered the mystic chamber; for they found that the more they stirred in the mysterious caldron, they were the more in

Double, double, toil and trouble!

Compelled, therefore, to wait the natural issue and result of the affairs foretold by the Hounslow Heath prodigy, with spirits sunk and countenances woe-begone, they abide the same in fearful expectation. Well do they know that no magic arts can now avail them; well do they know that they can raise no spell so deep, nor utter any invocation so potent, (no, not even the cry of "No Popery!") as to turn the course of events; for it is now evident, that the Destinies have fixed the end; and what the Destinies declare, no human power, however great, may possibly avert.

Leaving then the will of Heaven to be done, as we do with resignation, we briefly proceed to notice some of the terrestrial circumstances flowing from that overthrow.

No sooner did the forlorn Premier, and the Head of the Law, find themselves safely and softly lodged in the mud, than they exchanged mutual congratulations, on having so well escaped from their elevated situation; and the former, being tinctured with religious sentiments, expressed a wish (for which the Archbishop of Canterbury is not much indebted to him!) that the Head of the Church had been with them, in order to have returned thanks to Providence for their great preservation: yet his Grace will not participate in that wish, and no doubt rejoices in the thought that the elevation of the pulpit is not liable to

to such topsy-turvy reverses as those experienced on legal and political eminences; where men, however high their carriage may be, are in danger every hour of being overset. The Archbishop not being at hand to offer up thanksgivings, our travellers prayed as well as they could for themselves; and, after clearing each other from the filth that adhered to their clothes and persons, they left the chariot in charge of the servants, and journeyed on very lovingly together on foot, with the design of procuring a chaise at the next inn. But it was decreed that their misfortunes should not terminate so easily; and they were doomed to experience other strange adventures before they reached their journey's end.—They had not proceeded far on their way, till they were passed on the Heath by a stage-coach. In this vehicle they instantly resolved to secure a seat as far as Hounslow, and accordingly pursued it with all the speed they were masters of, bellowing the while, “Stop, coach! Stop, coach!” But Jarvis, having caught a glimpse of them as he drove along, was in no hurry to stop at their call; but the more they roared and ran, the more furiously did he drive: for, seeing the one a stout, athletic-looking man, hobbling as if he had long and often been accustomed to wear the *darbies* (*vide Slang Lexicon* for double irons), and the little one, as he supposed, from the darkness of his complexion, with a mask or crape over his face, poor *Coachee* had not the slightest doubt but that they were a brace of footpads. To escape them was his most earnest desire; and truly ludicrous was it to see the anxiety and terror of his countenance while he belaboured the wretched steeds with his whip, broke the footboard by the violence of his stamping, and awoke dull echo by the loudness of his *histing*, *jee-whoing*, and *jee-uping*. But vain his exertions—the pursuing Ministers gained fast upon his jaded cattle, and had just got cheek by

jowl

jowl with the stage-coach, when an inside passenger discharged a horse-pistol at their heads. Now, whether it was that fear palsied his hand and destroyed the correctness of his aim, or whether it was that the bullet was repelled by the harder head of the stout man, and glanced ineffectually off into the air; certain it is, that our terrified Ministers sustained no damage on the occasion. The unexpected salutation, however, arrested their course, and they stood statue-like, struck with astonishment and dismay. Under these circumstances, the coach would soon have been beyond their hopes, had not the horses, startled by the report of the pistol, plunged and fallen. Now it was that a scene of horror ensued, that to describe would have done honour to the pen of a Smollett. Screams, shrieks, and groans, formed a horrible concert—passengers inside and out praying for mercy from the fanied robbers, who themselves were almost as much frightened as the most timid of them. Never was there a more delectable treat for a humourist!—At length, however, matters were explained by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as spokesman, informed the natives who he and his companion were, and assured them, that, though they were evidently *Blacklegs*, upon his word of honour they were not thieves; and that, though Clerk of the Irons, he knew nothing at all about the *darbies*. These assertions the people doubted; but, not knowing how to get rid of their unwelcome visitors, they consented to their accompanying them to the inn, putting their trust in Providence, that when they came there their deeds would be brought to light, and they would be released from their intolerable presence and superiority.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 6.]

WHAT better reason can you guess,
 Why men are poor and ladies thinner—
 But thousands now for dinner dress,
 Till nothing's left to *dress for dinner*?

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

**GEORGE COOKE, THE ACTOR, AND THE
 YELLOW FEVER.**

**A DRAMATIC CONFESSION, UPON THE SHORES OF THE
 ATLANTIC, AT NEW YORK.**

[From the Morning Herald, Nov. 7.]

"Here am I, Mr. Arden, the most *well*;
 When I was at home, I was in a *completing* place!"

A THEATRICAL VISION.

WE were pondering upon the eccentric movements
 of this extraordinary Comedian, until we fell
 into a profound sleep, and imagined that we saw him
 sitting upon the edge of Long Island, near Tyler's
 Bathing-house, with his head resting upon his hand,
 and looking anxiously, with tears in his eyes, toward
 the E. N. E. like Caius Marius in a state of banish-
 ment!—Ever and anon he started, and sang his grief
 in the following fragments and parodies; while the
 north-west wind (which is not among the gentlest of
 the Eolian family) beat against his tattered skull, and
 dishevelled the economy of his wig most rudely.

PANG THE FIRST.

"CARE flies from the lad that is merry,
 Whose heart is as sound,
 And whose cheeks are as round,
 Ay, as round and as red as a cherry."

Yet

Yet I, by the Mass, am not merry;
For though my heart's sound,
My cheeks are not round,
And I'm sour as any gooseberry!

PANG THE SECOND.

"I ne'er will go abroad again,
Nor either will I roam;
For he is but a silly oaf
Who wanders far from home.

"There's nine in ten of Englishmen,
Who through these regions roam,
Though craz'd in mind, they'll never find,
That worth they left at home."

PANG THE THIRD AND LAST.

To the Tune of "I that once was a Plowman."

I that once was an Actor, a Stroller am now;
There's no more thatoler cav'd in the sky,
To see grubs and molluscs turn'd up by the plough,
Was so gay and so careless as I!
But my friend was a Manager, and liv'd at New York,
And he begg'd me to go and take shipping at Cork;
And so teasing did keep,
That I left Covent Garden to plough the salt deep.
Now no more shall the Prompter brawl thus in the morn—
"Get up, and be d—d to you, George Cooke, d'ye mind,
And leave all your fleas and vagaries behind."

I had scarce been on shipboard, and got snug in my berth,
When a gale of wind sprung up in the night;
Such a sea struck the vessel as extinguish'd my mirth,
For it pitch'd me on the floor, in affright!
Then I scrambled up the hatchway, and fell over some planks,
Which tore half a yard of skin from my miserable shanks.
"Ah!" cried I; "who would roam,
When they've got fame, and fortune, and good brandy, at
home?"
Now no more shall I share some purl-hot at the Brown Bear;
But puke o'er the ship's side, and be sicker at my heart
Than when any modern dramatist brings me a new part!"

DE HOTTENTOT VENUS

As I wak'd t' other morning, after half an hour's rest,
 While Phoebus leer'd into my room,
 I saw myriads of bugs scudding over my breast,
 Just like pilgrims tow'rd's Mahomet's tomb!
 But I lifted my arm, and tremendously swore,
 And annihil'd them, by legions, and scatter'd the whole corps.
 Yet the stench that arose even agonis'd my nose;
 So I threw away my shirt,
 And skulk'd, like a nudky, besmear'd, but unburnt;
 While sweet Decency I pray'd to come and mop me, like a maid;
 Curse light upon the Manager, and a south-eastern wind,
 That made me go and leave Johnny Bull behind!
 But, lo! a wan spectre, green, yellow, and grim,
 Which they call *Yellow Fever* so dread,
 Grins, and beckons poor George from the Atlantic's brim,
 And shakes her fell fist at my head!
 "George Cooke, ay George Cooke, it's to you, man, I call,"
 Squeaks the damnable fiend, so lank, fetid, and tall;
 "Leave your cors'd *Teau de vie*, and come along with me."
 And so potently she spake,
 That I walk'd to her arms, like a sparrow to a snake!
 "Now your aff's is near," roar'd this devil in his ear;
 Then she dash'd him in his grave, like a stone in a break,
 While Folly peep'd, and laugh'd, and cried, "*Bon soir*,
 George Cooke!"

DE HOTTENTOT VENUS

TO THE GREAT LORD GRINWELL,

Who desire her to write him what she tink of dis Country.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 9.]

MY GREAT LORD,

VEN you first ax me write you my tink on tings I
 hear, I no understood Inglis very well; but now
 I understand it better, I give my tink. I now see
 what you say quite right, I now see dat English peoples

is ruined by King's Ministers, and I now tink em disgraced by de measures em dopt. Dey make beat de French, and help peoples oppressed, dat good. You tell me *talents wanted*, me tink no. Perhaps you mean *talents want*, me say "yea," but let dem still want. But I now tell you what I see, what I hear. Toder day man came here from debate-shop. Him open mouth and make cursed ugly face; den I tink he laugh me, and spit at him. He do it agen, den I claw face, and bite. Den I told it way he got, he no do it to make game me. I say it *bad way*, and wish him leave off dat and toder *bad ways*. Dis he no do. Dey den tell me he want engage me; I laugh. He dem *thruside Beauty* from Forum; I laugh at her, she so dam frightful. He den say he want me speak with her, at debate-shop; I say me no go where such a set. Den he grin, *Beauty* frown, me no care. Debate man repeat nonsense, he want me speak; I laugh louder—he, fool, may go Newgate. I turn back on him, and send him out of room. *Beauty* faint; dat very common, she used to it. I give slap of face; she come back, get up, and say, "I rise blow you up, you dam Hottentot." I give her nother slap; she run out, and call Jack. Her leave an old wig behind, and little beggarly bag; connectin in it, and little cards—dem me told tickets of *pawn man*. Dat very bad; oh fie! She sad one.

Den, my Lord, I hear great noise about report of *Bullying Committee*. Me told it *false report*. I no understand. All me know is Bullys make a *Bull*. Dat funny.

Well, den I hear great row; I ask what about; dey tell me *Gost*. I say, what? Dey say, *Gost of Sam Ford*?. Is great oddity. Talk of showing it with me. Me no objection. Want to see *Gost*.

Dey say slap and pinch. Me no fear dat. He fond of fair-sex, would like to see *me*. He only slap and pinch in dark. Me like to go to *Sam Ford*. Gost me know has done great tings. It been enough to *make parson swear*.

Me here much of de play; great row been dere about O. P.: debate-shop say should not raise price; dat very good ven demselves raised admission to hear dere trash from sixpence to shilling.

Dere many good tings in dis country; plenty money and plenty to eat: de worst is de bread so deat; dey charge great deal for small loaf; dis very bad, as plenty of corn; must be bad rogues somewhere. Hang de rascals, or pillory, as toder day in the Haymarket. People tell me *Mare* look into it: if *Mare* look into it, why he not lower de bread more den penny, when ought to fall seven-pence? Dey say baker bread-men be ruined if do, 'cause dey buy much flour at high price: whose fault dat? dey no obliged to run before market; dey buy when high, tinking it will be great deal more dear. Dey fools to believe dat *tier Cobbett* and speculate: What business dey speculate? Me tink *Mare* ought to say, "If you baker bread-men gamble, must take consequence; you no business to speculate if can't afford to run risk. What de devil right have you to expect de public to suffer because you fools? If ruined, serve you right. No tell me bread ought not fall dis week, 'cause must rise next; better say will be dear next year, so ought to sell at half-crown dis. If you out in calculations like de Newgate bird, you is de peoples dat should suffer, and not de poor honest hard-work man; so no dam nonsense, lower de quarter loaf." Dat me tink should be said by *Mare*.

My Lord, your servant,

DE HOTTENTOT PENUS

WHIGS, OR, TORIES? OR, JOHN BULL AT CONFESSION!

BEING A POLITICAL, MORNBOOK FOR PARLIAMENT-MEN,
FOR THE YEAR 1810

[From the Morning Herald, Nov. 15.]

JOHN Bull, (poor wight!) oppress'd with evils,
Increasing taxes and blue devils,
To *Delphos* took his troubles;
To ask the bright responsive god,
To mark the signs, by speech or nod,
'Twixt Patriots and Bubbles!

"I'm here," quoth John, "a willing elf,
As e'er heap'd sorrows on a shelf,
And do as I'm directed;
I love my King, yet, dire mishap,
My coat is losing all its nap,
And sure my brain's infected.

In good old times, men spoke plain sense,
Now they give reason much offence,
Each argument is knotted;
This beats the foe, then yields his prey!
That robs the till, then runs away—
By Jove, they're all besotted.

My Prelates leave me in the lurch,
D.D.'s at Bath, forsake the church,
And leave the mob to sectaries!
Who rave 'bout *grace* on ruin's brink,
While *charity* and *morals* sink;
Ah! call them to their rectories!

My calculators bring their books,
With fronts of brass, and swagg'ring looks,
And hem! and ha! and vapour!
They swear I'm richer every day,
Yet send my *bullion* all away,
And leave me only—*paper*!

Poor

Poor Credit 's sick—she aches and frets
 O'er India Bonds, and Strahan's Gazette,—
 And snarls like old Erasmus.
 Call Galen from the dusty dead ;
 I fear she 's water in the head,
 Or else some curs'd *tenebras* !

The World is craz'd—the Virtues flout,
 Hope's candles are almost burnt out,
 And inundate the sockets !—
 While *Ex-Professors* kick my shins,
 I feel the finger of the *Ins*,
 For taxes, in my pockets !

Opposing Journalists, all-wise,
 Give me, each day, succeeding lies,
 Which each next day 's denying !
 Now Buonaparte's gone to pot ;
 And now *it is*, and now 't *is not* ;
 —Can nations live by *lying* ?

Poor Hymen 's sticking in the mud !
 'Tis here, each month, some *Belle of blood*
 Is to his altar carried ;
 And then she 's Gallants in a drove ;
 Our Beaux, alas ! won't fall in love
 Until the Lady 's married !

Old maids, who, years ago, as soon
 Would touch the demon as a loon,
 Now wheedle, leer, and smile !
 Decrepitude wears a toupee,
 And boys use spectacles, who 'd see
 A Bailiff half a mile !

They brew aloe-juice, and call it *Port* !
 My Drapers have their yards too short !
 Were Fraud an imp, they 'd court her !
 Use *succedanea* as they please,
 Sell heath-caught herbs for Chinese teas,
 And neutralize my porter !

They grind old beans, from age turn'd blue,
 With alum, chalk, and ashes too,

And

And mix it with my bread; Sir;
Blow up my veal with ulcer'd lungs!
My birth-day suits are botch'd by Dungs!
I wish that I were dead; Sir!

Though all are spoils of Error's race,
Each claims exemption from disgrace;
They call opponents *Asses*!
Though all enact what Folly wills,
Yet each regards the other's ills
With magnifying-glasses!

When George the Third, an honest soul
As e'er drank nectar from a bowl,
Hears some Arch-Priest must die, Sir;
Fat Priests, from all the Isle, in rows,
Crowd James's Court, like cawing crows;
But when 't is o'er, they fly, Sir!

When I feel pinch'd, and grumble on,
They'll quote the fall of Babylon!

I say it's quite ridiculous;
And how should I know this is true?
But each will frown, and growl askew;
' Read *Diodorus Siculus* !

The Lordlings too, to gain their ends,
Swear they and I are constant friends,
And stroke my huge, sleek belly:
By G—d, I hate what's insincere;
Sooner than thus; I'd rather hear
A song by Rubinelli!

When I demand what England's case is,
They poze me with new-fangled phrases,
And evanescent mummery;
Knowing good eating's my desire,
They snatch the shovel from the fire;
And stuff me full of flummery!

Ah! could I cram me, like a bomb,
With windy peas and fetid scum,

Full as George Rose's cup ;
 I'd steal amid the piebald throng,
 Wait for the zenith of their song,
 Then burst and blow 'em up !

My sister Peg seeks peace in pray'r,
 While Pat is grappling with Despair,
 To drown him in his claret.—

The lib'ral Arts are clogg'd with tricks,
 And Knav'ry drives his coach and six,
 While Merit's in—a garret !

The Nation's debt too, on the state,
 Makes Credit moan, and Reason prate,

And foreign Empires talk :
 Denied a sponge, I'll crawl so sad,
 Swear that the heart-burn made me mad,
 And lick off all the chalk !

I dream'd last night a luckless Bear,
 Crossing a river, Lord knows where,

Was stung by *Gnats* to madness :
 Another *Swarm*, who saw th' affray,
 Offer'd to chase this Gang away,
 And take their posts with gladness.

' Ah, no !' the suffering Beast replied ;
 These plagues are now near satisfied,

And fill'd with my best juices :
 You're lank, and want my blood, 't is plain ;
 I'll e'en endure my present pain,
 Nor open deeper sluices !

Divine some cure to solace me,
 (For I'm no conjuror, you see,)

I've tried both *Whigs* and *Tories* :
 When out, they all use sugar'd words ;
 When in, the milk is turn'd to curds,
 And all tell diff'rent stories !

Then thus the radiant God began :

" The *Ins* and *Outs* are, to a man,

But

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

75

But birds of the same feather :
While W——y grins, and G——e pouts,
We'll d——n the *Ins*, and d——n the *Outs*,
And d——n them all together !”

P.

CARD-TABLE EPITAPH.

ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, WHOSE RUIN BY BEING A
GREAT FREQUENTER OF CLUBS OCCASIONED HER PRE-
MATURE DEATH.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 20.]

CLARISSA reign'd the queen of *hearts*,
Like sparkling *diamonds* were her eyes;
But through the knave of *clubs*' false arts,
Here bedded by a *spade* she lies,

J. B.

ON THE FRENCH TYRANT'S BURNING DECREE.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 23.]

FELL Buonaparte, mad with savage ire,
To rapine and to murder now adds fire ;
But needless was this crime to brand his name,
Since he has long been Europe's *burning shame* !

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the British Press, Nov. 29.]

SAM Scribble takes this method of introducing himself to public notice. His friends and enemies are informed, that he has taken that large and airy waterproof garret opposite the sign of the “ Cat and Fiddle,” where he intends to establish himself as an Author, for the accommodation of the Treasury Journals *exclusively* ; and, from the dulness and insipidity of their columns at present, he has every reason to believe that they will consider him a very valuable acquisition.

He has just received from the Head-quarters of the Allied Army in Portugal, *via* Lisbon, a few interesting articles, among which are five different modes of starving Massena; to one of which is prefixed, a Plan for hedging in the Cuckoo.

* * These articles are all entitled to *drawback*, and will be sold cheap.

ALL NOW IN THE PRESS.

The following valuable works, by Mr. Scribble:

No. 1.—*A Treatise upon Invasion*, by King Joachim Murat; showing how an army may be safely landed upon an enemy's territory, and may be kept there. This work, which is dedicated to General Sir John Stuart, is adorned with plates; including a view of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; and the French Sportsman, who cleared the ditch by falling over his horse's head, leaving the animal behind.

No. 2.—*A Supplement to the Pantheon*; or, An Account of a "monstrous Deity," unknown to the ancient Mythologists, ycleped "the Majesty of the People." He has a thousand heads, a thousand tongues, and a thousand hands: he has also a *thousand feet*, with which he sometimes *kicks* ambitious demagogues into the gulf of public contempt.

No. 3.—The Nineteenth Edition of that valuable work, entitled "*Claw me, and I'll claw you*; or, The old System of indirect Puffing, as successfully practised by the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Chronicle*." In 49 volumes, chiefly composed from those two papers.—This work will be sold by weight, with an allowance of 75 per cent. tare.

No. 4.—*Beauties of the same two precious Journals*!—The *novelty* of this book will sufficiently recommend it. The buyer will receive a good Microscope gratis, to enable him to enjoy his purchase, the beauties not being *legible* to common eyes!

N.B.

LINES ON A QUOTATION FROM HORACE. 77

N. B. Essays, Squibs, &c. prepared on the shortest notice.

Nov. 28.

MARRIED—Late, at Dumfries, the Lady Auchterfardle, to David Cushnie, Esq. of Overdumfifling, in the county of Dumfries.

EPITHALAMIUM CELTICUM.

OVERDUMFIFIDLING'S Heir,
David Cushnie, 'clept Esquire,
Auchterfardle's Lady fair
Passionately did admire.

Overdumfifling's Heir
Sought fair Auchterfardle's hand—
Hymen smil'd, and soon the fair
Buckled in his holy band.

Auld Dumfries ! thy crest now rear,
Sing, and push about the nappy—
May Overdumfifling's Heir
Make fair Auchterfardle happy !

From the roof of this fond pair
Still may smiling Fortune ward ill—
Soon Squire Cushnie have an heir
By fair Lady Auchterfardle !

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 29.]

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY A QUOTATION FROM HORACE IN A
LATE DEBATE :

O navis, referent in mare te Hovi
Fluctus, &c.

[From the same, Dec. 3.]

ILL-fated ship, by tempests torn,
On wild and heady currents borne,
'T were wise the peaceful port to keep
While angry winds the ocean sweep

EPITAPH ON DRYANDER.

Thy timbers strain'd, thy tackle rent,
 Thy strength in useless fury spent,
 Thy *main-mast* from its station riven,
 And shatter'd by the stroke of Heaven,
 No hopes of safety canst thou form
 On him who weather'd once the storm :
 A feeble crew, whom doubts o'erwhelm,
 And strifes distract, have seiz'd the helm.
 Boast not the trust that once was thine
 In England's oak and Scotia's pine ;
 For while they steer, 't will swell their pride,
 And lead their blindness further wide ;
 'T will hasten and confirm the more
 That fate which threaten'd thee before.
 Of foes the mock, of fools the sport,
 O seek in time the peaceful port ;
 And mayst thou ne'er thy course renew,
 Till mann'd by helmsmen tried and true ! R. R.

 EPITAPH ON DRYANDER.

[From the same, Dec. 8.]

BENEATH this humble tombstone lie
 The mouldering bones of honest Dry ;
 A learned Swede of Linné's school,
 Long us'd o'er botany to rule,
Plantarum genera et species,
Varieties ad usque decies ;
 Who left his native garden, Sweden,
 To seek, in Soho Square, an Eden.
 Many an author well he knew,
 From Tournefort to Jussieu ;
 Gerarde, Johnson, and all such,
 From Tabermontan in High Dutch,
 Down to the secrets that we come by,
 In the receipts of Mother Bumbey.
 For current coins he well could barter,
 Whether Chinese and Manchou Tartar ;
 Or Persic, Arabic, Napaul,
 Where struck, and when, he knew them all.

English as well—testoons of Mary,
 And all the heads of Will and Harry.
 Death stopp'd him in his proud career,
 And laid him on his funeral bier :
 We hope—it was to set him fast in
 A blooming garden everlasting,
 And transplant him there anew
 In a brighter heav'nly Kew,
 Where lily, or imperial crown,
 Are never subject to lie down.
 To all he left a brilliant sample
 Of skill and diligence most ample.
 To Aiton he bequeath'd his name,
 His trivials, and his love of fame ;
 To Knights and 'Squires his just opinions
 Of Buonaparte and his minions ;
 And for his patron's fost'ring care,
 'T was all he had—a dying pray'r !

OPPOSITION TACTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, &c.

[Dec. 10.]

SIR,

I HAVE been much pleased with some shrewd remarks in your paper of last week, on the military Tactics of our Opposition-papers, and the frequent changes of opinion which their favourite Massena imposes upon them. But I do not, at the same time, think that your writer has done all the justice to the *ingenuity* of the Opposition-writers which it seems to deserve. Their sudden changes, which tend somewhat to throw an air of ridicule on their labours, appear to me to be the very circumstance which distinguishes them as men of ingenuity and talent. Why Massena should be so great a favourite with them I know not ; but as they know much less of his proceedings than of Lord Wellington's, it is really surprising, that,

either from correspondence or conjecture, they are able to follow his movements so closely as to discover superior strength and talent in them all. There is something ingenious in this versatility; and, indeed, upon a recollection of it, for some weeks past, I am inclined to think it truly wonderful.

If they do not hear of a battle on the day on which they have fixed it, they tell us that Massena *will not* fight with Lord Wellington, because Lord Wellington *is not able* to fight with Massena! If the subject be the probable issue of this long campaign, they ask, what we can do with "such a *handful* of troops? but if the, stale subject of invasion be started, Ministers ought to have their heads cut off for not bringing home "so *gallant and numerous an army.*" If it be reported that Massena is retreating, we are told, that it is "one of those fabrications by which the hopes of the country are deluded;" but if the intelligence be true, "it is *one of the wisest things* he could have done, and a proof of his superior wisdom." If we hear that the French are deficient in provisions, we are told, "that no nation in Europe can bear starving better or longer." If they get provisions by pillaging a whole country, "no Generals have the art of conciliating the population" like the French. If the Portuguese allies are numerous, "they want discipline and steadiness;" if they fight bravely, "only think what an expense it must be to keep them!" If Lord Wellington be silent for a week or two, "our conjectures have been correct; and, as we said, nothing has been done;" and, if he send over dispatches, "how do these agree with our private correspondence?" It has long been the complaint, that, with the best of men, we have no officers who have *seen service*; and now that a school has been established, in which they are taught to understand, and cope with, "the first troops of Europe," the cry is, that "we always were against foreign
foreign

foreign expeditions—English troops can do nothing on the Continent.”

From these few specimens, which might have easily been increased in number and *value*, I hope, Sir, you will perceive that I do no more than common justice to the Opposition-writers, when I attribute to them a considerable portion of that ingenuity, which is never at a loss; which objects from the habit of objecting, and grumbles most where there is least room for complaint.

One objection, however, I must make to their productions.—I love Opposition-politics in the Senate and in the Papers. Much good is done by watching public men and measures, although with jealousy and suspicion, carried to the very extremity of what is neither fair nor impartial; yet, as to the events of war, I would caution these gentlemen against giving too much way to that *spirit of prophecy* with which some of them seem to be inspired. It is dangerous at all times, particularly in the present crisis, when perhaps they may find it convenient to *wheel round* with a rapidity which even Massena has not yet imposed on them. They may be assured, that the first measure of the *new men*, to whom they are looking up, will not be to order the English army home directly; and if not, Lord Wellington must change characters with Massena, which will require a great quantity of very fine writing.

But this is not all, nor the worst danger that environs the spirit of prophecy. Men who are perpetually foretelling disasters to their country, say what they will, cannot be very well *pleased*, if they are disappointed by its good fortune. They may profess what they please; but the sun will sooner cease to shine, than a *Prophet of Disasters* be able to conceal his regret, if the event should prove to be in flat contradiction to his prophecy. Now, how far this is a state

of mind for which even party-spirit can be an excuse, I leave to the determination of those who, whatever their attachments be, stick to the primary principle—*Love to our country.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MEDIUS.

EFFECTS OF PREACHING.

[From the British Press, Dec. 25.]

"GOOD Doctor, a word," cried an impudent knave,
 "Do you know, in our village, they style you the Grave?"
 "The Grave!" said the Doctor, "why where is the jest?"
 "Why, they say that your hearers are always—at rest!"

THE BERNÉ BEAR: A TALE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 25.]

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

WHEN Switzerland was free, we learn,
 A powerful Canton once—call'd Berné—
 With anxious zeal, and ceaseless care,
 Kept (with the public purse) a Bear.
 So gentle, he with ease was led!
 And yet so pamper'd and high-fed,
 That strangers, far and near, did feast
 Their wond'ring eyes upon the Beast:
 For Somerville's fat kine would seem
 Like Pharaoh's lean, compar'd with him;
 Though he his fat did never spoil
 With cramming grease in cakes of oil!

This many a living wight can tell,
 Who saw the Bear, and knew him well;
 Which doth the faithful Muse enable
 To say, this *Tale* is not a *Fable*.

Not that the animal was shown
 To please the public gaze alone!
 Since, though he play'd not any tricks
 In aught regarding Politics,

Historiographers

Historiographers relate
 He was connected with the State;
 Which fear'd that all might go to ruin,
 If any harm befell poor Bruin.

Thus, that no mischief might ensue,
 Berne's Bruin had a leader too,
 Who taught him all he had to do.
 So I my readers can assure.

He did not hold a *sinicure*,
 Which, being now grown out of fashion,
 Puts every Patriot in a passion:

Besides, the Leader must provide
 A successor when Bruin died;

That none might controvert the lie,
 "That the Berne Bear can never die!"

Yet, as this world will have its rubs,
 Berne lost at once both Bear and Cubs;
 And, since the ills that man betide
 Ne'er single come, the Leader died.
 A fatal stroke! since people said,
 He never once the Bear misled!
 Happy could I the same relate
 Of ev'ry other Bear of State!

But since, my Muse! it is not wise
 Before your time to moralize,
 With all the pathos that is due

To the great Hero of your Story,

Dead in his *plenitude* of glory!

The sequel of your Tale pursue;
 First making, with all just discretion,
 Apology for this digression:
 And here my word of honour giving,
 The Berne Bear means no creature living.

Dark clouds of sorrow Berne o'ercast,
 When hapless Bruin breath'd his last;
 Which, soon awak'ning all her fears,
 Burst into deluges of tears;
 While, in the anguish of despair,
 Shrill notes of woe thus rent the air—
 "Or Berne must fall, or have a Bear!"

But when (since I the truth must tell)
 Berne found she prosper'd fall as well ;
 That no portents were seen to fly
 In storms, or lightnings through the sky ;
 Or, when she sate her down to eat,
 No Harpies seiz'd upon her meat ;
 And when she thought, as Buffon writes,
 That Bears have monstrous appetites,
 And that their hugs oft cover hate,
 Like the caresses of the Great ;
 The tears, that erst her grief supplied,
 Soon, like th' Ephesian Dame, she dried ;
 From Bruin her regrets withdrew,
 And voted, he was useless too :
 For in all realms, whate'er their name,
 Republicans are still the same *.

So, for the Muse should never fail
 To draw a moral from her Tale,
 Some men, who hold the reins of State,
 Seem anxious to procrastinate,
 As if they wish'd the Muse should sing,
 (Though all indignant at the thing !)
 " That we can do without a King ;"
 The *State-Wheels* round the *same Orbs* turning
 By the mere *Motion* of Adjourning ;
 But, their designs while thus they broach,
 The Lord have mercy on the *Coach* !
 For, from the box till they retire,
 They'll plunge it deeper in the mire ;
 Since all *their ways* too plainly show'd
 They still preferr'd the *dirtiest* road !

THE GREAT SEAL IN THE THAMES ; OR, THE DEVIL AMONG THE FISHES : A FABLE.

[From the same.]

I thank thee for the hint.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN King James in the night
 Cross'd the Thames in his flight,
 He flung the GREAT SEAL in the stream ;

* Alluding to the House of Lords being put *hors du combat*, at the commencement of the Commonwealth.

At

At the bottom it lay,
 All depriv'd of its swiftness;
 Of its powers the fishes ne'er dream:
 Till at length a sly Eel
 Cried, "Behold the Great Seal!
 I'll make myself King of the Flood;
 For a Seal-keeper sly,
 When the King is not by,
 'Tis known is a King just as good.
 "The Parliament met,
 To debating I'll set,
 And then two Commissions I'll frame;
 First to license what's said,
 For King absent or dead,
 Then give Royal Assent in His name.
 "What though Common Sense shows,
 Common Sense will oppose,
 With this salvo—'I'll cure ev'ry flaw;
 Though he does not appear,
 Still His Majesty's here—
 This is true, for 'tis *Fiction of Law*."

 IMPROMPTU

ON A STATE VAULTER EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, Dec. 26.]

AMID the feats of modern art,
 In this our varying clime,
 Where some 'gainst wind and tide be-start,
 While others fly 'gainst Time;—
 We see (what's surely bold enough)
 With *giant* resolution,
 A *tiny Lawyer* stripp'd in buff
 To *o'erleap* the Constitution!

JOHN DOE.

* Mr. Gillray, with other daring Caricaturists, are hereby cautioned to restrain any wanton propensity to sketch this heroic attempt of the *State Vaultier Extraordinary of all England*, either on brass, or any other inappropriate metal whatsoever, on pain of a legal premunire.

(Signed) RICHARD ROE,
 Solicitor to said *State Vaultier Extraordinary*.

ON

ON THE LIMITATIONS OF REGENCY,

AS DETERMINED UPON IN 1789.

[From the Morning Chronicle, December 26.]

THE brightest jewels from th' Imperial Crown,
 Like Blood, Pitt's keen Administration snatches;
 And throwing at their feet the Regent down,
 Makes him a sort of King "of shreds and patches."

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

[From the British Press, December 27.]

OVID has given a very fine description of the earlier ages of the world, and has told us a beautiful story about things which, in our times, it is scarcely possible to conceive to be any better than pure fictions of the poet's brain. We are informed, for instance, that there was an Age called "*the Golden*," from some precious metal, which, on account of its super-excellence, was applied allegorically to designate the most happy, innocent, abundant, and delightful era that ever existed on the earth. What this metal could have been it is not in the power of a modern writer to imagine: but, from our absolute ignorance of the meaning of the term "*Golden*," it may fairly be presumed, that it is altogether a fabulous expression, and refers to something as unreal as the unicorn, the phoenix, the sphynx, or the flying dragon; for who can suppose, that if such a metal as this called Gold had existed at any period, it would have been unknown to the chemists of the 18th century, who have explored the very arcana of nature, and made such notable discoveries respecting zinc, bismuth, and a hundred other mongrel metals, which the ancients had no more conception of than we have of Gold? It is therefore clear, that this part of Naso's story is *all my eye*; and we need

need not wonder, that all the experiments of all the alchymists of the last four centuries, founded on so ridiculous a poetical invention, should have lamentably failed in discovering that which is a non-entity—their *aurum palpabile*!

This incredible opinion, that there really was such a metal as *gold*, was further strengthened by the cunning of the Poet, who compares the succeeding age to *silver*, a metal which we know, by some few proofs still remaining, is to be found in the bowels of the earth. And, again, by likening the third age he treats upon to *lead*, a metal which all the plumbers in England can verify upon oath is to be had some way or other—whether the truth lies in a well or not, is immaterial to our argument.

The elixir of life, the longitude, the perpetual motion, and the way to square a circle, have all equally had their followers, advocates, and admirers; but the wiser part of mankind have invariably laughed at all such pursuits—whether of those who hunted after immortality, in a mortal world; certainty, where nothing is certain; perpetuity, where every thing decays; an exception to a physical certainty; or, what was of the same description, “the philosopher’s stone, or gold,” as a substance which we have reason to believe is nothing more than an immaterial phantasy. The wisdom and purity of the British Parliament has of late been arraigned and brought into question more than in former times, and we must confess, in our opinion, with greater justice than ever; for it evinced no ordinary share of folly, in the Senate of a great nation, to fall into a vulgar opinion, and appoint a Committee, as they did last Session, to inquire into its truth or falsehood, and report to the House whether there was any foundation for the belief in the philosopher’s stone, or not. In no other light can the *Bullion Committee* be considered; and any man of sense might have

have anticipated their Report, viz. *That there was no such thing in creation as the metal they were deputed to discover!* And yet this Report made a noise in the country, and set all the yelping fellows of the nation at work, to prove that the Committee were wrong. We shall not enter into a controversy so evidently ridiculous, but, satisfied in our own mind by the evidence of our own senses, remain convinced that there is no such thing as *gold* to be seen.

Would to Heaven the precious ore did exist, and that the age of peace, pleasure, and plenty, resembling it, were restored! But, alas! even the *silvery* age is past, and we do not enjoy the secondary degree of happiness with which mankind were blessed during the period so designated: nay, the very age of *lead*, when rapine, injustice, and discord, began to infest the world—when *bellum, horridum bellum*, cried havoc, and let slip its bloodhounds—even that dull heavy time is over, and worse has succeeded; in which, unfortunately for our generation, we are the actors. But what name shall we give this “*Age we live in?*” Were we to follow the example of Ovid, and add another metal to the list, nothing would be found applicable but that compound—*brass*! Impudence and assurance prevail over modesty and talent, and brazen presumption leads to honours, wealth, and fame! Another phenomenon of our times might be happily compared with that semi-metallic combination which is employed in Galvanic experiments, and the prevalence of universal Corruption find an apt counterpart in the fluid wonders wrought in these curious philosophical treats by Professor Davy. We might observe how, by this medium, the dead were made to move about, as by the influence of Corruption they are made to vote at Elections; and many other singular and similar appearances might be produced and explained.

But,

But, perhaps, after all, it would be more applicable to dismiss Metals altogether from our simile, and at once to bestow on this age the name it so obviously merits—that of the **PAPER AGE**! How well by this appellation will its nature be demonstrated to posterity! Exquisitely true, our children's children's children shall read the record; and, when they mention the *Paper Age*, it will be understood to mean that period when—

Bank Notes	were Money,
Fictitious Bills	— Capital,
Bulletins	— Victories,
Decrees	— Government,
Votes	— The Art of Ruling,
Quack Pills	— Medicine,
Villanous Quibbles	— Law,

AND

Waste Paper, Religion; or, rather, *vice versa*,
Religion, Waste Paper!

Lord forbend any one should carry the comparison any further than we have now done; and after saying we had Paper Men for Rulers, go “up and up, and find all a-cold!”

PARODY,

ON READING A MOST PATHETIC APPEAL IN THE DEBATE
OF FRIDAY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 27.]

SOME mortals are to feelings given,
With less of *earth* in them than *heaven*.

If there's a tear—a human tear,
From Pity's dross refin'd and clear,
Ethereal virgin tear! too meek

To strain an eye or stain a cheek,
'Tis that which, though unseen by all,
Shook great *Saint Stephen*'s with its fall!

T.

EPIGRAMS,

EPIGRAMS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BERNE BEAR*.

[From the same, Dec. 29.]

I.

MINISTERS do not like my Bear at all;
 Pleas'd with its fun, the Opposition laugh:
 Perhaps they'll laugh still louder, when I call
 Those Ministers "the Bear and Ragged Staff!"

[From the same, Dec. 29.]

EPIGRAM THE SECOND.

CARRS Perceval, when Eldon wish'd to learn
 If they should prosecute the Bear of Berne,
 "That it a libel is, bid Gibbs declare,
 And let the common hangman—burn the Bear!"

EPIGRAM THE THIRD.

THIS Bear perhaps has point, but what defence
 Can justify the Author's *impudence*?
 To palliate it the Author says—"Alas!
 He the great grandchild is—of Hudi-brass!"

EPIGRAM THE FOURTH.

"Ah me!" says Camden, "but for our *division*
 We had not fall'n the victims of derision!
 This Bear it then had been our boast to tame,
 For Canning's *wit* would not have miss'd his aim;
 Nor t' other's † *Pistol*, though his speaking proses
 Left him to revel—on a *Bed of Roses*!"

* See p. 82.

† The Noble Earl, to whom this couplet alludes, must pardon the Author for not having been able to hit the Irish title which his Lordship bears into the Epigram.

EPIGRAM ON OUR BUNCH OF NEW KINGS.

[From the British Press, Dec. 29.]

A SPIRING Faction mounts so high,
 With nothing short of Royalty
 Can they remain contented?—
 'Tis even so, 'twixt you and I,
 A Golden Guinea may be by
 Base Coppers * represented!

ANTI-JUNTA.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A GENTLEMAN WITH THE WIDOW "GHOST:" AN EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

"WHAT a desperate fellow!" the neighbours all say,
 "To marry a *Ghost*, that will haunt you each day."
 "No ghost do I fear," cries the spouse, "while 't is light,
 And the Parson permits me to lay it by night."

BREVIS.

HINDUSTANI LORE.

[From the same, Dec. 26.]

TRANSLATION OF MUTANABI'S ODE ON HIS SWORD.

BY MIRZA-COZIM-ALI-JAWN,

*Who has successfully infused into the Urdh Dialect all the
 Boldness and Spirit of the Original.*

Addressed to a certain fighting General of Challenge
 Notoriety †.

ODDS bullets and brains, General, what a Pistol of
 a fellow is this bloody-minded Arabian Poet Mu-
 tanabi!—Wide-Nostrils, the Swallower of Windmills,

* See Lord Moira's speech in the *British Press* of Dec. 28.

† See vol. xiv. p. 344.

was

was a Miss-Molly to him ! his very looks would rout one of our modern armies ; and with that cut and thrust sword of his, *sheathed in his eyelids*, I believe even our London Militia, with Sir John Eamer at their head, would look a little blue—a scowl would make them ground arms—

“ With such a furious tempest on his brows,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcass ! ”

With all his vagaries he is a fellow of spunk, and, making allowance for his *Verba Tragica*, “ confusion, horror, guts, and death,” he sings in as martial a style of pleasing apostrophe as any military bard of my acquaintance ; in fact, I feel a little inspired myself on the occasion, and cannot resist to desire to try an imitation.

Yours, &c.

PADDY WHACK.

ARRAH ! sweet-lips, my jewel, so burnish'd and nice,
Your temper is trusty and biting like spice * ;
To see you lagg'd out, and prepar'd for the fight,
Makes my peepers to twinkle with joy and delight.
Like mystical writings or charms, with amaze
~~We see watery letters inscrib'd on a blaze :~~
The eye that so boldly your splendour would brave,
Is dazzled and mock'd by the serpentine wave
That is seen on your surface so wildly to run,
Like motes dancing gay i'th' rays of the sun.
In the blood of the foemen when you take a dip,
Your edge a few drops is contented to sip ;
While I in the current exultingly swim,
And swill it in goblets fill'd up to the brim.
The belts of old Time your weight have suspended,
Till, gnaw'd by your edge, they require to be mended.

* The temper of a sword.

No drop of blood sticks to your keen-cutting edge;
 He that draws you, of honour ne'er forfeits the pledge.
 Your light, with a smack of the right Usquebaugh*,
 All darkness dispels, when for battle you draw.
 Och! my *Skean*, little urchin, so dearly I prize,
 Its sheath I could wish were the lids of my eyes.
 By your brightness, my honey, in battle I shine;
 Your brilliant achievements and glory are mine.
 Your clashing and hacking claim greater regard
 Than the pipe, flute, and harp, or the song of the bard†.
 I carry not you for mere splendour or show,
 But for splitting of heads, necks, and ribs, at a blow;
 Thus our foes and their armour are destin'd to feel
 Me, the stoutest of roysters; you, sharpest of steel:
 When I drew you at midnight in Wicklow, the glare
 Quick flash'd, like the lightning, as far as Kildare.

THE THREE-TAIL BASHAW AND DOUBLE-TAIL RAT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 31.]

TO Mithra's setting, Mithra's orient ray,
 Tribes of the East their pious homage pay—
 Pious, yet prudent—Lo! our Eastern Lord
 Can but one *half* of Mithra's rites afford—

* A bag filled with water; a liquor not at all to my taste.

† The Arabian Poet has chosen the thought from the original Irish Feast—

What stabs and what cuts,
 What chatt'ring of sticks,
 What strokes on the guts,
 What basting and kicks!

What cudgels of oak
 Well harden'd in flame,
 A hundred heads broke,
 A hundred struck lame!

To

To George the Fourth—not George the Third, repairs;
Neglects his evening, says his morning prayers.

ON SEEING THE FOREGOING LINES.

Tell us, *Sun*, the effect of this Prostitute's prayers;
Sure, on *further* reflecting, you kick'd him down stairs.

Madrum, Nov. 19.

C. L. D.

THE

THE
S P I R I T
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS,
FOR 1811.

EXTEMPORE, UPON RECENT DESERTIONS.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 8.]

CÆSAR is sick ; but all the Seers declare
The fever 'll fly, and leave him free as air :
What numbers throng to prove their Monarch's *Shield* !
The fever rages still—they quit the field,
And, meanly thirsting after place and pow'r,
Desert their Master in his *trying hour* !
Trembling for fear his Royal course is run,
They pay their homage to the *Rising Sun*.—
Such is the *gratitude* that Princes find !
And such the *baseness* of the human mind !

WM. THOS. F—G—D.

**THE AUTHOR OF THE BERNE BEAR * TO HIS
MUSE,**

**IN DEFENCE OF HIS TALE AGAINST THE UNMERITED
CHARGE OF REPUBLICANISM.**

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 11.]

Facit indignatio versum.

MUSE ! though our Bear has not one feature
Resembling any human creature ;
Malice, whate'er we say, or do,
Is torturing four legs into two.

* See page 82.

Day

Nay, worse!—She swears, O Nymph Pierian!

Thy vot'ry is an Oliverian!

Though ardent to defend the Throne,

He wars with these bad men alone,

Who in affliction's mournful hour

Usurp their Sovereign's sacred pow'r;

And will (if these corrupted times

Be suffer'd to abet their crimes)

Rob it of many a precious gem,

Ere they restore the Diadem

To Him, on whom, by grace divine,

Its lustre *unimpair'd* should shine;

To Him! on whom *they* heap disgrace,

To fortify themselves in Place;

Leaving no dirty work undone,

To set the Mother 'gainst the Son!

Till thrown down *Ruin's* yawning steep

Shall then *an imbrication* sleep?

Or let this "*foul unnatural*" strife,

Prey like a vulture on her life?

No! Holland *wakes her* jealous fears;

And Grenville to her aid appears,

And thunders in th' usurpers' ears;

While Whitbread's patriot strains o'erwhelm.

Those pilots who still grasp the helm,

And there for no one reason sit,

But that *they are the* drag of Pitt.

TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1811.

[From the same.]

MIRTH'S festive crew assemble to partake

The merry jigs, and year-revolving cake;

The sportive feats the Muse shall now relate,

Of Kings, Queens, Doctors, Knaves;—and what their fate.

The Prude this night her character forswears,

A Hussey pert and Madame Flirt appears.

The Quaker prim as Bang-up Dick we view,

And Member of the Four-in-Hand!—A Jew

Next follows, who illuminates the old,

His *spectaclesh* ish coot, and *made* of gold!

The

The *Dance*, prolific in her wanton feats,
 The *Lawyer*, in the *Monarch's throne*, now seats.
 But Majesty to revelry gives place;
 He sets example, and each pair embrace!
 The clock strikes twelve, the King his throne descends,
 The hour gives warning, and the feast now ends!
 The merry Revellers, more festive grown,
 A *Regent* seek to fill the empty throne!
 His rights inquire, and by *Majority*
 Depute to him—*Supreme Authority*;
 He, conscious of their loyalty and loves,
 An able and indulgent ruler proves!

From our young friends may we example take,
 From principle, not fear—a *Regent* make!
 Like them invest him with dominion wide,
 A potent ruler and a faithful guide.
 May next Twelfth-Night no other fill the throne
 Than that dear King, which in our hearts we own,
 His Son a royal delegate, and we
 A happy people, blest with liberty!
 So shall the joys of this revolving night
 To us give gladness, and to him—his right!

Haslingleigh Rectory, Kent,
 January 5, 1811.

CHARLES.

CONSULTATION EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 10.]

IN the course of the last three days certain *Political-physica* characters have been consulted apart by persons in the maintenance of high authority, on the necessity of some *anodyne* to be administered to John Bull, under the alarming symptoms of his present disorder! The senior recommended the trial of another *sleeping dose*, which generally abated his fever. The two next in rank recommended simple *emollients* only, for an *alterative*, as a nausea had arisen on John's stomach, and his *tongue* exhibited rather a rough coat, from too long an adherence to the same *diurnal doses*. A



FOUR-IN-HAND EDUCATION.

fourth, of bolder practice (the said *compounds* having lost their effect), would immediately prescribe a laming *bolus* of *Convalescence*, which, if skilfully administered in John's usual *broth*, might operate as an *astringent*, and prove a salutary *bracer* to the *Constitution*! The fifth begged to defer his opinion, as in all complicated cases of a *political* tendency he never ventured to *write* until he had first consulted—his *Wife*. An *open Consultation* is expected this day, when John's case will be taken into their joint and most mature consideration; for, although two of the *Physico-politico* may not be able to attend personally, they have promised in that case to send their *Proxies*, conformably to the rules of the *Highest Practice*!

FOUR-IN-HAND EDUCATION: A SONG.

To the popular Tune of "Derry Down."

[From the *Morning Chronicle*, January 11.]

OLD Squaretoes, my father, who deeply would think,
Dispatch'd me to College, where I learn'd to drink;
And as my *degrees* were from *drinking* to *drenching*,
I soon gain'd preferment in *urangling* and *wenching*.

Derry down.

Thus prosper'd my learning, when honest old dad
Thought fit to pop off, for the good of his lad:
With estates unmolested, and money in plenty,
My race I commenc'd, when of age—two-and-twenty.

Derry down.

'T is just four years since, in which space I have shown
How quickly the hoards of my sage dad have flown;
Nay more, my outgoings receipts have confounded,
And now for the *ready* last acre's impounded.

Derry down.

Well, what of all that? I've acquired high fame;
I wench, drink, and drive, I can horse-race and game;
With Richman I spar; a coalheaver can drub; Sir;
But, above all, I'm rank'd of the *Four-in-Hand Club*, Sir.

Derry down.

With

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

With slouch'd hat, inquiries of bailiffs to check,
A quid in my mouth; a silk wife round my neck;
A dub coat so long, with each hand tucked in pocket,
No cabbage allowing—ensures snap the docket,

Derry down.

Thus array'd, four-in-hand, I support the game still,
Here's at you, old Buxton, dash off for Salt Hill;
To the back-bone, I'm blood, for there's bought in the land,
Sir,

So worthy renown as our Club—*Four-in-Hand*, Sir.

Derry down.

So a fig for the schools and Minerva's stale rays,
Give me my *mail-coach* and my *four harness'd bays*;
With them I defy all that's sapient or civil,
I'm *prime* to *bang-up*, though my mark be the devil!

Derry down.

W. H. C. L.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

[From the British Press, Jan. 12]

AMONG the variety of characters drawn on this memorable night for mirth and fun were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Perceval—*King and Queen*—"Ah! sure a pair."

Lord Castlereagh—*The Hunter of the Alps*—"Two strings to your bow."

General Clavering—*Hector Tornado**—"As large as life, and may be larger."

Colonel Thornton—*Nimrod*—"Hark forward, hark forward, the bounds in full cry!"

The Marchioness of Salisbury—*Diana*—"The Goddess of the Chase."

Countess of B...—*Doreas*—"I tremble at seventy-two."

* See vol. xiv. p. 344.

The Marchioness of Lansdown—Mrs. O'Daisy—
 “Huzza for Old Ireland and Ballynatrot!”
 Lord Folkestone—*Robin the Gardener*—“Who buys
 my strawberries?—Here am I.”

IMPROMPTU,

ON OBSERVING ONE OF A CERTAIN FIOUS-POETICAL PARTY
 VERY BUSY, PROPOSING RESOLUTIONS AT THE OPERA
 COMMITTEE, ON A DAY WHEN THERE WAS A DEBATE IN
 THE HOUSE—INSCRIBED TO MR. BANKES.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 14.]

OH, wondrous Taylor! who, to serve the nation,
 Hadst power to wean a Saint from legislation!
 Let him, like David, “worship in the dance;”
 He ne’er can laud his Maker by—*finance!*
Saturday Morning.

INTRUDER.

THE TWO HERVEYS.

[From the same.]

TWO Herveys had a mutual wish
 To please in sep’rate stations;
 The one invented Sauce for Fish,
 The other “Meditations.”

Each has his pungent powers applied
 To aid the dead and dying;
 That relishes a Soul when fried—
 This saves the Soul from frying.

G. J.

THE AFFRONT.

[From the British Press, Jan. 14.]

LAST night my fair-one came in all her charms,
 Her charms that ever thrill my soul with bliss;
 Eager I rush’d to clasp her in my arms,
 And from her cheek rude snatch’d a burning kiss.

So

So coy, so modest was the maid I priz'd,
 Her rosy cheek became of lily hue;
 For this I lov'd her more, but felt surpris'd,
 When she in anger to her chamber flew.
 I follow'd fast to soothe her virgin fears,
 And ask forgiveness for the unmeant pain;
 But she, infuriate, cried, dissolv'd in tears,
 "Get out, you fool, and let me *rouge* again!"

ACKEE O.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 15.]

OUR good old King, alas! is yet too ill
 The duties of his station to fulfil;
 But lawyer Perceval's *miraculous* zeal
 For Caesar's *presence* substitutes a *Seal*,
 Ye rigid Catholics! it thus appears,
 Though your *religious doctrines* much he fears,
 Applied to Politics, when *self's* in view,
 E'en *transubstantiation's* just and true.

A NEW GLEE,

SUNG BY CERTAIN MEN IN OFFICE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

"T WAS John Bull's boast
 To rule the roast,
 When he'd a well-lin'd belly;
 But how crop-sick
 Of taxes thick
 His lantern jaws may tell ye!

Long live the —;
 That's just the thing
 For men like us about him,
 Who know our cue,
 And therefore do
 So thrivingly *without* him!

DA CAPO.

(192)

MINISTERIAL RETREAT.

[From the British Press, Jan. 15.]

GENERAL ORDERS.

Head Quarters, Downing Street, Jan. 13, 1811.

HIS Little Excellency Major-general *Pourett*, Commander-in-chief of the Ministerial Forces, being sorely afraid that all his arts and stratagems are insufficient to enable him to keep his present ground; and wisely conceiving that it is the duty of every prudent General, on the eve of a defeat, to provide for a retreat and prepare accordingly; takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to the Officers and Mercenaries under his command, for their zeal and discipline on the various services in which they have been employed under his auspices.

And, first, to the venal, scurrilous, and mercenary squad, commonly called "the Treasury Journals," he returns his most heartfelt thanks for the grossness and illiberality with which they have attacked His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from the moment that the wishes of the country placed him at the head of the Staff, and in the van of the Constitution and the country. The ability with which they masked their infamous designs, under the appearance of loyalty and love of our venerable Sovereign, and the curious structure of the covered ways by which they sought to gain admission into the hearts and minds of the great body of the British nation; and to draw them over to his standard, merit his highest commendation.—The attack by the leader of these freebooters upon the whole body of the Royal Dukes and Princes, although badly executed, was well intended. When the object was to defeat the Head, it was a good preliminary measure to bring the whole corps into dispute,

pute. It may, notwithstanding the first mischance, be advisable to persevere in this system of tactics: but in doing so it will be necessary to tread carefully, and avoid those morasses and quicksands in which so many gallant souls have lately got entangled and been made prisoners, and are now confined in the grand dépôt of Newgate!

It might also harass the enemy, impede his operations, and excite mutiny and discontent in the army, if an idea could be inculcated, that it was the intention of His Royal Highness, the new Commander-in-Chief, to increase the number of his Staff Officers, and provide full pay for them by deductions from that of the private soldiers; and that he further meant to disregard all claims of merit, of wisdom, valour, and virtue, and to put the meanest, the most worthless and contemptible, in the ranks, over the heads of old and meritorious veterans and soldiers. This calumny, if only advanced in general terms, might not have been efficient. It was therefore necessary to give it a barb to make it stick; and with this view his Little Excellency Major-general *Peuce* has seen, with admiration, the address with which his libelling corps have revived the old story of an intended barter of Peerages, for corrupt borough-interest, with Sir Christopher Hawkins and Alexander Davison; and the boldness with which they have brought it forward in the most base and shameless manner. The fire from this battery appears to have done great execution, and so have induced the persons exercising the Government of the Country to put His Royal Highness upon short allowance. No rations extraordinary—no badges or medals—will be able to grant, at least for a considerable time, and perhaps during the whole of the present campaign!

At the time when his Little Excellency Major-general *Peuce* assumed his command, it is fresh

every man's recollection, that there was an idea of emancipating the galley-slaves. The galley-slaves, by some strange notion respecting the etymology of the word *galley*, have been strangely enough connected with the Gauls; and hence a connexion has been presumed between the galley-slaves, so to be emancipated, and the descendants of the Gauls, the present French. His Little Excellency Major-general Poncett having completely crushed this conspiracy the very moment when he assumed the command, he conceived that it would greatly strengthen his interest if the enemies of that measure were well assured that the new Commander-in-Chief meant to carry it into execution. On this subject his Little Excellency can dwell with pleasure. The conduct of his mercenary troops challenges his highest commendation, and the remembrance of it can never be obliterated from his heart. His pleasure was scarcely known, when his uncreed mercenaries flew to arms. They discovered a detached corps encamped in the city of Dublin, under the name of the Catholic Committee; and having obtained a list of the general order and private signals, the signs and countersigns of this corps, they affected to imply a complete understanding between this corps and the main army in England.

His Little Excellency Major-general Poncett has contemplated the diversion created in his favour by these *ruses de guerre*, these little arts and stratagems, these marches and counter-marches, these feints and false signals; but it would be a reflection upon his own military talents, and upon the zeal and perseverance of the gallant troops under his command, were he to pass, without his most especial praise, the last grand effort made by them to perpetuate his present command.

A soldiery inured to plunder cannot bear the idea of being disbanded. Military history, ancient and modern,

dem, shows, that whenever it has been attempted it has produced mutiny and revolt. Look to the conduct of the Janizaries of Constantinople, driven, according to recent accounts, into rebellion by the apprehension of a peace with Russia, and the consequent reduction in the value of their services. It was therefore a noble stratagem, suggested by experience, to spread a report that His Royal Highness, the new Commander-in-Chief, meant to break up the command, and disband all his Guards. Men accustomed to live upon the plunder of the country, could ill brook the idea of returning home to earn a scanty livelihood from the spade and the plough, or perhaps to exchange their snug quarters for a dreary cell in a prison, from which latter state their rank in the Senatorial army had hitherto protected them. Nothing could be better calculated to alienate the affections of the army from the new Commander-in-Chief than this manoeuvre. Indeed it might be expected that it would have produced a general Protest, a *round-robin*, against him; and for this stratagem, unsupported by a single fact or plausible cause, yet fearlessly and audaciously practised by his literary mercenaries, those cripples and impostors who infest our streets, and may be daily seen begging admittance into our coffee-rooms and public-houses, his Little Excellency feels the deepest gratitude, and considers himself under the highest obligation.

Having thus briefly enumerated the distinguished services performed by that description of force called the *Velites*, or light skirmishing troops, which generally constitute the van of the contending armies, who sometimes fight at the heads of the columns, and, when pressed, occasionally retire within them—it would be invidious, as well as ungrateful, were his Little Excellency to pass by the other divisions of his army without notice. To the Trained Bands, there-

fore,

fore, including the Household Troops, the Lords of the Drumsticks and Fiddlesticks, he professes eternal obligations. Nothing shall ever erase from his heart the memory of their faithful services. To his Gentlemen Bands of Placemen and Pensioners, those independent, generous, and disinterested *patriots*, he returns his sincerest thanks, with a solemn assurance, that should the new Commander-in-Chief remove them from their places, they shall find an ample one in his Little Excellency's great heart. His Little Excellency abounds with places, and has room enough for them all, and more, if they are to be rewarded according to their merits. His Little Excellency, however, not wishing to throw any impediment in the way of the public service, advises them to come to an understanding with the new Commander-in-Chief; and from the obligingness and condescension which they have uniformly evinced, and which constitute the peculiar traits of their character, he entertains the fullest persuasion that they have good sense, loyalty, patriotism, and independence enough to take the hint!

Done at Head Quarters, Downing Street, this
13th Jan. 1811.

(Signed)

His Little Excellency Don PEDRO POUCHT.

(Countersigned)

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES, Secretary.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY

BETWEEN TWO STATE LEECHES.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 16.]

FIRST LEECH.

THANK our stars that we *leeches* could not be brush'd off
From the temples of foolish John Bull,
(However he tank, hungry *Talents* may scoff,)
Till we'd suck'd all our bellies quite full.

SECOND

EPITAPH ON THE ADMINISTRATION. 397

SECOND LEECH.

Ay, brother; but since we've not let them go snacks,
I'm afraid that some d——'d *blue and buff*,
With his sharp *attic salt* * by well rubbing our backs,
Soon may make us disgorge the rich stuff! Nim.

LINES

ON MONSIEUR LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S MOTTO, "LUCRO
NON URO."

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 16.]

A WAG, requested to translate
The motto on the coach of state
That sets all Wales into a wonder,
"It means," he said, and scratch'd his poll,
"It means, I *shine* with what I stole;
My foolish brother *burns* his plunder."

EPITAPH ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

A PARODY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 18.]

Non torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te restituet pietas.

ALL of these I needs must wail,
As men in doleful dumps;
For when their legs were smitten off,
They fought upon their stumps.

Here rest their heads in Power's and Honour's grave,
A band to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science never smil'd on their conclave,
And Scorn and Weakness mark'd them for their own.

Large were their means, yet constant their defeat,
And France, deriding, mock'd their wild intentions;
They gave to England, all they could—a debt;
They gain'd from England, all they wish'd—their Pensions.

* The customary application to empty these adhesive *bloodsuckers*.

Seek not (vain hope!) their merits to disclose,
 Nor paint their faults to sadden their condition;
 These let them try with trembling hope t' expose,
 And those defend—on bench of Opposition.

AN APOSTROPHE,

IN SUPPORT OF THE CLAUSE WHICH GIVES FACETIOUSLY
 HER MAJESTY THE BUCK-HOUNDS.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 19.]

"WHAT's fair, and natural, we mean,
 I vow to G—d," cries R—se;
 "Give but his *bucks* unto the Q—n,
 The P—ce shall have her *does* *."

NIM.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A MINISTERIAL CANZONETTE.

[From the British Press, Jan. 21.]

WHEN turn'd off their perches, the loud-cawing rooks
 From the high trees of royalty sunk to their rest:—
 "Thank Heav'n! after all, or by hooks or by crooks,"
 Master Pearce—all exclaim'd, "I have feather'd my nest.
 "By melting or smelting, by life or by death,
 I shall feed the young rooklings, myself, and my wife;
 And when *brother* Arden shall give up his breath,
 What a fine field of wheat shall I pick in for life!
 "Besides, that *bold* bird which can look at the sun,
 Observe you his tatter'd condition, I beg:
 To us small birds of prey it is matter of fun
 To see how I leave him—confm'd by a leg."

* Ycleped Maids of Honour.

WANTED,

(109)

[From the same, Jan. 25.]

WANTED.

A NUMBER of good clever libellers.—Any dirty fellow will answer, and the dirtier the better.—He must be able to throw dirt without stint upon the Prince of Wales, and those “great boobies,” those “booby boys with corals and bells,” the Royal Dukes, his brothers.—Neither principle, character, honour, or loyalty, are at all requisite.—Fabricators of harmless falsehoods, commonly called “white lies,” will not answer—they must be black, virulent, and vindictive!

An expert scavenger will find this advertisement worth his notice.—He will be required also, between hours, to shovel flummery down the throats of Mr. Perceval and his coadjutors.

Application to be made at *The Cripple Office* (not *The Courier Office*), nearly opposite to the office of *The British Press*, in the Strand.

EPIGRAMS

ON THE RUMOURED APPOINTMENTS OF NEW MINISTERS.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 18.]

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

THE maxim wisely says—“Learn self-command,
Ere ye attempt o’er other men to rule;”
Then, Wh-tb—d, touch not the *presiding wand*,
Before to learn this task ye—*go to school*.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

* Fierce Lismahago of the tiger race,
Whence now for royalty thy love and zeal?
Can he who urg’d one brother’s downfall, grace,
—Wish for, support, or love the other’s weal?

* Vide Mr. Stephen’s admirable and characteristic speech descriptive of this amiable character.

SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Cries Horner in his proudest hour,
 His honours now bent fully on,
 "Some creatures *wriggle on* to power,
 While *bolder creatures bully-on*."

TEUTHANTS.

IMPROMPTU,

TO A BROTHER NATURALIST.

[From the British Press, Jan. 30.]

YOU ask how it happens that toads are ne'er seen
 Near a nobleman's house, in his park or his green?—
 I'll tell you at once, for I'm certain I'm able—
 The toads are all *eaten*, my friend, at his table.

NO TOAD-EATER.

A LAUNCH.

[From the same, Jan. 30.]

SHORTLY will be launched at Westminster, one of the finest vessels that ever came off English stocks, to be called "*The Regent*." This gallant vessel is of true British heart of oak. She has been much longer in joining than was necessary; a delay justly attributed to a set of idle lubberly mercenary fellows employed in the cabin part of the work; who, dreading their discharge as soon as the job was done, and that no other master-carpenter would be weak enough to take them into his employ, have kept on as long as they could. The vessel is not so free in her joints as could be wished, her *braces* being too *tight*, and she has scarcely a rag of sail left—defects all owing to the obstinacy of the workmen in building her upon a very defective model, produced in 1789, by that great master-carpenter, the late Mr. Pitt. It is a great pity that
 such

such fine materials should have fallen into such bad hands!—The proprietors, we understand, are greatly discontented at the manner in which *The Regent* has been laid down and finished.—This gallant vessel ought to have been built after the model of *The Royal George*.

THE QUEEN'S BUCK-HOUNDS.

[From the same.]

THE following is a list of some of the dogs in this pack, of which we have heard so much in the debates on the Regency Bill:—

Sweet Wilby O.—This dog was tried on the Yorkshire Wolds, where he has frequently been hunted in couples with *Preacher*, *Methodist*, *Canter*, and several other hounds of note. He is well-tongued, but very deficient in bone and mettle.

Brag.—This is not a good dog. When the scent lies strong he hunts tolerably steady; but he is rather dull, and wants fleetness. He was bred by the late Mr. Bathurst.

Chancellor.—This is a black dog, and perhaps one of the most sticking hounds in the pack. He is never well at a burst, or in running breast high; but when the pack is at fault, he is always busy.

Jenky.—This dog has the appearance of a sorry cur, but he has some good properties. He has been known to hunt a whole day, in the deepest and dirtiest ground, without appearing in the least blown.

The pack, of which these form a part, belonged to the late Mr. Pitt, who used them frequently in Fox-hunting. The many days sport they afforded under him are recorded with rapture by the lovers of the chase.

Little Poucett, who now hunts them, employs them chiefly in chasing the royal deer, which they have nearly

nearly scared from the royal forests; but although they have had several severe runs, they have not been able to run one of these noble animals down.

Little Poucett has also enlarged the pack, by introducing several Irish tykes and Scotch lurchers. They are, of course, become a motley crew, and their cry is the most discordant and horrible din that ever astounded the ears of a huntsman!

We understand that he also means shortly to retire from the field, and in that case the pack will be to be sold; but the purchaser ought to be on his guard, as the mange has broken out among them. Some have also caught the old disorder, commonly called "*turning tail*."

THE RIVAL POLITICIANS.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 31.]

IN craft with Boney see our *great men* strive;
To gain their ends alike false tales contrive;
They differ only in the game they're at—
*He seizes empires, while they catch a rat *!*

* The following description of the particular species of rat which these *great men* are so anxious to catch, is extracted from a celebrated work on natural history:—

MUS MAGNUS PARLIAMENTARIUS.—Senatum, regiam, aedes publicas frequentare; caseorum frustra, candelarum reliquias, cæterasque sordes surripere ac deglutire solitus; "*contentus vivere rapto*;" Anglice, propter eximiam magnitudinem et rapacitatem [quasi proprio quodam jure et usu vocabuli] appellatus, A RAT.—Sic LINNÆUS vel alius quidam de animalibus voracibus scriptor; quamquam enim rei auctoritas satis PER SE VALET, scriptorum copia in re notabili, haud desideratur—addit fama, etiamsi natura perquam caurum, mendaci muscipula animal sæpe capi.

TRANSLATION FOR THE USE OF THE ENGLISH READER.

THE GREAT RAT O'PARLIAMENT—Infests the Senate, the Palace, and the Public Offices, carrying off and consuming cheese-parings, candle-ends, and such-like offal, "*content to live by pillage*;" called in English, on account of its extraordinary bulk and rapacity, as if by a peculiar right and habitual application of the word, "*A RAT*." Such is the account given by Linnæus, or some other writer on voracious animals; for although the authority of the fact is sufficiently strong in itself (*Per se valet*), a multitude of writers is not wanting on a subject so worthy of notice. Report adds, that this animal, although by nature extremely cautious, is often caught in a trap prepared with a false bait.

THE

THE GREAT SEAL—AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC,

BY A GREAT LAW-OFFICER.

AN EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

“**T**HROW *physic* to the dogs” behind!

Nor heed what *doctors* write or say;

The fever of the public mind

We must attack a sharper way.

The *Great Seal* clapp’d upon his back,

Will, if John Bull the smart endure,

Like fretful blister, in a crack,

His *Constitution*—kill, or cure!

AN ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE.—1811.

A PARODY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 31.]

IN all humility we crave

Our Regent may become our slave;

And being so, we trust that *he*

Will thank us for our loyalty.

Then, if he’ll help us to pull down

His Father’s dignity and crown,

We’ll make him in a year to come,

The greatest prince in Christendom.

THE THREE ESTATES—DELUSION, PHANTOM,
AND FICTION.

[From the same.]

IN Britain’s sad hour of grief and contention,

The three *new* estates fairly met in convention;

‘Twas to help the poor country’s distracted condition,

And of royal authority make a partition.

Delusion’s

Delusion's attorney, lest things might grow worse,
 Laid claim to his household, his peers, and his purse.
 "You're right," exclaim'd *Phantom*, "and I'll serve you
 with zeal;
 But remember, I'm Keeper of him and his Seal."
 Quoth *Fiction*, "My object with yours quite accords,
 So I rule the proceedings of Commons and Lords."
 The physicians all said the division was fair;
 But old *Anarchy* swore he'd put in for his share.

 IMPROMPTU.

THE TWO MILTONS; THE RIDER AND THE PORT.

[From the same.]

ONE Milton tries his poney's speed,
 A few short hours or so;
 Another, on his winged steed,
 To latest times will go.

 CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

[From the British Press, Jan. 31.]

A CELEBRATED physician having found the
 bowels of his patient almost devoured by worms,
 leeches, and other noxious vermin, and his patient
 thus reduced to death's-door, ordered some abstergent
 pills to wash away all this putrid stuff that preyed upon
 the constitution. The recipe concluded with stating,
 "these *pilula*" (that is, these pills) "to be taken *in*
quovis vehiculo,"—that is, in medical or physical lan-
 guage; some emollient and smooth medium, in which
 to wrap them up and convey them with facility down
 the throat, such as flummery, jelly, &c.

In a few days afterwards, the physician called to
 see his patient, and was told that he was just gone out
 for an hour's drive to take the pills; for it seems that
 the family, not being much used to doctor's stuff, had
 translated the words *in quovis vehiculo*, literally—that
 is,

is, in any vehicle; and not having any vehicle about the house but an old wheelbarrow, they sent the patient abroad in it to take the pills, according as, in their conception, the doctor desired!—A case somewhat similar now occupies the attention of all the state physicians. The constitution of that most interesting female, *Britannia*, is undermined and exhausted by a set of leeches that suck her heart's blood, and prey upon her vitals; and the most skilful physicians have prescribed that the following carriages should be employed to carry off the noxious vermin:—

The Chancellor.—A heavy, cumbersome carriage. It is badly hung upon its springs, and upon the most level road constantly wavering from side to side. It is, however, very serviceable to patients requiring exercise, as it is highly favourable to motions.

The Gibby.—This is a smart hack chaise, but very uneasy. The cypher in black letters, and the wheels very roughly shod. By some mistake they have been rubbed with vinegar instead of oil—this makes them very creaky.

The Westmorland Gig.—About twenty years ago, this vehicle was run for two or three years in Ireland, where it broke down.—It is now scarcely able to carry a feather.

The Percival Landulet.—This sorry vehicle has more places than any waggon upon the road. It is of course an uncommonly roomy carriage; but it is not, like other public carriages, *pro bono publico*—as it is exclusively devoted to the accommodation of the proprietor, his family, and political friends.

PUBLIC HONOURS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENERAL EVENING POST.

[Jan. 31.]

SIR,

THE bestowing of public rewards on meritorious officers of the army and navy, is one of those topics necessarily forced upon the attention of Parliament during the debates on the Regency Bill. With any thing, however, that has been said on either side, respecting this delicate subject, I have no inclination to interfere. My present intention is, to make a few remarks on those honours bestowed on our gallant heroes, or popular statesmen, which are more particularly within the gift of the public at large, and which I think of late years have been bestowed in a manner more likely to perpetuate their fame, than was the case formerly.

I am old enough to remember the time when honest John Bull had no other way of expressing his gratitude to the eminent characters of his nation, than by hanging up their heads as signs to public honour. This loyalty used to be displayed in a profusion of staring *Kings Heads* in every part of the metropolis; and when it happened that his prejudices were a little warped, as will sometimes be the case, we had a contest between the *Old King's Head*, and the *King's Head new revived*. Many of your readers may likewise remember the *Marquis of Granby*, the *Marlborough Head*, and the *Pitt's Head*, most formidably painted. But of late years this practice has considerably fallen into disrepute; owing, no doubt, to the age becoming more refined and discriminating; and, perhaps, to the just reflection that, when we are disposed to testify our gratitude to statesmen and heroes, we may find some more becoming employment than to make

make them point out where the best *gin* and *purl* are to be sold.

In lieu, therefore, of such incongruous marks of public respect, I perceive that a far better mode has been adopted for some years past—I mean that of giving the names of eminent characters to new *streets*, *squares*, or *places*, as they are politely called. In this way, the memory of departed worth is likely to be perpetuated to the latest posterity; as the name, thus honoured, must not only appear at the corners of such streets, but be inserted in deeds and leases (things, I am sorry to say, that are likely to last longer than some of our *new* houses); and thus posterity, if possessed of any curiosity, may learn the history of the distinguished characters, who, by this contrivance, are made to give themselves “a local habitation and a name.”

On looking over the topography of London, I perceive that already a very considerable part of the new buildings have been dedicated to the memory of our gallant heroes. I discover three *Nelson Streets*, seven *Nelson Places*, one *Nelson Square*, and sundry *Nelson Courts* and *Passages*; and, as the latter are generally the habitations of the lower classes, their sons are early reminded that that gallant and exalted hero was once an unprovided youth, sent to sea with as little interest as themselves, and became the founder of a name that will never perish. But that his memory may be yet more dear, and the glorious circumstances of his death more frequently revived, I find, among our new buildings, no less than four *Trafalgar Places*, three *Trafalgar Streets*, a *Trafalgar Buildings*, a *Trafalgar Row*, a *Trafalgar Terrace*, and a *Trafalgar Square*.

Nor has the gallant Lord Duncan been unnoticed in these habitable monuments. We have two *Duncan Places*, a *Duncan Street*, and a *Duncan Terrace*. Lord Howe I find unnoticed in this way; not surely from

from want of respect to his merit, but, I presume, because, this mode of commemoration was not fashionable when he achieved his glorious victory of the 1st of June. Lord St. Vincent, however, has not been overlooked, and has all the honours of *Vincent Row* and *Vincent Street*. Our more recent and much-lamented hero, Lord Collingwood, already gives a name to two *places* and three *streets*.

In the case of Lord Howe, I have endeavoured to account for the neglect of his name. The truth is, that the rage for building, which commenced during the peace, was interrupted by the war; and, after some years, again revived by the influx of foreigners to the kingdom and metropolis. I can trace the practice of naming streets from heroes as far back as the peace of 1783, which gave us two *Rodney Streets*, a *Rodney's Buildings*, a *Rodney's Court*, and a *Rodney's Row*.

Statesmen have not in general been so fortunate; owing, perhaps, to that difference of opinion which prevails with respect to their merit, and which must make a builder hesitate before he gives a name to a street which may not happen to suit the principles of his tenants. We have, however, a few *Pitt Streets* and *Pitt Places*, inhabited, no doubt, by persons who thought well of his measures. Of living characters I shall not speak. Further time will, no doubt, be necessary to confirm their fame, before they arrive at the honour of being perpetuated in the topography of London. Yet I cannot suppress that Lord Sidmouth has a *street* and a *place*, and Mr. Perceval has a *street* in the vicinity of Clerkenwell.

I am, Sir, yours,

A STREET WALKER.

IMPROMPTU,

EMPROMPTU,

ON THE REPORT "THAT HIS MAJESTY SAW MR.
PERCEVAL WHEN HE TURNED HIS BACK."

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 1.]

THE people have heard, with delight and surprise,
That his Minister's conduct has op'd the K—'s eyes;
That with just indignation his royal breast burn'd,
When he thought he saw Per——I's back on him turn'd;
Exclaiming "Thank God! I've recover'd my sight,
For I now see you, Sir, in *your own proper light!*"

VIDEO.

A WEEPING ORATOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE,

[Feb. 2.]

SIR,

I CONGRATULATE the country on a late exhibition of eloquence in a certain august Assembly, which was by many thought incompatible with the British temperament, and which is certainly, in a great measure, new to these islands.

Dr. Adam Smith, in his Theory of Moral Sentiments; mentioning the different nature of Ancient and British Eloquence, states, that it is evident from Cicero's speeches, that he must have frequently wept while he delivered them. The inhabitants of this country are not yet ripe, he continues, for such a species of eloquence; but when they shall have attained a state of refinement, something like that of their continental neighbours, it may then be successfully introduced.—As an illustration of the difference of character between the British and the people of the continent, he says, that an Italian will weep and cry bitterly for the loss of a few shillings, while an Englishman will frequently hear his sentence of death pronounced, without altering a single feature.

It seems, however, that we have now attained that anticipated period of refinement, and that the nation is quite ripe for the reception of *weeping orators*; otherwise I cannot conceive that a certain elevated character, whose judgment would not surely lead him rashly to disgrace his wig, would have thought of introducing the fashion.

We have had an orator, whose manly logic and rapid energy procured to him universally, the appellation of the British Demosthenes—we have had another orator, whose peculiar wildness of imagination was like nothing either ancient or modern—and we may yet occasionally hear from the few surviving companions of these great men, flashes, which preserve to us the memory of their departed excellence. All that reasoning and fancy could do, has been already done, and it remained only to try what *weeping* could do. The effect has been, to be sure, most beautiful; but if that style of eloquence should take, what would become of the poor reporters? The eloquence of words may be easily enough reported, but who can hope to report the eloquence of tears? In its present state, reporting is evidently inadequate—but I should think, with the improvement which I am about to propose, some idea might be given to the numerous British subjects who are prevented from personal attendance, of this improved style of oratory. I would propose then, that every reporter should in future be able to paint; and that in those places of the speech where *tears* and *sobblings* supply the place of *words*, he should draw the appearance of the orator. A newspaper establishment might easily afford the additional expense of a wooden cut maker; and I am sure that John Bull would be so tickled with this useful novelty, that an increased sale would inevitably ensue.

A word or two about the appellation of this new eloquence. A newspaper, professedly for the fashionable world,

world, thought proper to call it *manly*.—I should suggest, that the term *womanly* would be most proper.—When Jenny wants to move her keeper, she prefers crying to reasoning:—*Les raisons d'une femme, says J. J. Rousseau, sont ses cris; et sa plus forte eloquence est des larmes.*

A LOVER OF ELOQUENCE,

CHANCELLOR'S TEARS.

[From the County Chronicle.]

WHEN Mr. Burke saw Lord Chancellor Thurlow weep in the course of one of the debates on the Regency Bill, in 1789, he applied the celebrated line,

“ Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek.”

Mr. Burke attributed Lord Thurlow's tears more to an apprehension of the loss of power, than any other cause. The author of the following lines, however, attaches no such uncharitable motive to the tears of the present L—C—, upon a recent similar occasion, but piously and *classically* thus expresses himself:—

Mark how his tears so copious flow,
Oh, righteous Judge! how loyal this!
Yet do the drops not useless go,
For—*Themor Ucri Theles Upis.*

THE WORLD.

[From the British Press, Feb. 2.]

*J'ai bien peur, que notre petit globe terraque ne soit précisément les
petites maisons de l'univers.* VOLTAIRE.

IN America, they who ought to go daily on their knees to thank Heaven for being *hors du combat*; seem madly ambitious of war, and the certain annihilation

annihilation of all their present advantages. In Mexico, the Spaniards have just been cutting throats, with a most enlightened view—to establish the authority of Ferdinand—Ferdinand, who does not exist as a power!—At what point between the extremes of delirium and insanity does Dr. Willis place such a fever? But do not let us laugh, as if we were merely lookers-on. With respect to any one of those, I may say with the grave-digger in Hamlet, “In England they are all as mad as he!”

To say nothing of tying the hands of the Regent, our defender, while the enemy is at the gate, and one within (made of *paper*), that threatens our utter destruction; have not we (that is, those who represent us, and are supposed to be our brains) been profoundly debating away the important moments, to decide whether Her Majesty shall, or shall not, have the *buck-hounds*!—It is too well known that the *brains* I allude to will *turn*—are they not turned now?—Of this description was the folly which prevailed at the taking of Constantinople—the Greek and Latin churches were disputing about whether the wafer should be of *leavened* or *unleavened* bread, while Mahomet II. was laying a siege to the city, which gave it into the hands of the Turks, and was the death of the last of the Constantines!—See Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 481, 4to.—So, at the destruction of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus—there, while the mighty ruin was falling on their heads, the Jews were found deeply considering the heterodox tenets of the Sadducees!

As none of these can be reckoned among the acts of reasonable men, we are compelled to account for such conduct, by referring it to the old adage, which says, “Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat;” i. e. —Heaven first makes fools of those whom it wills to destroy.

Temple, Jan. 31.

P. S.

P. S. You will be pleased to observe, Mr. Editor, that I have in this paper merely spoken of *folly*—and generously avoided all mention of *knavery*!

ON AN OCCURRENCE DURING THE LATE VISIT OF THE TWO CHANCELLORS TO WINDSOR.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 4.]

WHEN a Minister's measures his country disgrace,
He does well from the Monarch to hide his vile face;
And, in this, Mr. P—— surely did right,
When, *as usual*, he stood with his back to the light.
Spencer Street. J.

EPIGRAM.

BY EDWARD COXE, ESQ.

[From the same.]

WHEN Pontius attempted fair Myra to kiss,
She refus'd his salute with disdain:
Pray, what is the reason she took it amiss?
If you look at his face—it is plain.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 4.]

THE "Talents" cry, "Haste for a Regency free,
Uncontroll'd, and unfetter'd as air;"
For then they all hope an "age golden to see,"
And 'merge from the slough of despair.

They fear from their souls that His Majesty's health
Will return before they are in power:
Then they know pretty well, that their vision of wealth
Will vanish and fade in an hour.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, Feb. 5.]

SAYS Grenville to Holland, " I fear we are bit,
Lo! Eldon escapes from the shaft:
It has glanc'd, and I fear me our archer * is hit
With this paltry twenty pound draught." H.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, Feb. 6.]

THAT experience is wisdom, I firmly deny,
And to prove that it is, will all logic defy.
Sure he must have experience enough who is GREY;
Yet *how wicked* are some who such honours display!
'Mong our peers of the realm there's an instance that's
strong,
Of a man, who we know has grown GREY *in the wrong!*
SATIRIST.

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN BY AN IMPRISONED INCENDIARY.

[From the same, Feb. 7.]

I SHOT my bolts at loyal dolts,
Through troubled air they whiz;
But here I see,
Against poor me,
The Turnkey shooting his. SATIRIST.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, Feb. 8.]

THE Opposition in distress,
Their *hope* turn'd into *fear*,
Though out of *spirits*, still possess
Fine *Sherry* and *Good be—er*. TOBY.

* *Archer*, a deep one — See Grose's Dictionary. Also, one who draws a long bow.

A PROPHECY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 8.]

*Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub unum,
Amisssos queritur foetus, &c. &c.*

AS close in poplar shades, her children gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone,
 So on the woosack, round his ample head,
 While horrid curls their grateful umbrage spread,
 The bright tear mingling with his frequent sobs,
 Ill-fated Eldon mourns his frustrate jobs ;
 Which, from the Treasury nest in evil hour,
 Grey, yet unfledg'd, yet unsuspected, tore ;
 He through the long debate, with streaming eyes,
 Wails 'mid the House, loud echoing to his cries,
 Alas ! no T——r shall afford relief,
 No dark associate lighten half thy grief ;
 Sole at the bar, unpitied shalt thou stand,
 Face Whitbread's sneers, and Burdett's clam'rous band ;
 Sole through the courts of Westminster shalt go,
 Law's rigid empire, scene of Melville's woe.
 Thy tender conscience there, in vain shalt plead,
 Thy tottering power which urg'd thee to the deed ;
 Th' infuriate Commons, kindling as they hear,
 Shall teach thy pride a nation's wrath to fear ;
 But when the Woosack, lingering, thou shalt leave,
 To thy lov'd honours still thy soul shall cleave.
 E'en when the hackney coach, conveyance meet,
 Shall, rumbling, bear thee to some distant street,
 With cries of " Conscience " Charing Cross shall ring,
 Pall Mall, " My conscience " echoing, round shall bring ;
 Thy conscious cheek shall wear its old grimace,
 And thy last sigh be utter'd for thy place.

ANSWER TO AN INDELICATE VALENTINE.

[From the British Press, Feb. 8.]

YOUR method of wooing a nymph so divine,
 Was indeed, my dear Richard, a coarse one :
 And while you set up to be sweet VALENTINE,
 You're more like his rough brother ORSON.

NEW ORATORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, &c.

[Feb. 9.]

SIR,

AS you have a few days respite from Parliamentary cares, you may perhaps admit some remarks on a species of eloquence which is creeping into our deliberative assemblies (I allude to no one in particular), and is so far different from what we have been accustomed to, that it seems to deserve our consideration whether it be really an improvement.

This new mode of oratory has this peculiar to it, that it deals in *persons* and not in *things*; and although it begins with avowing its attachment to a particular *measure*, it seldom ends without showing that its object is a particular *man*. I grant that there is a *facility* in such a mode of displaying one's eloquence, which, no doubt, strongly recommends it to some gentlemen. It is far more difficult to copy the style of Demosthenes and Cicero, among the ancients, or of our Pitt's, Burke's, and Fox's among the moderns, than to introduce a very happy and familiar imitation of the language of that district in the city, where, as one of our essayists says, "the best fish is sold, and the plainest English spoken."

There is an advantage likewise, the value of which some gentlemen seem to prize, in being able to substitute a something in lieu of a long train of argument, and direct proof, which shall make as great a noise, and get a man as much popular reputation as if he dealt in the aforesaid legitimate articles of true reasoning and logical application. The latter are qualifications which generally result from a regular education, improved by associating with the best company; that is, with men of enlightened and polished minds.

In our *new* eloquence, the principal ingredient, and which seems to be preferred to every other, is *passions*. Our orator having chosen a topic, that is,

a person (some unlucky public character, of one side or other), immediately kindles his fury, and dresses up his speech with a profusion of vituperative ornaments, borrowed from the copious source hinted at above; and these, exaggerated with a grotesque contortion of body and limbs, a loudness and rapidity of utterance, and occasional exclamations, not far removed from swearing, are now allowed to form the qualifications of an expert orator. But how far an orator, thus qualified, and no otherwise, is likely to benefit his country, or the cause he undertakes, seems to deserve a more serious consideration than has yet been bestowed on the subject. In the mean time, without entering deeply into the question, I am ready to allow, that although, in my opinion, such orators are not very likely to benefit their country, or their cause, I have known some of them who have been fortunate enough to benefit *themselves*; and I cannot, therefore, deny that, in their view of the matter, some *good* is done.

Prejudice, however, in favour of ancient customs and practices, is very strong, particularly with us who have lived long enough to have witnessed past times. It will not be easy to persuade us, that passion is a useful article in argument; or that it is much improved by a dash of personal dislike. The "honourable mover," or "the worthy member" may be quite wrong in what they propose; their *data* may be erroneous, and their arguments inconclusive; but all this may be proved to full conviction, without assuming as a principle, that they are "d—n'd scoundrels;" or answering every thing they say with a brief declaration, that it is a "d—n'd lie."

There are many reasons that I might bring, to prove that this mode of debating—this new species of eloquence—is not very well calculated to answer any good purpose; but I shall confine myself to one only; namely, its inconsistency with those habits in which

gentlemen are usually brought up. It appears quite inconsistent, that one system of manners should prevail in a *public* assembly, and a very opposite system be established in a *private* company; that a person should be expected, in the management of his *private* affairs and *private* conversation, to preserve the language of a *gentleman*; while the moment he rises up to adjust the affairs of the nation, he is allowed to assume the manners, and much of the language, of a *fish-woman*. It is surely not only inconsistent, but even paradoxical, that violence of gesture, intemperance of language, and rudeness of every description, should be thought requisite in a *public* assembly, which would not be tolerated for a moment in any *private* company above that of the lowest and most abandoned of mankind. It seems very extraordinary that a "civil tongue," for which we absolutely condition, in the case of our inferiors and domestics, and universally expect in the case of our social friends and companions, should be totally dispensed with in the case of a *public speaker*.

I remember a story of the captain of a coasting vessel, a strict Dissenter, who applied to some divines of that persuasion for a dispensation to *swear* at his men, while on board of ship. He assured them that he wanted no such privilege while on land, and disliked the practice as much as the Reverend Gentlemen could possibly do; but at sea, he stated it to be an utter impossibility to get any business done without a frequent round of oaths, of the colloquial kind. What the determination of the worthy captain's spiritual guides was, I know not; but surely our modern orators seem to have adopted his opinion, and think that our public assemblies are not to be kept in order, without the language of the quarter-deck; and that motions cannot be carried otherwise than by an effusion of words calculated to irritate and provoke, which
would

would be endured no where else, and upon no other occasion.

You may conclude, therefore, Sir, that I am not very friendly to these innovations in the eloquence of our deliberative assemblies. I have not, certainly, been able to discover the superior advantages of foul language, terms of reproach, and epithets of contempt. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I do not say that they *have* no advantage; but merely that I have not been able to discover it. It is probable that such a mode of *arguing*, if I may so call it, may suit some gentlemen, merely because it is easy, and corresponding to their usual habits. In such a case, if such a case there be, it would be unreasonable to expect any other kind of eloquence from them. All I regret is, that they should have been placed in situations where such language appears foreign to the important purposes in hand. In other places, and in other situations, their peculiar flowers of eloquence might be introduced without exciting any surprise, or departing from any accustomed practices. The language that I should think very unfit for carrying a legislative motion, may yet, for aught I know, be very necessary in turning a waggon in a narrow street; and I should pass over, without much remark, the words used in starting *butts*, although I might think them very improper in starting *objections*.

But I have, probably, taken up too much of your room, and shall only add, that, as I have no particular assembly, or class of orators, in my eye; I hope those who feel conscious that they are the subject of this letter, will seriously consider, whether a person who is invested with the character of a *representative*, ought to throw off that of a *gentleman*.

I am, Sir, yours,

MODERATOR.

THE VICAR AND HIS CURATE.—AN EPIGRAM.

AS the corpse of the *Vicar* the *Curate* was eyeing,
 "Oh! muse not, my dear," says his wife, "'bout
 men's dying."
 "Very good's the advice," says the *Curate*, "you're giv-
 ing ;
 For I muse on the *dead*, but in hope of the *living*."

MOSES.

THE GENERAL LOVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIAN OF ABOU ALY, THE
 MATHEMATICIAN.

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 9.]

I NEVER knew a sprightly fair
 That was not dear to me ;
 And freely I my heart could share
 With every one I see.

It is not *this* or *that* alone
 On whom my choice would fall ;
 I do not more incline to one
 Than I incline to all.

The circle's bounding line are they,
 Its centre is my heart,
 My ready love the equal ray,
 That flows to every part.

MODERN INVENTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

[Feb. 12.]

SIR,

IN this age of millinery and metaphysics, of gal-
 lantry and instruction, of *phantasmagoria* and
feeling, it is gratifying to observe even our *leading*
people encouraging Philosophy, and priding themselves
 upon

upon the discoveries they are making in the Arts. In proof of this, we learn, with great pleasure, that in a *Literary Society*, of rare distinction, the following *Premiums* have been lately adjudged:—

To the Right Hon. S. Perceval, a piece of massive Gold, in the shape of a Crown, for his new *Political Lens*, by which he has discovered that the Prince of Wales is much older than he thought he was some days ago.

To the Lord Chancellor, a medal, for ascertaining that the using another person's hand and seal, in politics, is matter of mere good-humour and jocularitv; and

To the Right Hon. Mr. Yorke, a *Lancaster writing-desk*, for his mode of instructing a Sergeant of the Cambridgeshire Militia, in the space of a few hours, in the whole system of naval tactics. All the Lessons executed in *Sea-sand* for the use of the Admiralty.

ACADEMICUS.

MILITARY CREED.

[From the British Press, Feb. 12.]

SHOULD the People inquire—for the question is brief—

How the Army approve their Commander-in-Chief!

The answer, as short, or in peace or in war,

States, he carries Preferment a little *too far*;

For, when heavy Commissions and Honours come forth,

He orders that baggage to travel—*due North*!

While the Army are anxious to shorten the work,

And desirous of going no further—*than York*. BREVIS.

HINTS TO A PRINCE.

[From the same.]

HOW oft a good Master bad servants bewails,

While his guests will fare better who give them their vails:

But for you, Gracious Prince! how much better 't would be,
If, instead of their *vails*, you would give them *valé*!

TO LORD STANHOPE.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 12.]

WHEN lately, my Lord, full of wit and Joe Miller,
Or, what 's the same thing, of Tom Tegg's *new*
"Care Killer,"

It seems you thought proper their Lordships to favour
With the practice and plan of a whimsical shaver,
Who, 'stead of a penny (as goes this rare story),
Exacted three halfpence for shaving each Tory;

This statement you made with such humour and grace,
That all laugh'd—and their mirth we securely may trace
To your story—*your manner—your voice—or your face.* }

Now, my Lord, a strange *change* (as perhaps you have
heard),

Since *your Lordship was witty*, has somehow occur'd ;
Which change (though a *Bull* stares me full in the face),

Is simply an order, *no change shall take place* :

The consequence is, certain crafty old *Foxes*

Are for'd both in power and place to have *proxies*.

This fact, which had baffled the guess of a wizard,

May tickle your Lordship, and stick in your gizzard ;

And some have presum'd an idea to harbour,

It might chance to affect in some measure your barber :

As Tories' long faces were once made his sport,

While joy made Whig *phizzes* uncommonly short,

What has happen'd 't is thought at his system might strike,

And induce him to charge the two parties alike.

Or, to use other words, he his int'rest might see,

In assuming once more, for his motto, *O. P.*

This, however, you'll say, might be too far to go,

As enough were express'd if he simply put *O* !

But my motive for writing I've not express'd yet ;

Alas ! like Lord Grenville, *myself I forget*.

This is briefly the case ; with respect to friend *Strap*,

I expect that some sneering, some insolent *chap*,

Some question or other may suddenly ask,

To answer which might prove a difficult task,

Unless you beforehand a proper response

Take care to lay up in your Lordship's *wise sconce*.

This

This fearing (although I am happy to learn,
 At once you can *almost to any thing turn*;
 In *the book I have nam'd*, which so often you quote,
 And which, by-the-bye, you have got half by rote),
 I have thought it my duty to send a reply,
 Which, of course, you 'll be sure to lay carefully by,
 And keep, with your Lordship's next speech, *cut and dry*. }

When the question is ask'd, pray, my Lord, do not stammer
 (*I know you won't blush*) like a boy with his grammar;
 But answer, without any flurry or doubt,
 If on this subject any one kicks up a rout:
 "My Lords, you have little occasion to grin,
 Though you're not *turned out*, we are all *taken in*:
 And as to my tonsor, I'll say, once for all,
 He 'll not raise the Whig, nor the Tory price fall;
 He still charges the same, and contends there's no wrong,
 As the beard of the Tory is frequently long.
 But the Prince having firmly resolv'd, on reflection,
 The Whigs shall not have of affairs the direction,
 Has not only given the party a dose,
But shav'd 'All the Talents' so plagiarily close,
 That no trouble in dressing their beards he can have,
 As, alas! none can now hold their *heads up to shave*."

THE BARBER OF BAGDAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Feb. 13.]

SIR,

IN looking over the papers of my late worthy friend
 Mr. Scrip, one of the few dealers in loans who
 understand Horace, I found the following effusion of
 gratitude, dated about six years back. It is quite at
 your service to print or throw away; only if you are
 inclined to let it see the light, you had better first con-
 sult a Lawyer. It may be a libel, you know, though
 neither you nor I can find it out.

Yours, &c.

E. B.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book IV. ODE III. *imitated.*

THE man whom Pitt with favour eyes,
 And sends for, when he wants supplies,
 Shall never gain renown by showing
 Himself at boxing-matches knowing ;
 Nor shall the plate his coursers gain
 Triumphant on Newmarket's plain ;
 Nor him shall fame in glorious war
 Adorn with riband or with star,
 For having giv'n the French a roasting,
 And prov'd Imperial threats vain boasting ;
 But fertile jobs and contracts strange,
 The mysteries of Stock Exchange,
 " Blest paper-money *," loans divine,
 Shall make in City annals shine.
 Me gracious London, Queen of towns,
 With never-fading glory crowns :
 She long has counted me among,
 Of amiable rich men, her throng ;
 And now, with wealth and honour grac'd,
 I far from Envy's reach am plac'd.
 Enchanter Pitt ! whose magic sway
 Money and credit both obey ;
 Whose potent word can make (God knows)
 E'en Irus rich as old George Rose !
 To thee I owe the rapture sweet,
 To hear, while passing Lombard Street,
 Young clerks exclaim, in wond'ring tone,
 " That 's he that took the last year's loan."
 That I no longer starve, but see
 Crowds for *my* dinners bend the knee,
 All, all, great Pitt, is due to thee.

* Pope.

SHILLINGS

SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCES.

[From the Public Ledger, &c. Feb. 14.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS you have inserted a paragraph respecting our intended petition, I hope you will not refuse to admit this short letter, the object of which is to correct some mistakes in the aforesaid paragraph.

It is not true, Sir, that we are petitioning to be put upon the *half-pay* list. Our loss of *property*, it is true, is great, and our *weight* with the Public not what it has been; but our services are at present too much in demand for us to ask for *half-pay*, when, if Government did us justice, we should be entitled to *full-pay*, and our *numbers* be so *increased* as to enable us to show our *faces* again without shame or fear.

But the greatest error in your account is, where you insinuate that there are among us some who *counterfeit* health, in order to procure themselves a precarious livelihood. That there are counterfeits, I will not deny; but they are not of us, nor of our family. We are all natives of the city of London, born in *Tower Ward*, where our registers may be seen. The counterfeits you allude to are of a large town in *Warwickshire*, and certainly find their way to London, as other country folks do, to push their fortune. They may be distinguished from our family, however, by their habits of life, frequenting *coffee-houses* and *taverns*, where they associate with gay young men, after the second or third bottle, when they cannot know one set of features from another, and are very apt to be *taken in* by those *smooth-faced* Birmingham fellows. They are also not unfrequently to be seen

at

at *turnpike-gates*, where they herd with an inferior species of their countrymen, of a *copper colour*.

If we have any wish, Sir, it is, that encouragement may be given to the increase of those legitimate families, who have ever afforded satisfaction to the Public, who are not ashamed to show their *face*—a face which every loyal man delights to see, and to exhibit in an *impressive* manner those honourable marks that distinguish the component parts of this kingdom.—Without such encouragement, however, we must continue a despised and undervalued race, incapable of any useful *change*, and unworthy of the nation to which we belong.

We are, Sir, yours, &c.

THE AFORESAID.

"THIS ENLIGHTENED AGE."

[From the British Press, Feb. 15.]

WE are either in a state of primeval simplicity, when the tree of *knowledge* was as yet untouched; or we have carried the one which followed to such an extreme of perfection, that they meet, and knavery and imposture walk abroad unmasked. In the present day, craft perpetually overleaps itself, or the rich in strength or weakness constantly *prove too much*. I shall note two or three cases.

Look at those bugbears "*The Revolutionary Plutarch*," and Mr. Goldsmith's "*Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte*."—These works it pleases our political sciolists to encourage and propagate; but would it not be well to reflect, that though we may abuse and calumniate our enemy, we cannot change his fortune, or lower his high estate; and, that so assiduously to instruct the multitude in all that concerns Napoleon's family, viz, that, though now Kings, they were formerly plebeians, is not so much to bring them

them into contempt with the vulgar, as to make the vulgar look forward, with sanguine hopes, to stations which would otherwise have never entered into their contemplation?—This sword has two edges, and does too much work!

Secondly, with respect to the *Regency*, have not our Ministers, in the plenitude of their wisdom or imbecility, chosen to appoint the Prince of Wales *Regent*, with such restrictions (not to call them suspicions) as show, according to their principle of possessing the right of election, that *he* is the last of all persons on whom that election should have fallen? Does not the Crown of England require the whole of the power, influence, and splendour, permitted to the *King*?—and if so, should he, who represents him, and has all his offices to fulfil, at any time, but especially at this momentous crisis, be vested with less?—It is necessary, or it is not.—What do they seem to think, and how much does it prove?

Thirdly, touching the admission of *proxies* in the House of Lords, which Horace might, without satire, say, *communi sensu planè caret*; and that the Noble Lords themselves may add the rest—

—“Eheu,

Quam temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!”

If the judgment of the *absent* is not only taken, but is often clearly the means of deciding the most important questions, what are men of common understanding to think of the parade of heated debates and elaborate arguments, addressed to what is called *the sense of the House*?—Surely this proves a little too much!

The list of unlucky proofs might be swelled to a volume; but they need no index, and I shall add no more.

Among the portents and miracles of the “*annus mirabilis*,”

mirabilis," we are told that "black cows gave white milk."—I feel that this hardy assertion (though sworn to) must needs be rejected with contempt by the faith of these times; for we have a similar prodigy, in which there is an equal share of truth, namely, that *paper* is nothing more than *paper*; but, though every body gives it *credit*, nobody will believe it! Seeking into the cause of this strange infidelity, I find that it happened once before, and history ascribes it to *conjurat*ion—The author of the *Persian Letters*, speaking of Louis XIV. says, "Ce Roi était un *magicien*, qui faisant accroire à ses sujets, que du *papier* était de l'*argent*;" i. e. That King was a *conjuror*, who made his subjects believe that *paper* was *money*.

Temple, Feb. 13.

POET AND POVERTY.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 15.]

"A POET's always poor, and thus I show it,
If he were rich, he would not be a Poet :"
Thus argued Dick. A Scribbler, passing by,
Heard the vile taunt, and made this cool reply :
" Give him the wealth of Cræsus, if you will,
A Poet, Dick, will be a Poet still ;
But give the poverty of Job to thee,
Thou never, never, couldst a Poet be."

K. B.

EPIGRAM ON A FOP.

[From the British Press, Feb. 15.]

THOSE painted cheeks and languid eyes
Would speak thee woman in disguise,
Did not thy beard of sable hue—
But hold !!—I'll bet—(or I'm no shrew),
That very beard is painted too!

} APPX.

TEMPORA

TEMPORA * MUTANTUR.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 18.]

A SENATOR, vers'd in old *classical* lore,
 The works of Joe Miller I mean—nothing more,
 Has told how the Tories, just losing their places,
 Were surcharg'd by the barbers, who shav'd their long faces :
 But *now* (though still *in*) not a Tory, 't is fear'd,
 Will meet with one barber to shorten his beard ;
 For the Whigs, disappointed and plung'd in despair,
 Have torn from their nobs ev'ry morsel of hair ;
 So they 're forc'd (though their purses a *grievous hard tax* on)
 To impress each a barber to make him a *saxon*.

LINES

ON A HIBERNIAN, WHO DREAMT THAT HE WAS ASLEEP.

[From the same.]

"HOW's this !" says Joe, "it doth most curious seem,
 Dream in your sleep, and sleep too in your dream !
 Indeed, friend Pat, it is not fair in you
 To get just twice the sleep that others do."—
 "Truly," quoth Pat, "I have not slept, dear Joe ;
 I only dreamt I was asleep, you know."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Feb. 20.]

SIR,

THE following lines are detached from an unfinished
 Poem, which probably will never see the light ;
 but as this fragment is so much in the spirit of some

* *Tempora, scilicet, capitis*, we suppose ; and, as it is not improbable the heads of some persons may be turned by vexation at recent events, the *part* may be intended to imply the *whole*, both interior and exterior—"pro parte synecdoche totum," as the Westminster Grammar speaks.

late

late opinions of the *Great Man*, I am tempted to transmit it to you, as an earnest of what will be the settled sentiment of posterity.

I am, &c.

Ρεσπεκταβλες.

WHEN Chatham's son had rais'd himself to power
Upon the people's shoulders—full possess'd
Of all his father's spirit—full of plans,
Which youthful zeal and patriotic love
Had form'd, to vindicate the people's rights;
And full of eloquence, worthy the cause,
With public hope rais'd to the topmost pitch:—
Most did he thenceforth labour to preserve,
His promises—or place?—What pledge of his
Did he redeem?—How did his honour meet
That vital question to the human heart,
Detested human traffic? His feign'd voice,
Omnipotent when seconded by will,
Flash'd not conviction on his venal friends;
And annually he counted out the House—
Defeated—but content at the defeat.
Did he with better faith profession make
To those who should be nearer, dearer, still,
Our fellow-subjects, fellow Christians too,
Though not within the pale—to set them free
From thralldom—free to serve their God and ours,
To serve their King and Country as ourselves?
They yielded up their birthright for the boon,
On credit, and receiv'd the cold embrace
Of Union, like a forc'd reluctant bride:—
But for the rest his suretyship was nought.
“But he resign'd his place to save his word.”
He did;—and soon, repentant of the act,
He pluck'd him by the nose who kept it warm,
And thrust him off the stool—on any terms
Of forfeiture, to fix himself again.
How did he prove sincere his boasted love
Of radical Reform?—He wish'd the cause
Sincerely well;—but wish'd to put it off
Till a convenient season. What decay'd

Or

Or morbid member of the commonweal,
 Did he regenerate? What corrupted part
 O' th' body politic discharge and cleanse?
 Or what excrescence touch with caustic knife?
 His gross corruption, like a stagnant pond,
 Engender'd the horseleech, that sucks the blood,
 The best blood of the land. Was hand of his
 Once rais'd to sweep the noisome beast away?—
 Was Freedom cherish'd in his faithless heart,
 His first-espous'd? Did not the harlot Lust
 Of Power supplant her, that she scarcely drew,
 With oft suspended animation—breath?
 "He serv'd in troublous and seditious times,
 And bit and bridle found for stiffen'd necks
 Best fitted, little need of slacken'd reins."
 But long he sway'd before those troublous times;
 And he the chief conspirator of all,
 Whose mal-administration conjur'd up
 The evil spirit, if it ever rose.—
 "Nay—but he sat the pilot at the helm,
 His country's bark safe guiding through the storm
 On which the Dæmon rides, all Europe else
 Involving in one universal wreck."—
 Ay, that were praise beyond the power of words,
 And all his faults were venial were it true.
 But other honours flutter'd in his eye
 Than glorious safety, when his martial mind
 Inflam'd for war;—when suppliant for peace,
 But suppliant in vain, the Frenchman left
 Our hostile shores. The feeble foe at once
 He hop'd to crush; and all the mighty spoil,
 Already portion'd, gloss'd the shameful deed.
 But, forc'd into the fight, the Frenchman fought.
 His cause was new. He never fought before
 For Freedom; and he never fought so well.
 He gather'd strength and confidence. Success
 In years of Revolution still remain'd
 Inseparably attach'd, whatever shape
 The ruling power assum'd. Till Liberty
 Her equilibrium lost, licentious grew
 And wayward; and, in cruelty and blood,

Long

Long rioting, the reeling goddess fell
 Submissive to a despot's sovereign will.
 Th' aggressive warfare had long since become
 A warfare of defence, and mock-alarms
 Flew real through the land ;—but not of foes
 Domestic—where they fled was never known,
 The country bristled like a porcupine
 With bayonets ; for by potent spell he wrought
 Upon a loyal people ; and their gold,
 Drawn by this mighty master of excise,
 Thrice rous'd defeated Europe to sustain
 Renew'd disgrace, beneath *his* iron hand,
 To whom such erring politics gave birth :
 And that this inaccessible proud isle
 Has sunk not in the ruin, is the boast
 Of his sole government. While prodigal
 Of blood and pleasure, thousands of her sons
 Have bled in vain ; and millions spent in waste
 Have left her well nigh bankrupt ; and long hence
 Millions shall rue the sorrowful effect,
 And yet unwillingly admire the cause.

ON A JEALOUS COUPLE.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 21.]

EACH jealous of the other's heart,
 They'll quarrel for a feather ;
 They're never easy when apart,
 Nor happy when together.

C. T.

EPIGRAMS.

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 21.]

ON SEEING A FRENCH WATCH ROUND THE NECK OF A
 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

MARK what we gain from foreign lands ;
 Time cannot now be said to linger—
 Allow'd to lay his two rude hands
 Where others dare not lay a finger.

ON

ON A QUACK.

EMPIRICUS vows he will cure
 All defects in the eyes that grow dim ;
 And, a triumph more great to secure,
 He commences by dousing the glim.

CAVEAT.

BULLETINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, &c.

[Feb. 25.]

SIR,

WHERE party-spirit prevails, we frequently find it exerted in supporting or opposing things of very trivial moment, which at other times might have passed without much observation. Among the lesser matters of late, I have remarked an inclination, in that party who are hostile to the Ministry, to find fault with those brief reports of His Majesty's health, which the French taste of the present age has honoured by the name of *Bulletins*. It has been, in particular, objected, that they were frequently not sufficiently explicit, or did not clearly and intelligibly point out the exact progress of the indisposition; that the phrases made use of were of a general meaning, and not decided enough to satisfy the anxious inquirer.

In answer to such objections, I shall not plead in favour of the physicians, that they thought themselves restricted by a sense of delicacy in their reports. They do not appear to me to require an apology of this kind; and I am apt to think, that had their patient been a person of far inferior rank, they could not have given reports of a nature much different from what we have read. All medical men, and all others whose ill fate it has been to have much sickness in their families.

lies, are duly sensible how extremely difficult it is to give a satisfactory report of a patient's case at *short intervals*. The disorder, be it of whatever nature (I speak only of *chronic* or *tedious* disorders), frequently varies so little, one way or other, in the course of a day, that it is very difficult to make the report of one day differ perceptibly from that of the preceding. The expressions *better* and *worse* are sufficiently intelligible where they can be employed; but in many cases they must be used with great caution, because they may only apply to one particular affection or symptom, and not to the general state of the patient's health, or to what I would call the totality of the disease. But in *chronic* cases there is a period, and frequently a long period, when it is impossible to pronounce the patient either better or worse, so as to give his friends a *decided* cause for joy or regret.

Now, Sir, if to these circumstances we add the peculiar obligation felt by His Majesty's physicians, to convey no opinion but what is authorized, not only by the actual state of things, but such as could be agreed upon and confirmed in *consultation*, I hope we shall learn to make every allowance for their situation, instead of bringing our party-prejudices to bear upon their daily reports. Could the public have been satisfied with a weekly report, I am persuaded that, throughout the whole of this much-lamented illness, they would have received more ample satisfaction.

But, on closing this last sentence, a friend at my elbow jogs me, and wishes to know what all this has to do with the subject *he* was talking of? And, in truth, it is high time to come to the condition of many worthy Gentlemen, who are known by the name of *Rats*, and who have been loudest in their objections to the Bulletins, as not being sufficiently explicit. They say, and perhaps with justice, that if these reports had been as intelligible *a month ago*

as they are *now*, they would have known better what to *think* of the matter. Their *anxiety*, they say, and those *perplexing doubts* and apprehensions, would have been removed; or, rather, they would never have been troubled with them, and never have been obliged to vibrate from one opinion to another, doubtful on which *side* to lean!

To men of this description I am willing to allow some excuse for their objections; but still I do not clearly see that they have a right to blame the faculty. Politicians have often told us, that the King's speech is the speech of the Minister. We seem now to think that the King's illness is the illness of the Minister; and that these Reports have been read, not with a view to know how our beloved Sovereign was, but how Mr. Perceval was; whether the *latter* was likely to *recover*, to regain his *strength*, and perform those other official duties and functions, in the performance of which some Gentlemen delight to be connected with a Minister! Now if this be the view of things which these Gentlemen have been disposed to take, while we can very readily enter into their feelings, and may, from many past instances, particularly in 1789, form an opinion of their *loyal anxiety*, and their *affectionate* concern, I shall leave it to your readers to determine what portion of pity or sympathy is due to their present embarrassments, or their prospect of future disappointments.

I am, Sir, yours,

MEDICO-POLITICUS.

EPIGRAM ON BLUE BEARD.

[From the Morning Post.]

NO wonder that nightly such companies press,
And for places " 't is catch as catch can :"
The reason is clear; and all must confess,
That a horse will *draw* more than a man. H.

EPIGRAM ON A MISER.

[From the same.]

STRANGE though it seem—a miser you will find
Most generous by far of all mankind:
Others their riches on themselves employ,
While he keeps his for others to enjoy.

C. T.

THE MUSING LOVER.

[From the Musing Chronicle.]

WERE I a moon-beam," quoth a love-sick swain
Musing beneath the shadowy cope of night,
I'd steal through yonder chamber window's pane,
And on my sleeping charmer's lip alight:
"Were I a zephyr, when morn's charms invite
Her wandering footsteps o'er the dewy lawn,
Around her damask cheek and bosom white
I'd frisk in fragrance from sweet flow'rs new drawn:
"Oh! were I but a kid of nice young fawn,
My fondness in a thousand pranks I'd show,
And lick her hand, and lie her lap upon,
And follow her wherever she should go!"
"Fond youth, your idle fantasies forbear,"
Cried Common-sense—"address her as you are."

TO LORD CASTLEREAGH,

ON SOME EXPRESSIONS RESPECTING HIM IN MR. WHIT-
BREAD'S SPEECH, AS REPORTED IN "THE CHRONICLE"
OF 26TH ULT;

[From the same, March 1.]

"Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis
Ignavus adversum lupos?" HORACE.

WHEREFORE, dread Peer, thy heaviest vengeance shed
On luckless Finnerty's offending head?
Or, at St. Stephen's, in sarcastic tone,
Why vent thy anger on Burdett alone?

A nobler,

A nobler, worthier foe is now in view,
 For Whitbread e'en proclaims thee *cruel* too;
 He calls in doubtful phrase, yet half unwilling,
 Thy candour *merciless*, thy very kindness *killing*.

ON THE ELOQUENCE OF A CERTAIN PEER.

[From the Morning Post, March 4.]

WHY, when our Patriot speaks, will he persist
 To thump so hard the table with his fist?
 Is it that, thinking (no offence is meant):
 His fist more weighty than his argument,
 He strives by force to make each wand'ring Peer
 Hear that which otherwise they would not hear?
 Or is it to discover which is able
 To bear the hardest knock, he or the table?—
 If it be so, a wise observer said,
 " 'Twere better far he'd thump it with his head." C. T.

ON TOM, A DYER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 4.]

STRANGE was the destiny, thought I,
 That Fate to Tom did give;
 That while all others live to *die*,
 He only *dyes* to live. C. T.

THE STUDIOUS MAN'S PRAYER—

IN MATRIMONY.

[From the same, March 5.]

A MAN, whose studies occupied the day,
 And sometimes trespass'd on the peaceful night,
 Disturb'd by noise, was overheard to say:
 " O, Hear'n! I thank thee for the dear delight
 Which marriage lends, past, present, and to come;
 But crown my joys, and let my wife be dumb."

ON A STOCK-JOBBER PARSON.

BY A CHELSEA PENSIONER.

[From the same, March 7.]

GOOD Parson Scrip, each coming week,

To pious prayer is given ;

He then exhorts his flock to seek

Their Int'rest most in Heaven.

But yet these prayers, of which he speaks,

*Himself he ne'er fulfils :**His Int'rest most the Parson seeks**In Bonds and India Bills !*

A NEW COMEDY.

[From the British Press, March 8.]

A NEW Piece, entitled "*How to conciliate the Regent,*" has been recently brought out, and is now performing at a certain Theatre in Downing Street. It is not the production of a single pen, but of a Junta, who have clubbed their wits; but, like most modern pieces, it boasts little novelty. In the *intrigue*, the structure, and the materials, even to the minor incidents, it is confessed to be a mere plagiarist from the dramatic works of the late Mr. Pitt, with the addition of a few hints from Machiavel. The introduction of the Royal Dukes as "great loobies, and boobies with corals and bells," having excited universal disgust upon the first representation, that gross and scandalous part of the spectacle has been omitted; and it is now proposed to introduce them all, with the Regent at their head, in a graceful style, mounted upon their *hobbies*. We are confident, however, that the Authors and the Manager will fail also in this attempt, and that they will find the Regent, although necessarily an actor, is no *puppet*. Even this idea of the

the hobbies, it must be seen, is borrowed from *Blue Beard*, as performed at Covent Garden. The scenery and decorations of the new Piece are miserable—indeed there is little of either—a circumstance that has excited universal disapprobation, as it is well known to the audience that the Theatre possesses both, upon the most rich, costly, and splendid scale. To supply this defect, the Manager, in the excess of his generosity, while he withheld the old, proposed to purchase a new wardrobe and decorations, and that the public should pay for them! This offer has, however, been indignantly rejected by the principal Actor, and the public loudly applaud his spirit.

LAW AND REASON.—AN EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 9.]

OUR statesmen all boast, that, in matter of treason,
The Law of Old England is founded in reason;
But they own that when *libel* comes under its paw,
It is rarely, indeed, that there's reason in law.

TO LUBIN;—ON HIS WRITINGS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[From the same.]

IN verse or prose alike you're bad,
You every thing transpose;
Your prose is poetry run mad—
Your poetry is prose.

TO HIS R—L H—SS THE P—CE OF W—S, R—S—T OF THE
UNITED K—DOM OF G—T B—TAIN AND I—LAND.

THE WOFUL ADDRESS AND LAMENTATION

OF

PETER GRIEVOUS, SAWNEY M'CHOAKER, GARRICK
O'GRUNT, AND OTHERS.

[From the Morning Post, March 9.]

A H ! with what qualms and sneaking shyness
Do we approach your R—l H—ss !
Though grievous is our disappointment,
Yet shall our words be smooth as ointment ;
And we shall, in the sequel, prove
Warm as an oyster in our love.
Our hearts with strong affection run sick
Towards your illustrious house of Br—aw—k ;
For, under its indulgent sway,
Each ass about his rights may bray,
Whilst now (though 't is but volens volens,)
We feign to offer our condolence ;
That by divine sad visitation
Our King can't govern this great nation,
We are right glad to have a Prince
Who never did the matter mince,
But always, though oft sorely tried,
Hath kept the people on his side.
Yet, ah ! our fears are realiz'd,
Our expectations all capsis'd.
Sure, were your powers not elipt so small,
For us you would have us'd them all,
Nor thus have left those in the lurch,
Who hop'd to rule both State and Church ;
But now the ministerial cheek
Hangs, like a millstone, round your neck.
Who dare deny that we have shown
Attachment to your Father's throne ?
Not less our love to you we'd show,
Could we contrive to tell you how ;

But,

But, from inextinguishable darkness,
 We can't express it in its fulness;
 For 't is indeed a bitter pill,
 Thus to address against our will.
 That our first dawn should be so clouded,
 In dismal night our hopes be shrouded,
 Fills us with grief; which must have vent,
 Or time so precious were mispent.
 Once on a time we were respected,
 And state affairs by us directed;
 But now, insulted and debas'd,
 In us great London is disgrac'd!
 But, oh, behold our condescension!
 We make of our own wrongs no mention.
 By grievances we're sore oppress'd,
 That make this land a land unblest'd;
 Taxes on taxes pil'd, exacted
 (By laws "*the Talents*" once enacted)
 With sore oppression, past relief,
 For, "set a thief to catch a thief."
 'T is of those ills, the plans and plots
 Of ministerial Hottentots,
 By which our blood and treasure's wasted,
 As our bills prove, on Newgate pasted;
 Showing decisions by the quorum,
 Of the renowned British Forum;
 Which still, though gagg'd and jawlock'd, croaks,
 And shilling orators convokes.
 Must we not rave to see the Minister
 With glossy speech, yet cunning sinister,
 On royal stilts uplifted, gulf:
 With vile deception good John Bull:
 And (as he lately did) command,
 With regal power, this wretched land;
 When illness dire, lamented, smiting,
 Withheld His Majesty from writing;
 When we have been asham'd to see
 The fruits of his vile jealousy,
 Prerogatives withheld, curtail'd,
 As if in you all merit fail'd.

We've

We've seen the rogues in power create
 A new and dangerous estate;
 Alas! we've seen their power employ'd
 To stem a revolution's tide.
 Since to these tricks, so fraught with danger,
 Your R—l H—ness is no stranger,
 We praise that courage, strength, and virtue,
 Acknowledg'd never to desert you,
 With which you undertake your task,
 Nor deign our leave or aid to ask.
 Strong grow our grievances and stronger,
 And we should keep your H—ness longer,
 Were we to talk of place and pension;
 And half our other ills but mention.
 Yet there's one trespass, more accurst
 Than others, we must state or burst.
 Its odiousness, its mischiefs, might
 E'en your undaunted soul affright.
 The Commons' House we see a tool,
 By which all ministers now rule,
 Whether by strange nullification
 Of regal power, or degradation
 Of rights, far more important, claim'd
 By us, "the sov'reign people" nam'd!
 Then, mighty Prince! O pray reform us,
 Remove this grievance so enormous;
 Quash parliaments, the land's disgrace,
 Put British Forums in their place.
 The present state of things deploring,
 True patriots all asleep and snoring,
 We yet rely, you surely will,
 However crainpt, regard us still;
 And sometime hence us extricate,
 To make us rulers of the state.
 A pot-pourri of cheers and groans,
 And sorrows rankling in our bones,
 We thus present, though 't is most grievous
 To all our hearts (if you 'll believe us).
 But soon, O Prince, by change of system,
 The *modern Whigs* hope you 'll enlist 'em;
 And grant them long in wealth to roll,
 And King and Nation to control.

O how

O how content we then shall be,
 From every check and burden free ;
 And our warm gratitude we'll show,
 By crying up whate'er ~~they~~ do.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF TRAGEDY.

ON THE SUCCESS OF THE HORSES NOW PERFORMING WITH
 SUCH UNLIMITED APPLAUSE AT COVENT GARDEN THE-
 ATRE.

[From the Morning Herald, March 9.]

"HUNG be our stage with black!" weep, two-legg'd
 mutes;

Mourn for your queen, thus levell'd with the brutes!

Nought now avails our *Isabella's* call—

The public fly, to see the cattle fall.

And ye, attendant virgins, hence no more

On fierce *Calista*, or repentant *Shore*,

Shall ye obsequious wait in tinsell'd pride;

Ye're useless now, unless you'll wear a hide.

"Seeing what I have seen," ah, woe to me,

Such plaudits to unmeaning mummery!

That *Cawdor's* wife, the *Moor's* lamented *bride*,

The sweet *Cordelia*, every parent's pride;

The lovely *Juliet*, *Imogen* sincere,

No more attract, or claim their former tear:

Shakspeare's all-soaring page is far below

The nightly scenes the dewlap'd fav'rites show.

Now taught by governesses sage and kind,

Each little Miss, of op'ning docile mind,

Asks dear papa to let her see the play

Where nature strikes, though dumb, and melts the sense
 away,

Far, far beyond what *Otway's* strains explore,

Though thrice *Castalio* strikes the barred door.

Hopeless I sink—in vain the Muse may sing:

The hoof surpasses e'en the buskin'd king.

Richard, give way! *Banquo*, avaunt! begone!

Romeo, depart; and let the horses on.

Oh! could I think—I who have made men weep,

So fast—they stood in tears, full ankle-deep,

Should'er behold, what scene must see with rage,
Smithfield become the nursery of the stage!

J. S. P——.

**AN HIBERNIAN'S REFLECTIONS
 ON HEARING OF THE OVERFLOWING AUDIENCES AT
 COVENT GARDEN.**

[From the Morning Post, March 11.]

NOT Mother Goose, in all her glory, drew
 Such nightly crowds as Blue Beard's horses do;
 For then, indeed, the house, 't is pretty plain,
 Receiv'd as many as it could contain.
 "Arrah, but now," quoth Paddy, "I am told,
 The house is fuller far than it can hold."

C.T.

TO THE GREAT ORATOR.

[From the same, March 14.]

W——, thy great and patriotic name
 Will stand recorded on the lists of fame,
 When Pitt and Fox, and such illustrious men,
 Have been long since forgotten—not till then.

C.T.

LOVE'S RESPONSE.

[From the Morning Herald, March 15.]

ART thou not dear unto my heart?
 Ah! search that heart and see;
 And from my bosom tear the part
 That beats not true to thee.
 Yes, to my bosom thou art dear,
 More dear than words can tell;
 And if a fault be cherish'd there,
 'T is loving thee too well.

P.
 LINTS

LINES FOUND IN THE VALE OF BELVOIR

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 20.]

TO THE VERY REV. _____

I HAVE heard that your Duke's in a dangerous way,
 And the doctors desponding have wish'd him good day;
 It becomes then my duty (I trust in your sight,
 My presumptuous hopes stand excus'd, if I write,
 To declare my intention of asking a poll,
 Of the dignified voters who stand on your roll),
 The Chancellor's seat to affect, which is bare
 The moment His Grace is defunct, you're aware.
 I will not, 't were fruitless to look for foundation,
 On which to indulge in this fond expectation,
 In personal merit; an A double S
 No merit like this should not lay any stress;
 But I ask your permission to state, as a fact
 Of no trivial weight in my cause, that I'm back'd
 By His Majesty's favour, and Percival's name,
 That passport to pensions, preferment, and fame.
 So I'll not intrude further upon you at present,
 Only hoping your daughter digested the pheasant;
 I've to beg that this letter you'll use at your ease,
 Not forgetting to state th' *above fact*, if you please.
 My name I don't sign, not deeming it clear
 That this letter may please, so I'll end with an R.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT

FOR OLD BEAUX IN LOVE.

[From the Morning Herald, March 23.]

REGRET not, dear Fanny, the distance of *May*,
 Which was wont o'er those features to shine:
 With a look thou canst chase tyrant *Time* far away;
 Speak a word, and the triumph is thine.
 Condemn then the miscreant to endless disgrace,
 His spells you may safely defy,
 Since *Love* holds his empire of smiles on thy face,
 And his mandate's proclaim'd from thine eye.

Yet should the proud tyrant be deaf to thy praise,
 This truth must still strike him with dread,
 That the warmth of thy kiss all the wonder displays
 Of a *Lazarus* rais'd from the dead!

QUIZ.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE GENERAL FAST, ADDRESSED TO THE CHANCELLOR
 OF THE EXCHEQUER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 23.]

THY sapience, Perceval, we greet,
 And own thy talents vast;
 When those who nothing have to eat,
 Are call'd upon to fast!
W-b-a, March 18, 1811.

ANOTHER.

[From the same.]

WHILE taxes are so very high,
 And likely long to last,
 Most sure 't is needless to apply
 An order for a fast.

J. E. B.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE LATE EXPEDIENT FOR PRESERVING A CERTAIN
 COIN.

[From the Morning Post, March 23.]

JOHNS Bull, who loves old England's pride,
 Her honour and renown,
 Declares, though *press'd on every side*,
 He'll still preserve her Crown.

G.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM

ON THE INCREASED VALUE OF A CERTAIN COIN.

[From the same, March 25.]

WHILE, to enrich his *boasted state*,
 Proud Boney's means are ceasing,
 Old England sees, with pride elate,
Her CROWN in worth increasing. G.

THE ADDRESS OF A NOBLE DUKE TO THE
CAMBRIDGE SENATE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 25.]

I HAVE, doubtless, oft heard sage philosophers tell,
 While there's life, there's a chance the sick man may
 get well:
 But, the poor Duke of Grafton as doctors give over,
 (The doctors you'll blame, if His Grace should recover,)
 I boldly come forward your votes to entreat
 For the honour of filling the Chancellor's seat.
 My pretensions! some Jacobin fellow may cry;
 I'll deign to inform him—no claims are so high:
 My pretensions are sanctioned by M—j—y's self;
 Now I think I've dumbfounded this impudent elf.
 But if not, I can easily set him at rest,
 And prove, past contradiction, my party the best.
 Listen, Cambridge Electors! and brighten each face!
 Mr. Perceval says I'm the man for the place.
 This settles the business at once—you'll all bend
 To the mighty First Lord of the Treasury's friend.
 You're parsons, two-thirds of you—parsons, no fear,
 At the mention of Perceval prick up the ear.
 The loaves! hungry voters! the loaves! I'll be sworn,
 You all flock to my standard, like rats to the corn.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU

ON THE FRENCH GENERAL VICTOR'S DEFEAT BEFORE
CADIZ.

[From the Morning Herald, March 25.]

HIS VICTOR *vanquish'd*, and his *eagle* taken,
Boney will stay at home to save his bacon;
Sip candle with his wife, and for young *Nap*
Make with parental daddle sugar'd pap!
Content to see the *surry* colours fly,
By holding out his bantling's clouts to dry!

NIM.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

THE mountain's labour now is o'er; they've given us
their *mus*;
VICTOR, who Cadiz went to take, has run away VICTUS.

ON THE DEFEAT OF MARSHAL VICTOR.

[From the Morning Post.]

“ **V**ICTOR no more is victor,” Quibble cried—
Why? “because Victor's *vanquish'd*,” he replied.

A victor formerly the battle won,
But now a Victor is in fight undone.

ON OUR LATE VICTORY.

[From the same.]

NO wonder that, on Cadiz' glorious coast,
Britain's proud arms so happily should fare;
One Victor only have the French to boast,
While we have got some thousand *victors* there.

C. T.

VICTOR

VICTOR VANQUISHED.

[From the same.]

GALLIA's boastful Emperor
Is once more foil'd by us;
His mighty General Victor,
Graham has made *Victus*.

THE BATTLE OF BARRÔSA AND MASSENA'S RETREAT.

To our gallant Heroes in Spain and Portugal.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

[From the same.]

WHILE ruin'd nations heave the inward groan,
And waste their blood to prop a tyrant's throne;
They see Britannia, in that awful hour,
Foe to his crimes, but rival of his power!
Where'er her gallant sons the falchion wield,
The Gallic legions, vanquish'd, quit the field:
Iberia's plains the glorious truth attest,
Where vict'ry plumes her wings on Graham's crest!
Numbers, in vain, oppose his valiant bands,
Who hold their country's honour in their hands;
Resolv'd to die, or conquer, they advance,
And tear the Eagle from presumptuous France;
Through hosts of foes they cut their glorious way,
And fame immortal marks Barrosa's day!
To those who fell let grateful tears be shed,
For glory crowns the living and the dead.
On every side the patriot turns his eye,
And sees his country's flag triumphant fly!
Near Tagus' banks, on Lusitania's shore,
Thrice-laurel'd Wellesley gains one trophy more;
One trophy more! to those so nobly won,
From Orient Regions to the Western Sun!

The

The baffled chief must now forget his name,
 The favour'd child of fortune, and of fame * !
 His flying troops no more our hero face,
 But seek, by flight, their safety in disgrace.
 France will not now her usual boast maintain,
 That Britons *only* conquer on the main :
 Then let her tyrant's vanity subside—
 His ships are strangers to the ocean's tide !
 While on the seas he dares not trust his slaves,
 The majesty of England walks the waves !

OLD Q.'S TOKAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, &c.

SIR,

I KNOW few ways in which the spare part of your paper is better employed, than in giving us those little anecdotes and *traits* of manners which describe a *class*, at least, if they do not a *nation*. One would not wish that every folly you record were considered as characteristic of the people of England ; but in as far as the manners of the people of *fashion* are depicted, something is gained to the stock of useful information ; and, perhaps, some reasonable check administered.

The information you gave us, a few days ago, of the sale of the late Duke of Queensberry's Tokay, at *seven pounds sterling per bottle*, has no doubt amazed the *little people*, who have been for some years brooding over the hardness of the times, lamenting over the price of butcher's meat, and bewailing the *rising state* of the quartern loaf. They cannot conceive how such things are : finding some difficulty in procuring a glass of port wine for cases of sickness, they have no conception of a race of beings, who will give seven pounds for a bottle of Tokay, which is to be drank for plea-

* *Mammon* has been called the Spoiled Child of Fortune.
 sure.

sure. Others again, who profess to be political calculators, and who see our once eminent merchants and manufacturers applying to Parliament for relief, begin to doubt the validity of their calculations, and to question whether, after all, there is not a great deal of money *somewhere* in this kingdom.

But I know not, Sir, that the speculations of the one or the other party, on such subjects, will deserve the attention of persons of fashion; and I would rather, therefore, suggest to the latter, that they should endeavour to study a *consistency* in their expenses; and, when they can place wine on their tables at *eighty-four pounds per dozen*, take care that every thing else is in proportion. For want of attention to this rule, I have often witnessed, at the tables of the *great*, a heterogeneous mixture of *cheap* and *dear* ingredients, as absurd, in my humble opinion, as a party of *nobility* and *vulgar* placed at the same table.

Do I own, however, that there is some difficulty in this. I have not the honour of knowing any of the gentlemen who have purchased the Duke of Queensberry's Tokay; but I humbly conceive they will find it rather difficult to bring the other articles, either of the dinner or dessert, up to the standard of his Grace's wine. I am afraid that the markets of this metropolis, the owners of which are by no means deficient in *charging*, nor even the landlords of our taverns, who are privileged to make many comfortable additions to the expense of a dinner—I say, Sir, I am afraid that all these put together, and with the kind aid of the Covent-Garden fruiterers, will never be able to bring a *mouthful* up to the price of a *glass-full* of his Grace's Tokay. On the contrary, the inferiority of price must be in most cases so striking as to discompose that uniformity of extravagance which constitutes the *salut* of a feast. We have no reason to complain of the cheapness of turtle and venison, of green peas in January,

or strawberries and cherries in April; yet these, with all their enormity of price, are scarcely fit to keep company with wine at seven pounds per bottle. As to butcher's meat and poultry, I trust no person of taste and fashion would ever think of disgracing their wine in such low company. *Fish*, indeed, may do something. There are times when that article, one would think, was almost fit to swim in his Grace's Tokay. Last Christmas, for example, we were told of four guineas and a half being given for a single cod-fish. This was pretty well, as it served only about six persons; and had the old Duke's sale then taken place, these guests might have quenched their thirst in a most consistent manner. Another little anecdote of later date convinces me that we may occasionally place an implicit reliance on the conscience of a fishmonger. A Lady of fashion, in a village near London, wished to entertain an illustrious young personage with a dish of fish. Unfortunately for her, the day happened to be what is called a great fish-day, and the fish she wanted was procured at a price too vulgar for me to notice, and not perhaps above twice the sum it would have cost a London citizen. What was to be done? She luckily thought of *Smelts*, and no smelts were at market! But that was no objection—Smelts must be got; and her fishmonger, no doubt with an infinite deal of pains, and travelling twice to town upon this important mission, procured a dozen of these favourite little fishes; for which he charged at the rate of only *seven shillings each*!—And here I think, for once, we have an instance of an article fit to be on our plates while the Duke's Tokay is going round: and I hope that this anecdote will illustrate what I term the consistency and uniformity of expenses, and for which I earnestly contend.

I am, Sir, yours,

HELIOGABALUS.

LINES

LINES

ON THE SPLENDIDLY PRINTED, BUT DISGRACEFUL*,
BRAINLESS PRODUCTION, ENTITLED "THE WONDERS
OF A WEEK IN BATH."

[Original.]

SEE, bursting forth from Valpy's classic press,
In all the pomp of typographic dress,
On *skull-thick* — a libel most pernicious,
As — dull, as — malicious!
This "*Wondrous Week*," in hot-press'd robe attir'd,
Just prov'd a *sine days' wonder*, and expl'r'd. 2.

PARIS IN AN UPROAR!

[From the General Evening Post, April 2.]

PARIS convuls'd !!!—Rebellion? No, you fool;
The *little King* has had a greenish st—l,
Fux—Dungers.

EPIGRAM

ON THE REPORTED DEATH OF THE CHILD OF ROMANETTE.

[From the General Evening Post, April 4.]

SOON as the Royal Infant came to light,
He saw his Father—and he died of fright.

BUGGYS.

REGIMENTAL SONG,

FOR THE 87TH REGIMENT, CALLED THE PRINCE OF
WALES'S IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

BY CAPTAIN MORRICE.

[From the Morning Post, April 4.]

{The following account is given of the origin of this
song:—His Royal Highness the Prince, Patron of the

* See Critical Review, March 18 (1841).

regiment,

regiment, on presenting its Colours, intimated to the celebrated Capt. Morrice his royal wish for an appropriate Song to be sung at all festivities of the corps. His Royal Highness's command was obeyed by Capt. Morrice, with a fervour which produced the happy thoughts combined in this little piece. The Song is preserved in the regiment as a most precious treasure, and is sung on every festive occasion with an exultation which those who have ever witnessed its effect have forcibly felt, yet can but faintly describe.]

COME on, brother Soldiers! the field is now ended ;
 The bowl's merry music now calls us along :
 True valour's best pleas'd, when with mirth it is blended,
 And love's a gay chorus when glory's the song.

Then join in my list now, ye lads of true mettle !
 The brave Eighty-seventh our voices shall raise ;
 The Muse, lads, wherever her eye she may settle,
 Will ne'er find a subject more fit for her praise.

At Loyalty's call, as a band of true brothers,
 We sprang into arms, to give strength to her sway ;
 And life, that's a debt paid to nature by others,
 We brought, a free gift to the Prince we obey.

Our love for our country's as firm as old Cato's ;
 For our blest Constitution our Colours we rear :
 We're the Prince's own lads, from the land of potatoes,
 And no sound, but of glory, has charms for our ear.

Our Colours his own royal arm hath supported ;
 The charge of their fame to our honour he gave ;
 And we trust in the field, where true glory is courted,
 They'll shine, like himself, the great hope of the brave.

May union and concord for ever then bind us ;
 Through honour's bright field *with one heart* may we roam !
 Abroad, in all danger the foe ever find us ;
 And Friendship and Love ever meet us *at home* !

Thus his brave Royal Line, to the end of time's story,
 May God and our arms ever shelter and save !
 May the *Shamrock* be ever the crest of true glory !
 And the *Harp of Old Erin* the charm of the brave !

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

[From the British Press, April 4.]

WHEN 'the D—l engag'd with Job's patience in battle,
 Tooth and nail strove to worry him out of his life,
 He robb'd him of children, goods, houses, and cattle,
 But, mark me—he ne'er thought of taking his Wife!
 But Heaven at length Job's forbearance rewards,
 And soon double wealth, double honour arrives;
 Heaven doubles his children, goods, houses, and herds—
 But we don't hear a word of a couple of Wives!

MELOLOGUE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 6.]

[This Poem was recited at the Kilkenny Theatre in Ireland, at the close of the season, June 1810. The performers at the Theatre were gentlemen of the neighbouring country; and the profits of the performance were given to the different charitable institutions in Kilkenny. We understand that this Poem was written and recited by Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon.]

(STRAIN OF MUSIC.)

THERE breathes the language known and felt
 Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
 Wherever Rage can rouse, or Pity melt,
 That language of the soul is felt and known.
 From those meridian plains,
 Where oft of old, on some high tower,
 The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
 And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
 That when she heard the well-known lay,
 No worlds could keep her from his arms away;
 To those bleak realms of polar night,
 Where the youth of Lapland's sky
 Bids his rapid rein-deer fly,
 And sings along the darkling waste of snow,
 As blithe as if the blessed light
 Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow:

MA 3 1810

O Music

O Music! thy celestial claim
 Is still resistless, still the same,
 And faithful as the mighty sea
 To the pole-star that o'er each realm presides,
 The spell-bound tides
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee.

(GREEK AIR.)

List! 't is a Grecian maid that sings,
 While from Ilyssus' silvery springs
 She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn,
 While by her side in Musæ's charm dissolving,
 Some patriot youth the glorious past revolving,
 Dreams of bright days that never can return;
 When Athens nurs'd her olive brow
 With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
 And braided for the Muse's brow
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd;
 When heroes trod each classic field
 Where coward feet now faintly falter,
 And ev'ry arm was Freedom's shield,
 And ev'ry heart was Freedom's altar.

(GREEK AIR, INTERRUPTED BY A TRUMPET.)

Hark! 't is the sound that charms
 The war-steed's wakening ears—
 Oh! many a mother folds her arms
 Round her boy soldier, when that sound she hears;
 And though her fond heart sinks with fears,
 Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
 With valour's fever at the sound.
 See from his native hills afar
 The rude Helvetian flies to war,
 Careless for what, for whom he fights,
 For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
 A conqueror oft, a hero never,
 Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
 As if 't were like his mountain rill,
 And gush'd for ever!
 O Music, here, even here,

Thy

Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power;
 There is an air, which oft among the rocks
 Of his own lov'd land, at the evening hour,
 Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks!—
 Oh, ev'ry note of it would thrill his mind
 With tend'rest thoughts, and bring about his knees
 The rosy children whom he left behind,
 And fill each little angel eye
 With speaking tears, that ask him why,
 He wander'd from his hut to scenes like these;
 Vain, vain, is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
 Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears,
 And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
 Now, melting mournful, lose themselves in tears.

(RENDS DE VACHE, INTERRUPTED BY A TRUMPET.)

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
 And rouse the ranks of warrior men.
 O War! when Truth thy arm employs,
 And Freedom's spirit guides the lab'ring storm,
 Thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
 And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
 Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere
 Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
 Of HIM who made all harmony,
 Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
 And the first hymn that man, awaking
 From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

(SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG.)

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
 Bursts the bold enthusiastic strain,
 Like morning's music, on the air,
 And seems in every note to swear,
 By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
 By brave Gerona's deathful story;
 That while one Spaniard's life-blood heats,
 That blood shall stain a conqueror's glory.

(SPANISH

(SPANISH AIR CONCLUDED.)

But ah! if vain the Patriot Spaniard's zeal,
 If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's lights,
 Can break or melt the blood-cemented seal,
 That shuts to close the book of Europe's rights;
 What song shall then, in sadness, tell
 Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
 Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
 Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
 What Muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
 In sweetest dirge, at Memory's shrine?
 What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
 O Erin! thine.

(MELANCHOLY IRISH AIR, SUCCEEDED BY A LIVELY ONE.)

Blest notes of mirth, ye spring from sorrow's lay,
 Like the blithe vesper of the bird that sings
 In the bright sunshine of an April day,
 While the cold shower yet hangs upon his wings.
 Long may the Irish heart repeat
 An echo to those lively strains,
 And, when the stranger's ear shall meet
 That melody on distant plains,
 Oh! he will feel his soul expand
 With grateful warmth, and, sighing, say—
 "Thus speaks the music of the land,
 Where welcome ever lights the stranger's way,
 When still the woe of others to beguile
 Is e'en the gayest heart's most lov'd employ,
 Where Grief herself will generously smile,
 Through her own tears, to share another's joy."

ON A GAY WIDOW.

[From the same, April 9.]

HER mourning is all make believe,
 She's gay as any linnet:
 With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
 The while she's laughing in it.

T.

WELLINGTON'S

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WELLINGTON'S TRIUMPH, AND PORTUGAL RELIEVED.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

[From the same.]

THE blow is struck! the awful conflict's o'er,
And shouts of triumph reach Britannia's shore!
The baffled Chief of France, in wild dismay,
Reigns the honours of his former day,
And, with his legions, is by Wellesley driven,
As clouds of locusts by the winds of heaven!
Unlike the warriors of a nobler age,
His flight is mark'd with more than Vandal rage!
~~By peasants murder'd?~~ and by towns in flame!
Their ashes records of Massena's shame!
The smoking ruins are descried from far,
With all the horrors of his savage war:
The mountain streams run red with native blood,
And mangled bodies choke each river's flood!
While Lusitania's ravag'd plains declare
The flying Gaul has left a desert there!
Long shall the crimes of France in mem'ry stand,
Recorded with the curse of every land;
But Britain's triumphs, like her honour pure,
Shall to the utmost date of time endure!
Loud as the thunder let the cannon's sound
Proclaim the tidings to the realms around;
Nations, enslav'd by Gaul's oppressive power,
Shall shake their chains with joy, and bless the hour:
The very wretches, who in silence wait
The Despot's nod, and tremble while they hate,
Shall feel some pleasure warm the torpid breast,
To see their Tyrant in his turn oppress'd;
To mark his pallid cheek, his haggard eye,
His stifled anguish, and his bitter sigh!
In the bright temple of immortal Fame
Glory inscribes her favourite Wellesley's name!
Amidst the high-plum'd champions of the land,
In future ages Wellington shall stand;

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I

There

There too triumphant Graham shall appear,
 Wielding aloft the mighty British spear;
 And at their feet the shatter'd flags of France,
 Her captive Eagles, and her broken lance!
 Thus shall Britannia's Monarch ever be
 Renown'd on ev'ry shore, and lord of ev'ry sea!

April 9, 1811.

SCARCITY OF SILVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[April 11.]

SIR,

THE want of change, not merely in the metropolis, but throughout the kingdom, has created such alarming inconvenience, that it has become necessary to adopt some means to remedy it. It has been suggested, that the Bank should issue five-and-twenty shilling, thirty shilling, and thirty-five shilling notes. This would diminish, but by no means remedy, the inconvenience. It is sincerely to be hoped another scheme, said to be in contemplation, will never be realized—I allude to the projected plan of an issue of ten shilling and five shilling notes. This would be the consummation of the *papier maché* system, and would form a base for the statue of that great man, now no more, who so strenuously in 1797 advocated the freedom of the (Bank of England) press.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written to the contrary, the Bank paper is most certainly depreciated. Under these circumstances metallic money *must* disappear from circulation: some will hoard it in their closets, in the hope a still greater nominal value will be put upon it; others will melt it in their crucibles; others will sell it at an enormous premium for exportation. Those who have recently left England for the Continent will not forget how unconscionably the Jews at Portsmouth and Plymouth charged them for

for dollars. In these different ways the whole circulating metallic medium will in a few months be withdrawn from circulation, to the ruin of many, and the very great inconvenience of all.

The same mischief, springing from the same cause, existed in Ireland. The great man, now no more, waved his paper wand over the Bank of Ireland, and the phantom of Over-issue immediately made its appearance. All the mint-money first was withdrawn: to remedy this deficiency, all the bad halfpence, which for years had been deposited as condemned raps in the garrets of the shopkeepers, were brought down stairs, made into rouleaus, and thus circulated. This, however, could not last long; and several barrels of Birmingham shillings were imported, which answered the purpose tolerably well for three weeks, till the gilding was worn off; they then rested in the pockets of those who had imprudently taken them as value. The people then began to grumble, *as the English people are grumbling now*, and exclaimed, that, as the over-issue and consequent depreciation of the Bank-paper was the cause of the evil, it was absolutely incumbent on the Bank to apply some remedy. The Irish Bank did, *as I trust the Bank of England will now do*, take the case of the public into their serious consideration; and, after some speeches, about as eloquent as Mr. Randle Jackson's, and some pamphlets, about as clear as Mr. Wilson's, they bought up the Birmingham shillings which had lost their gilding, melted the mass, and recoinced and reissued it in the form of two-and-sixpenny, ten-penny, and five-penny pieces, bearing the impress of the Bank, with a promise of its being always exchangeable at their counter for paper. To something like this expedient the Bank of England *must* have resort; *they must harmonize their system*—as they have given an ideal value to their paper, by stamping certain characters

racters upon it, they must give an ideal value to the pieces of money denominated crowns, half-crowns, and shillings, by which its currency is effectuated, through the medium of a coin under their sanction, and exchangeable for their paper, so base that all temptation to melt it will be removed, and so *peculiarly bad*, that it can be only circulated throughout the country and the metropolis. This is the only rational hope of cure under the circumstances—and if you deem the plan of consequence enough to obtain a place in your columns, you shall have further details on the subject from your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TINKER.

EPIGRAM.

[From the British Press, April 11.]

AT a damsel, whose manners were formal and cold,
My satirical friend oft would banter and scold;
And when to a Rose the sweet maid I compar'd,
“Then, by G—, she’s a *Prim Rose*,” the railer declar’d.

TEUTHA.

AN AFFECTING EPISTLE,

FROM FADYEEN, IN LONDON, TO HIS FATHER PAT, IN
DUBLIN, ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

[From the Morning Herald, April 13.]

“Honi soit qui mal y pense,”

IT’s a letter you’d have now, is that what you’d say?
Well, I’ll write you a true one, but in my own way:
You would know ’bout the Prince; no one dare touch
hair of him;
Bad luck to Hygeia if she don’t take care of him.
His Highness hath had a magnificent lever,
When placemen and flatterers flew in a bevy,
Like plovers in Munster: the *Outs* and the *Ins*.
Scamper’d up stairs in groups, and kick’d each other’s shins;
Then

Then they bow'd to the earth, and so low, 't was surprising,
 Just as Persians will worship the Sun when it's rising.
 Than some slaver'd his hand, with deceit in their eyes;
 But show me the boney, I'll show you the flies!
 Now the morn of that day was at first overcast,
 But the rains were *put off* till the cavalcade past:

Common Councilmen met t' other day in the city,
 To sustain the true Prince, when some arguments witty
 Were rais'd and enforc'd both by W——n and Q——n,
 Who rose up to knock down political sin;
 One's an Irishman, daddy, and gave them some noise for it,
 He breach'd Latin by quarts, but you know we're the boys
 for it;

Though their foes would admit their irrefutability,
 Yet they prated from spite, as boys spit in hostility;
 There were two Master D——ns, who kept famous shops,
 They are both sleek and comely, though fatten'd on slops,
 Who thought the Prince fitted by nature to lead 'em,
 Yet they thought some *restrictions* would further his freedom:
 But all parties agreed that his heart's big as any,
 And to save poor Britannia he'd spend his last penny.
 One affirm'd (but 't was envy) that *Tartlet* was like
 'The man who would wound, but was fearful to strike';—
 For he said, then he qualified, frown'd; and grew hot,
 And now he would grant it, and now he—would not;
 Till the dealer in dowlas blaz'd forth like the sun,
 Then the mist was dispell'd, and the Sophist was done,
 While Gog and Magog, with a true civic fire,
 Drank "The Prince and Great Britain" in Whitbread's entire.

When they'd made the Address, and had cramm'd it with
 point,

Full as plums in a pudding, they sat to appoint
 How the Corporate Body should move to Pall Mall
 In a manner becoming themselves; when it fell
 To the lot of the Mayor to be jogging on first,
 And the Aldermen follow'd, as Aldermen must;
 Clubbing testers apiece, t' elude credit's reproach,
 Common Councilmen went, seven deep, in a coach;
 With ideas, or beef, in each ponderous nob,
 A most brilliant, delectable, *maxarine* mob!

As they crept up the staircase towards the state room,
 The noses of three smelt a turtle-fraught fume,
 That came, like strong odours, from Carlton House kitchen;
 When, craz'd by an incense so rich and bewitching,
 They were slinking towards the state cooks to implore 'em,
 When the Shrives seiz'd the *gourmands*, and drove them
 before 'em.

While, with measure emphatic, their worthy Recorder
 Read the Prince *his first lesson*, they all kept in order:
 Though some say the C——r scratch'd 'neath his wig,
 And P——l redden'd, and B——t look'd big.
 But when it was over they rush'd tow'rd's the throne,
 To pay their obedience, soul, body, and bone;
 Where the Patriot sat, so benignant, so gay,
 Beaming pleasure and hope, like a Midsummer's day!
 Father Pat, it would do your heart good, do ye see,
 If you could but peep at him, on state-days, like me;
 While Dignity sits, with plain Truth, on his crest,
 Politeness and Mercy inhabit his breast.

I've been told, but the tale is a tissue of fun,
 That they tie up his legs, then invite him to run;
 That they've thrown him large handfuls of power invidious,
 But to give *gen'rous rights* had been truly fastidious!
 That they've ask'd him to sit at the head of the seat,
 But then they've denied him the power to eat!
 He may flog the whole crew, and endanger the ship,
 But he must not allow them one toothful of flip.

I'm inform'd there are some who're afraid that His
 Highness
 Should be civil to you, that's the cause of their shyness,
 Because you have sent for the *Pope* (so they say);
 And have ta'en him a lodging upon the *blind Quay*;
 Where his name's on the door, and they say you'll soon
 find it,

But you'll use patent optics *because* it's behind it.
 Old John H——n swore, t' other day, in a pother
 (For I heard it from one who heard it from another),
 Should the Pope get in Dublin, he'd certainly swallow
 All the *Church* at one gulp, and the *State* would soon
 follow;

That the De'il would ride rough-shod through Lincoln and London,

And the Bank be *whereas'd*, and poor Hymen be undone;
And John Bull gorges all these predictions presumptive,
As the sick gobble buttermilk when they're consumptive.

Methought, as I slept t'other night (I'd been vapoury),

A large Lady came to me in fine azure drapery;

With an anchor she held in her fist by a rope,

And a *bouquet* of *shamrock*, she call'd herself *Hope*.

"What d'ye want?" I bawl'd out, when I saw her eyes
glisten;

When she said, "*Pat, nae locklish*, but sit still and listen:

Now *Shelah*, at length, may expect Nature's dower;

Now *Erin* may smile that a Patriot hath power:

Let her provinces gladden! Bid *Leinster* beware;

And *Connaught* be temperate, and *Munster* forbear:

Let bold, fecund *Ulster* draw bliss from her doom,

While Honour and Industry sing at their loom;

For her sons shall enjoy what the Zealots denied her,

And Love loose those bands with which Prejudice tied her;

As the harp of her Minstrel shall sound from the hills,

And each breeze catch the stanza that Gratitude wills;

Till Napoleon mourns that such joy is before us,

While the Virtues and Loyalty join in the chorus."

April 1st, 1811,

FADYERN.

Next door to the Griffin and
Tooth-ach, in Little Britain.

P. S. I am now in the *doldrums*; but when I get better,
I will send you by post t'other half of this letter.

On the seventeenth ult. all the sons of Saint Pat

Din'd together to honour the day, and all that;

When Benevolence sparkled around the huge table,

And each gave to Charity what he was able:

Then the song went around, and the glee and the toast,

And each strove to prove who should love Ireland most;

Till the skylight was wet with the dews of the eve,

And sober Discretion jogg'd Mirth by the sleeve!

Poor Richard can't fashion his means to his ends;

But you know Dick's a wit, and a wit hath no friends.

Tell the Widow Muldowney, I'm here till I die,
 She's got a snug farm, you know, just near *Athy*;
 Lord E——y once told me she's worth a *Jew's* eye!

SCARCITY OF SILVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[April 17.]

SIR,

I AM sure, if that worthy man George Fisher, accountant, the well-known author of the *Young Man's best Companion*, were alive, he would in his questions for exercise have introduced the following:—"If a light guinea be worth in paper currency *1l. 4s. 3d.* what is a heavy guinea worth in the same currency?" Answer, *1l. 4s. 6d.*" When the little boy, after a great deal of puzzling, had made out the answer, I think I see the venerable George Fisher mildly chucking his pupil under the chin, and thus addressing this decimal fraction of a tradesman's large family:—"My dear Bobby, this sum is only to be worked on a slate, from whence it can be readily spunged off; but you must not enter it into your sum-book, because, my dear Bobby, though right by the *rule of three*, it is wrong by the *rule of fact*; a heavy guinea is worth but *1l. 1s.* in the paper currency."—"But one pound one!" exclaims Bobby; "why, I *multiplied* the third by the second, and *divided* by the first, and the answer came out *1l. 4s. 6d.*"—"Ah! but, my dear Bobby," replies George Fisher, "the bankers have so *multiplied* the paper, and so *divided* their *bonusses*, that in this instance the common rules of arithmetic are entirely violated; yea, the very intrinsic value of things is changed; for, lo! a *light guinea* is more valuable, with reference to Bank-notes, than a *heavy guinea*; for the light guinea you can get *1l. 4s. 3d.* and for the heavy guinea but *1l. 1s.*"—"This is very strange," says

says Bobby; "I'll tell my father of it."—"Your father knows it already."—"But why don't people sell their heavy guineas, and get 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* for them?" rejoins Bobby. "They are prevented by an Act of Parliament."—"But is it not very absurd that an Act of Parlia——" ment, he would have said, had not George Fisher ordered him to go to his seat, and leave the mysteries of the Mint to the *Clerk of the Meltings*.

But of guineas let us not speak; it is a tale of other times. With the *Bank of England* we may well exclaim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; that is, *Of the deceased there is no vestige but the Bonus*: the amount of that indeed, and the immense rise in the value of Bank Stock, are the *legacies* which *guineas* bequeathed to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, when they expired in the year 1797. Within the space of thirteen years from that period, the marketable value of 100*l.* Bank Stock has risen from something less than 128*l.* to very near 280*l.*; the dividend has been increased from 7 to 10 per cent.; and bonuses, to the amount of 32 per cent. have been distributed among the Proprietors.

I see you have published (p. 170) my humble suggestions upon the *want of change*; and here, that they may have a chance of being read by *all parties*, let me clearly explain, that, under the expression *want of change*, there is not the slightest allusion to the removal of the Honourable Spencer Perceval from his situation of Clerk of the Meltings, or of any other, the slightest, alteration in the Ministry. By *change*, I strictly wish to be understood, to mean *crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences*, which have now nearly, and in the course of a few weeks will altogether, disappear. The remedy I have proposed is not, like the sinking-fund, founded upon theory, but has been *actually* carried into execution in the *Sister Kingdom*; and I

am certain that the Directors of the Bank of Ireland, who have been indefatigable in their endeavours to buy up all the bad shillings and recoin them, *pro bono publico*, into twopenny-pieces, will readily communicate with their brethren of the Bank of England on this interesting subject, send them samples of their farrago, lend them their die; and, as Mr. Davy may not have any test to ascertain it; reveal the extreme degree of *baseness* to which they have been obliged to descend in their endeavours to accommodate the Irish public.

At all events, let me deprecate any thing like the issuing of notes *under* one pound: the sufferings of the people in Ireland, particularly the poorer classes, in consequence of such an arrangement, were dreadful. Every petty shopkeeper, become a banker, issued his paper, bought bad goods; and put what price he pleased upon them, certain that his neighbours *must* buy them, because his paper had no currency except from his counter to his till. Oh, no! any thing except five-shilling and two-and-sixpenny notes—rather than that, let the brass pots and kettles, as in the time of James II. be called in, melted, and coined—but no more paper, for the sake of common humanity!

I am now called away to see a very fine ram, upon which, I am informed, Sir John Sinclair is to ride round the hall of the Bank of England, preparatory to his being crowned with a wreath of cancelled Bank-notes: he is then to proceed to the Rotunda, to partake of a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, consisting chiefly of prize meats. A great deal of good singing is expected: Mr. R. Jackson is to favour the company with “Money in both Pockets;” two mermaids have kindly come forward to offer their gratuitous assistance—they are to sit in bathing-tubs, at each side of the President, and have promised to execute some appropriate airs—

“Cease,

"Cease, rude Boreas," and "Water parted from the Sea," Sir John being reseated on his ram. The whole to conclude with a grand chorus in praise of Pitt and pound-notes; in which all the Stock-jobbers, Contractors, Clerks, Directors, and the entire corps *papicritique*, are to join. Medals of the great man, now no more, struck on pasteboard, are to be distributed among the performers, who are to fire a *feu de jete* in honour of his memory; provided the ram be found sufficiently steady to bear the explosion; otherwise it is to be omitted.

I shall resume the subject of the *Scarcity of Silver* at a future period, which, with some other particulars, I shall be happy to communicate to you; meantime I remain

Your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY TINKER.

LINES

ON THE CITIZENS OF PARIS PRESENTING THE SON OF BUONAPARTE WITH A CRADLE, WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE COST A THOUSAND POUNDS.

[From the Morning Post, April 16.]

GOOD Paris Cits, have better thought,
Nor show such want of sense,
In buying *childish* things of nought,
At such a vast expense.

Thy *cradle*, Bolly, proves this truth—
That "wilful waste" abounds:
For, have we not been told, forsooth!
It cost a *thousand pounds*?

But though 'tis made for Boney's son,
Of such expensive stuff—
Not for a *Nap*—a *wooden one*—
Would quite be good enough!

HINTS TO PUNSTERS.

[From the British Press, April 19]

AS a few *light* paragraphs, puns, conundrums, and old or new jokes, have a very good effect at a breakfast-table in the columns of a Morning Paper, we beg leave to offer a few Hints to the Gentlemen employed in manufacturing or reviving those articles:—

HINT 1st. An Epigram ought to terminate in an *stic* point, therefore Gentlemen are wrong in calling those things Epigrams which have no point at all.

HINT 2d. All Witticisms, which have a latent meaning in the writer's own mind, and which it is impossible for the reader to understand, ought to be followed by a glossary, or explanation.

HINT 3d. All foreign languages, French, Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian words, ought to be *done* into English for the benefit of the unlearned.

HINT 4th. All extracts from Joe Miller, the Encyclopædia of Wit, and other jest-books, ought to be given with a reference to the page of the author or compiler whence taken. Otherwise it is a plagiarism; and if worthless (as it will probably be), the blame of original sin is unjustly attached to him who is only guilty of tasteless selection.

HINT 5th. A Rebus ought to be something.

HINT 6th. Rhyme ought to chime.

HINT 7th. It is allowable, for the sake of effect, to put old jests into the mouths of modern personages. This is like putting old wine into new bottles, and creates a burst—of laughter.

HINT 8th. As persons are not obliged to understand the orthoëpy of classical words, you are at liberty to turn and pronounce them as best suits your purpose;

HINTS TO PUNSTERS.

purpose; *ex. gr.* Archipelago may be given in forty-seven different manners.

HINT 9th. Never stick or puzzle for a handful of letters. Spell *ad libitum* as you pronounce.

HINT 10th. To attend to chronology would be a cursed bore, and spoil many a good joke. Geography has the same defect: and, after all, what signifies it, if the story be good, whether we, by mistake, make 1811 the *fifteenth* century, or place Tarentum in Africa?

HINT 11th. Grammar must follow the fate of orthoëpy and orthography. It must bend to your purposes.

HINT 12th. Call all those who do not understand your jokes "*stupid blockheads.*"

These are a dozen of the chief hints that occur on the rowel of the moment—(an example of the what d'ye call it?—substituting a part for the whole—rowel *quasi* spur);—a thousand might be added, were we to take the trouble of thinking about the matter; but as we write for those who never prepare or chastise the mind, we also deem it most expedient to scribble away off-hand!

In the same spirit and manner we proceed to offer a few remarks on the main branch of the trade, namely *punning*; a very copious and fruitful subject, and, like an *attorney's blue bag*, containing nothing, founded on nothing, and aiming at nothing but *equivocation* and *quibble*. The grand sources for a newspaper are the events of the day: Public Meetings, Men's Names, Debates in Parliament, and, above all, Foreign Intelligence. The supremacy of the latter is evident, from the liberties that may safely be taken with the pronunciation of all names of persons, places, and events. Not a town in Portugal but yields plentiful stores to the Punster: not a French General but he can *turn* and *overturn* in any manner or way; not to mention

Vict

Victor vanquished; the pains of Pena; the British Lions in the Isle of Leon; the *soul*-lessness of Soul-(t); and many obvious cognominal puns arising out of the Battle of Barrisa (an *unfortunate battle! liable to no quibble*). The very last dispatches from Portugal abound in notable opportunities for the exercise of this sublime art. How many happy paragraphs, for instance, might be manufactured out of the following example!—

The first stand made by the enemy was at Pombal, not an inapt name for the place where so many *balls* were discharged. We have next the Convent of Alcobaco (Anglice, *All go back-o!*) destroyed in the *retreat*. Then comes General Montbrun, or *Mount Brown*, the commander of the French *cavalry*; then a terrible skirmish, offering a rich pun in the *Cacadores*; and General Erskine, who terrified the enemy into no very *savoury pickle* at the *Sour* (Sour) River. Then we have General Nightingale amusing them with his military *notes* during the pursuit in the *night*. Then the *slaughter* at Miranda de Corva, from the *wonderful multitudes* of crows hovering about to pick the dead Frenchmen's bones. Then we *catch sight* of them at Viseu; cut off *a guard* at Guarda; get *nigh* Marshal Ney, if so pronounced, or, if you pronounce it otherwise, bring him upon his *knee*; obtain the *palm* of victory at Palma; *ram on* to surprise General Ramon; *collect forces* at Portalegre, or *Port-a'-leaguer*; and do a thousand other feats indicated by the places or generals concerned in this warfare.

We might go on *ad infinitum*, but “sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!” We have said enough to encourage obstinate punsters; and enough to furnish prophets with the power of predicting from the past what will be the future fates of the rival armies as they proceed into the interior, or acquire officers of other names. This we may venture to add, that of

Bessy

Jessy Aris (Bessieres), whom we take to be a daughter
 of Governor Aris)—there will be plenty of prisoners
 taken; and if King Joseph be driven from Spain, it
 will be of no avail for him to talk of a Regnier, reign
 or tear!

A PROFESSOR.

NAPPY AND JOEY.

[From the Morning Post, April 19.]

QUOTH Nap to Joe, with face of woe,

“The game is up in Spain;
 Massena's beat, in full retreat,
 And Victor's *dish'd* again.

“O dire mishap, just as Young Nap
 Was christen'd King of Rome,
 At future day, the world to sway,
 As Sovereign Prince alone.

“O d---'d reverse! O fatal curse!

Where's now my boasted name,
 Which I insinuated into my troops with fire,
 To make them fight for me?

and soon I took

ings
 t.”

MO

ONICLE

19

ots and pans,
 pick up these
 are heartily
 ing apprized of
 es, to have (in
 crockery-ware
 made

made of pewter, I am sure our worthy Chancellor of the Exchequer will not persevere, but turn his attention to other sources of supply. I know of many, but will not reveal them, conceiving myself ill-treated in having been recently refused a small sinecure for my nephew, the secretaryship to the society for the discouragement of vice, and the promotion of religion and virtue, about to be established by Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Sidmouth at Botany Bay.

I am, Sir, yours,

TIMOTHY TINKER.

REFLECTIONS UPON CROCKERY,

SUGGESTED BY SOME RUMOURS RESPECTING THE
INTENDED TAXES.

T IS said, to raise the ways and means,
 A tax on tea-pots and tureens,
 Lurks in the corner of the budget—
 Sing Muse, what classes most will grudge it!
 Eaters of turtle soup will grumble,
 As through the "deep profound" they fumble
 For calipash and calipee—
 But folks must pay for luxury.
 But, oh! ye milliners! who toil
 Through cat-gut, tiffany, and foil,
 Ye maids (I speak porticé)
 Of every varying degree,
 Who breakfast, dine, and sup on tea—
 For you I feel affliction true—
 Tea-pots are every thing to you!—
 And shall the Minister attack
 This source of aliment and clack?
 Rather than this, let scandal die,
 And femmes de chambre cease to pry;
 Rather than this, quit tales impure,
 And read the works of Hannah More!—
 But if the mischief ended here,
 I would not drop one sorrowing tear—
 I cannot hide the direful news!
The Chancellor has further views!

The

The fact I'm striving to disclose,
 I had from Croker and from Rose—
 Yorke swears 't is true, and so they say
 Does that thin peer Lord Castlereagh.
 Lord Eldon hesitated long,
 First deem'd it right, then thought it wrong;
 But Redesdale calm'd the tumult wild,
 And Liverpool look'd up and smil'd.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 My guardian angel stand confest,
 For pain and anguish wring my breast!—
 The rankling secret festers there!

Oh, teach me, sweet retiring fair!
 How I may plead your injur'd claim
 To that which awe, and blushing shame,
 Forbid my falt'ring tongue to name.

Oh, had I Fuller's matchless grace,
 Or Doctor Duig'nan's placid face,
 Venting his orthodoxious roar,
The bully of the scarlet whore—
 Or Foster's jokes that always hit,
 Or the Attorney-General's wit;
 Then might I hope, with some applause,
 To sing of that mysterious vase
 Which, by stern Spencer dragg'd to day,
 Must soon th' obnoxious impost pay.

Oh, Spencer! tender once and good,
 (And "used to the *melting* mood,")
 The parent of a numerous brood,
 Who all inclin'd their pretty backs
 O'er what you now, inhuman, tax,
 Why wilt thou raise supplies from that
 Where infancy can smile and chat?

Why vent thy financiering rage
 On the kind refuge of old age?
 Calm meditation's sober friend,
 The solace of our latter end!

Oh!

Oh! why embarrass and perplex,
 Each member of that charming sex,
 To whose dear tenderness we owe
 All we can taste of bliss below,
 Or dream of happiness above?
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love!
 Oh! why at each returning eve
 So many gentle bosoms grieve,
 Or damp the morning's genial ray
 With such a *double* tax to pay?

Oh, Spencer Perceval, take care
 Of meddling with the crockery ware!
 Oh! Spencer, Spencer! dread the fate
 Of Twiss, before it be too late.

Indignant potters will portray

Thy visage on the ductile clay;

While every little titt'ring miss

(*In this place there is a small hiatus.*)

Will call thee, Spencer, Dicky Twiss!

Thee, on whose mellifluous tongue

Enraptur'd placemen fondly hung;

Thee, fill'd with the sophistic lore

Of that great statesman *now no more*;

Thee, the dispenser of each grace,

Who smil'st a pension here, there nodd'st a place!

But no, it cannot be; each sex, each age

Forbid the deed—man's pride and woman's rage!

Hence! hence! I say; avaunt! unreal mockery!

Spencer will never lay a tax on crockery.

THE POOR POET'S CONFESSION.

TIME—*Sunset.* SCENE—*A Garret in Grub Street. The Poet seated on a Joint-stool, in a desponding Mood.*

[From the British Press, April 20.]

I DO not seek a deathless name,
 I do not pant for classic fame—
 Let others claim the barren bays,
 A poor reward for heav'n-born lays!

A being

A being I, of earthly breed;
 Of *meat* and *drink* stand more in need.
 Alas! we poets seldom feed!
 Why talk of *laurel leaves* to me?
 Be mine thy *fragrant leaf*, O *tea*!
 Thy fount, Pieria, though divine,
 Inspires not half so well as *wine*!
 Fools prate of Pegasus, but I
 Would choose a horse to *walk*, not *fly*!
 I hate your *castles in the air*,
 And mere *imaginary fare*.—
 Surely on *earth* content I'd find,
 Had I but *lodgings* to my mind—
 Some money-making scheme to follow,
 And worship Plutus, not Apollo!
 Gods! could I but that wish obtain,
 I'd never court the Muse again!
 No! spite of all her noise and strife,
 I'd *cut the Nine*; and seek—a *wife*!

N.

DEPRECIATION OF BANK NOTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[April 20.]

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to promulgate a discovery, *at the present moment*, I will venture to say, of the very *first* consequence, and which has eluded the observation of the battalion of pamphleteers who have been latterly scribbling on the subject—in one word, Sir, I propose, in our present dearth of *gold*, a *coinage of Platina*: this valuable metal is more ponderous than gold, and very nearly as ductile; its superiority in weight I have estimated by a series of interesting experiments, and find it exactly equal to the excess in *heaviness* of Mr. Gloucester Wilson's pamphlet over Sir John Sinclair's. I now merely throw out this hint for the consideration

of

of Members of both Houses during the recess; by the time that business commences, I shall have ready *my pamphlet* on this important subject, being a *brief* exposition of *my* ideas in 1136 octavo pages.

I remain, yours, sincerely,

T. T.

ON THE NEW HIPPODROME IN COVENT GARDEN.

[From the same, April 22.]

Mutandus locus est, et diversoria nota
Præciagendus equus. HORACE, 15TH EPISTLE.

WHO will say that the laws are no longer in force,
Recorded in metamorphosean fable,
Since our manager 's rais'd to a master of horse,
And our theatre sunk to a livery stable?

When beggar'd they hit on this plan, we are told,
To jockey the town, and in *clover* to revel;
But now they are mounted, like beggars of old,
Or Blue Beard himself, they will ride to the devil.

O ———, the centaur, sage Houyhnhym elf!
Henceforth who will care for thy classic revivals?
Rowe, Congreve, and Otway may sleep on the shelf;
Their brains are kick'd out by their quadruped rivals.

Though Shakspeare may frown in your hall in disdain,
You may laugh (if you can) without qualms or remorse;
He swore all the world was a stage, and 't is plain,
No stage in the world can go on without horses:

Where'er with four legs *native talent* is bless'd,
The manager's patronage doubly is due;
It goes twice as far, and has twice as much zest,
As where the dull rascals have only got two.

Away with the pit! turn it into a ring;
Thalia, Melpomene, joining the hoax,
Shall gallop in grand tragi-comedy swing,
While ——— is cracking his whip and his jokes.

Don't

Don't cough and take snuff, Sir, and drag out each word,
 Like bottles lugg'd up from some hollow old bin;
 Sing, tumble, cut capers, be seen, felt, and heard,
 And tip us Grimaldi's auricular grin.

In wisely attempting our stages to make
 Of riding, not morals, the properest schools,
 Mr. Merryman's part it is fit *you* should take,
 The last of our actors;—the first of our f—ls.

H.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

[From the same, April 23.]

A CURIOUS mistake occurred at Mr. ———'s levee the other morning at Covent Garden. A gentleman was shown into the presence, whose object was to treat about an engagement for his daughter; but as, about this hour, a horse-dealer had been appointed to call, the manager, whose head runs very much at present upon his stud, mistook one for the other, and began, by asking the father of *Melpomene*, "How old is she?"—"Sixteen last May, Sir."—"Oh, she's *aged* then, and won't do for the *hard* work: pray is she quiet?"—"Perfectly: I never knew a gentler creature."—"Has she been long in town?"—"I only brought her up with me a week ago from East Grinstead."—"Has she been properly handled?"—"Mr. Thelwall has given her some lessons."—"Has she ever been between the pillars?"—"Sir, I don't understand you."—"Well, well, no matter; if your terms are moderate, I dare say we shall not differ."—"Sir, that I leave entirely to yourself; she is below, shall I bring her up to you?"—"Bring her up?"—"Oh no! (smiling;) give her to my groom, he'll put her into a stall, till I come down to look at her."—"Into a stall, Sir!"—"Yes, Sir, into a stall, to be sure; and as you say she is quite gentle, and I presume *perfectly sound*, I am determined to try her myself. My friend Morton is

writing

writing a melo-drame, in which I am to perform ; and I am determined, should we close the bargain, *to make my entrée upon her back !*"—"Upon her back!—upon my daughter's back, Sir! Sir, do you mean to affront me?"—"Sir, I beg ten-thousand pardons; but don't you come from the Cumberland Mews?"—"No, I came from East Grimstead."—"With a mare?"—"No, with my daughter."—"Got by Skyscraper out of Andromache?"—"No, she is the first-born of my own and my ever-lamented wife Mary Muggins's loins."—"Bless my soul, Sir, I have been betrayed into a great mistake—but I am glad we happened to be alone—(solemnly taking a pinch of snuff)—*such meetings should be private.*"

ON MASSENA BEING SENT TO PORTUGAL TO DRIVE THE ENGLISH ARMY INTO THE SEA.

[From the Morning Post, April 23.]

WE're told that Massena to Portugal came,
To conquer the English—and add to his fame.
The tyrant, at parting, pronounc'd this decree—
"Go! drive mi Lord Vellington into de sea!"
With humble respect from the room he retir'd,
His heart with such glorious conquest was fir'd.
The table's now turn'd—and folks plainly may see,
Not My Lord—but Massena, 's driv'n into the sea.
9th April, 1811.

VIATOR.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the same, April 25.]

THE French, in military terms,
Have made a great improvement;
What once was call'd retreat or flight,
Is only *now* a movement.

Such movements may they oft renew,
While Britons, what their arms can do.

Close

Close following, make them feel;
 Be this the war-whoop, as they fly,
 Or Wellington, or Graham's cry—
 No *fire*, my lads, but *steel*.

JOHN BULL.

MELPOMENE'S WILL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 25.]

MELPOMENE late
 Had a pain in her pate,
 Her body was all in a tremble;
 Her silence she broke,
 Then sobbing bespoke
 Her sable factotum John Kemble.

"I give and devise
 My tears and my sighs,
 My racks, mighty bravos to humble;
 My poison and scrolls,
 My daggers and bowls,
 In trust to the following jumble:

"My sighs turn to neighs,
 To litter my plays,
 To gee-ho my tragedy speeches;
 My bowls made for slaughter,
 To buckets of water,
 My buskins to brown leather breeches.

"Desdemona forlorn,
 With a sieve-full of corn,
 Shall soften the rage of Othello;
 His jealousy check
 With a pat on the neck,
 And whisper 'So ho, my poor fellow.'

"In hiring my actors,
 In spite of detractors,
 Don't look to their features or eyeballs;
 Ne'er guide your selection
 By voice or complexion,
 But give a high price for the pye-balls."

Melpomene

Melpomene died,
 John Kemble replied,
 " I like the experiment vastly ;"
 So booted and spurr'd,
 He now trots in the herd
 Of Merryman, Parker, and Astley.

THE TEMPLE OF RAGS.

[From the same, April 26.]

IN deep recess, where marks yon gloomy dome,
 With rival frown, the civic monarch's home,
 Where turtle steams the daily crowds regale,
 That meet to settle trade's unsteady scale,
 The tatter'd goddess high enthron'd appear'd,
 Her tawdry robes with inky streaks besmear'd :
 In mimic pomp a tinsel crown she wore—
 Her magic hand a paper sceptre bore.
 Oft round the hall with conscious joy she gaz'd,
 Where lying rags in piles immense are rais'd ;
 And urging still her busy children's toil,
 Rewards their labours with a nation's spoil.
 While inwards rushing from a hundred doors
 Unnumber'd vot'ries spread their varied stores,
 With clamour strange, her potent spells admire,
 When all to rags is chang'd at her desire.
 Nor less she feels and pays their zealous care,
 Who pour the ready rags to open air,
 Where anxious thousands seize the faithless store,
 And hug their paper 'stead of surer ore.

As thick as tempests drive the desert sand,
 Now paper show'rs o'erwhelm the fated land.
 Their humble fortunes, gain'd by years of care,
 Despairing thousands see dissolv'd in air.
 Wives, children, all now driven from their cell,
 The long, long list of ghastly paupers swell.
 Th' uncertain scene fair honest commerce flies ;
 A gambling herd in room of merchants rise.
 For rags, the hearts of grateful voters burn,
 And gen'rous members gain the wish'd return.

The

The devil's work 's far easier than of old ;
 No longer forc'd to bait his hooks with gold,
 Now knaves, for rags, their souls and country sell,
 And Nick, with joy, more crowded finds his hell.

Their fatal toils the paper-crew prolong,
 A dread Report at length confounds the throng ;
 A rag half-finish'd trembling in her hand,
 Sudden the goddess calls her frighten'd band.
 " The foe," she cries, " attempts our reign to end ;
 Rouse, rouse, my sons—our gainful sway defend.
 What blessings, tell, uncertain rags uphold ;
 What ills unheard of, spring from steady gold !
 To industry what powerful motives grow,
 When melt its hard-earn'd fruits like vernal snow !
 When labour's hopes no more its pains assuage,
 Nor toil of youth secures the ease of age !
 No more our comforts, wealth, and power we draw
 From native vigour nurs'd by equal law :
 To rags alone we trace our happy state ;
 Meat, drink, and clothing, magic rags create.
 Lands, houses, all, our wond'rous rags bestow,
 Domestic plenty, safety from the foe ;
 Triumphant Germans, bless the glorious hour
 Your paper sav'd you from Napoleon's power.

" Gold tempts invasion ; bless'd with paper stores,
 What mad invader would assail our shores ?
 Rags, rags alone, afford the sure relief ;
 With empty pockets we defy the thief.
 No raging thirst within his bosom glows,
 To crush these isles that still his plans oppose,
 That from his grasp the world's great prize withhold,
 No ! his ambition aims at bits of gold !
 Nor is it gold the caitiff would purloin,
 He longs for nothing but our gold in coin !
 Oh, thought sublime ! To save a sinking state
 Melt coin to bars, or else convert to plate.
 Vile guineas banish, and his schemes you mar—
 He loves our guineas more than ships of war !

" Forbear, my sons, with principles to rack
 Your muddy noddles, but assail with fact.

Facts unexplain'd are manag'd still with ease,
 Turn any way, and prove whate'er you please :
 With partial facts then make your enemies stare,
 Ye know not whence they come, nor how they bear.
 Be partial facts in wild disorder us'd ;
 To puzzle others, be yourselves confus'd.
 Of clear deduction fly the dang'rous goal,
 Avoid great views, and ne'er display the whole.
 Dull facts, alas ! with principles agree ;
 And such, my sons, are not for you and me.
 Thus haply furnish'd, show with skill profound,
 An oblong bar, not worth itself, when round :
 Face demonstration—prove the dead alive—
 That black is white—that two and two make five.
 Loud 'gainst the foes of loyal paper rave,
 Call, party, traitor, jacobin, and knave ;
 Let fools for nought their country's bruises heal,
 Or prop, in blood-stain'd field, the public weal ;
 Be ours the nobler part, ye paper elves,
 To gull the nation, and enrich ourselves."

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR BRAVE COUNTRYMEN WHO FELL
 ON THE HEIGHTS OF BARROSA, VINDICATING THE
 RIGHTS OF OUR INJURED ALLIES, AND ADVANCING
 THE GLORY OF THE BRITISH ARMS, MARCH 5, 1811.

[From the British Press, April 26.]

PEACE, peace to the turf of the slain !
 Their toils and their conflicts are o'er ;
 Of the bugle the soul-stirring strain
 Shall resound in their battles no more.
 The strength of the bravest hath fail'd
 On thy heights, O Barrosa ! afar ;
 In the tombs that proud vict'ry entail'd,
 Sleep the sons of the mighty in war.
 Their voices shall never be heard
 At the grim-setting watch of the night ;
 The shadow of death is their guard,
 And silent their camp on the height.

They

They liv'd by their country ador'd,
 Fear'd by those 'neath the tyrant's command,
 Who tremble at liberty's sword
 In a Briton's invincible hand.

They fell 'mid the shouts of the brave;
 Like the bright setting glories of day,
 While vict'ry's broad banner did wave
 O'er the fields where the warriors lay.
 From the foe the proud trophy they won;
 That boast let the tyrant forego;
 His eagle, that soar'd to the sun,
 'Neath the standard of Freedom lies low.

Kind Muse, who so often hast strung
 The harp of green Erin with praise,
 Oh! let not her sons be unsung,
 Who fell in the battle's bright blaze.
 Peace, peace to the souls of the slain!
 Their toils and their conflicts are o'er;
 They rest on the hills of their fame,
 To mix in the battle no more.

Glasgow, April 18, 1811.

W. Y.

THE CIRCUS VERSUS COVENT GARDEN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 29.]

• Haud secus exarsit quam Circo taurus aperto. OVID.
 As pleas'd as John Bull when the Circus is open'd. Free Translation.

THOUGH Kemble and Elliston change their pursuits,
 Their actors are at their old habits again;
 The men at the Circus still acting like brutes,
 The brutes at the theatre acting like men.

To say Covent Garden's most vulgar, is malice;
 Its muse is a well-bred equestrian wench;
 The Stable Yard surely is near the King's Palace,
 The Circus, as surely, is near the King's Bench.

Then, Kemble, continue your four-footed fun,
 'T is the taste of the public, not yours, that is base;
 The Muses, or Pyeballs, to you 't is all one—
 You get all the money, they all the disgrace.

When Betty, and Modie, and brats, were the rage,
 To thousands of noodles they lisped out their story;
 Your infantry drove common sense from the stage,
 And why should not cavalry share in the glory?
 While you hear the cash rattle, be deaf to their din;
 The sense of the public all folly surpasses;
 They pay and abuse, while you laugh, Sir, and win;
 They smile at the horses, and you at the asses, H.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

BEING ask'd, "Why in England we've paper for gold?"
 A satirical jade, who let nothing escape her,
 Gave an answer at once both convincing and bold—
 "Where there's plenty of rags, there is plenty of paper."
Quiz.

INTENDED DEVICE FOR AN ILLUMINATION.

[From the same, April 29.]

AMONG' the *expected illuminations* through the town, none, according to report, are to be more brilliant than those preparing for exhibition at the *Bank of England*. A large sun is to surmount the grand entrance, surrounded by many smaller stars, emblematic of the *paper system*. One great luminary, the *national bank*, in the centre, and its tributary planets, the *country banks*, revolving round it, some of them in orbits *so eccentric*, as to give a lively idea of *insolvency*—the various transparencies are executed with a spirit and ingenuity that do infinite credit to the talents of the different artists. A colossal portrait of Mr. Pitt on silver paper, is much talked of; *the feet* rest on the shoulders of the Directors, who are represented *kissing them with the utmost devotion!* *the head terminates in a kite.* In another compartment are

are the signs of the zodiac brilliantly coloured—Sir John Sinolair is mounted on Aries, who is represented as galloping *backwards*; Mr. G. Wilson holding up his tail—motto, *Abstract currency*. Lord Castlereagh was so condescending as to sit for Virgo; and the likeness is said to be striking. *Libra* is properly omitted, *as there are no more guineas to weigh*; and the partnership is dissolved between Gemini (as the Papists split one of the commandments), to complete the number of the signs, and atone for the necessary omission. To enumerate all the *devices*, would be an endless task: suffice it to say, that in splendour, taste, and magnificence, if this *illumination* has ever been equalled, it has never been, nor ever will be, surpassed.

=====

EPIGRAM ON THE RETREAT OF MASSENA.

[From the General Evening Post, April 30.]

MASSENA, Fortune's favourite son,
Swore he would make the Britons run;
And did so—How?—Refrain from laughter—
He ran away, and they ran after.

OWEN AP HOEL.

=====

VERSES WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

AFTER THE FUNERAL OF

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX,

OCT. 10, 1806.

By Samuel Rogers, Esq.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
Mark where the small remains of greatness lie *.

* Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur, &c.
Bossuet, Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon,
There

198 VERSES WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

There sleeps the dust of him for ever gone,
How near the scene where once his glory shone !
And though no more ascends the voice of prayer,
Though the last footsteps cease to linger there,
Still, like an awful dream that comes again,
Alas, at best, as transient and as vain,
Still do I see (while through the vaults of night
The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite),
The moving pomp along the shadowy aisle,
That, like a darkness, fill'd the solemn pile;
The illustrious line, that in long order led,
Of those that lov'd him living, mourn'd him dead ;
Of those, the few, that for their country stood
Round him who dar'd be singularly good ;
All, of all ranks, that claim'd him for their own ;
And nothing wanting—but himself alone † !

Oh ! say, of him now rests there but a name ;
Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame ?
Friend of the absent ! guardian of the dead † !
Who but would here his sacred sorrows shed ?
(Such as he shed on Nelson's closing grave ;
How soon to claim the sympathy he gave !)
In him, resentful of another's wrong,
The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.
Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—
Ah ! who so mighty and so gentle too ?

What though with war the madd'ning nations rung,
"Peace," when he spoke, dwelt ever on his tongue !
Amidst the frowns of power, the tricks of state,
Fearless, resolv'd, and negligently great !
In vain malignant vapours gather'd round ;
He walk'd, erect, on consecrated ground.
The clouds, that rise to quench the orb of day,
Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away !

When in retreat he laid his thunder by,
For letter'd ease and calm philosophy,

† Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que celui .
on les rend. Bossuet, Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bour-

† Alluding particularly to his speech on moving a new writ for
borough of Tavistock, March 16, 1801.

Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
 Where still his godlike spirit deigns to rove;
 Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
 For many a deed long done in secret there.
 There shone his lamp on Homer's hallow'd page;
 There, list'ning, sate the hero and the sage;
 And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
 Whom most he lov'd, and in whose arms he died.

Friend of all human kind! not here alone
 (The voice that speaks, was not to thee unknown),
 Wilt thou be miss'd.—O'er every land and sea
 Long, long shall England be rever'd in thee!
 And, when the storm is hush'd—in distant years—
 Foes on thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears!

THE EXCUSE.

AN EPIGRAM

ON A VERY INDIFFERENT PREACHER, AT A CHURCH NEAR
 HANOVER SQUARE, THE VAULTS OF WHICH ARE CON-
 VERTED INTO WINE-CELLARS.

[From the British Press, May 2.]

THE cellars so stock'd, one would think, might inspire,
 The dullest of parsons with spirit to teach;
 And, seated *below*, not ev'n ——— would tire—
 But, *over* his liquor, he never could *preach*!
April 30.

EQUESTRIAN THEATRICALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[May 2.]

SIR,

AFTER an absence of seven years, being obliged to
 come to town upon business, I went the other
 evening to Covent Garden—the play was *The Gazette*
extraordinary, which, to tell you the truth, about the
 third act, threw me into a sound sleep, from which I

was roused by the clattering of the hoofs of the Princess of Mingrelia's Palfry—you may judge I was; during the rest of the representation of *Timour*, kept broad awake, by the bray of kettle-drums, the galloping of horses, and the clangor of trumpets—this greatly shocked and surprised me who remembered Garrick's time, when a fine tragedy was succeeded by an entertaining farce, and the audience dispersed, not merely *amused*, but I verily believe, *improved*, by the night's entertainment;—but I will confess to you, what still more than the mummary astonished me; was, to behold *the shouting and delirious acclamation* that prevailed, and my hearing many grave men and women exclaim, “*Delightful! charming! wonderful!*” and, in a word, curvet round the whole circus of superlatives with as much alacrity as *Bluebeard's* charger.—This, I own, puzzled me—I went home to my coffee-house, took a tumbler of brandy and water, and still could not solve this phenomenon of bad taste. After a night's rather disturbed rest, in the morning at breakfast, a sort of solution of the difficulty occurred to me, which I beg permission to communicate to you.—*We are becoming a warlike people*, Mr. Editor. We had wars in Queen Anne's time; but then we fought by a *sort of proxy*; but at present the case is different, and the military spirit is diffused from the cot to the throne. Thanks to Buonaparte's threats of invasion, *every man* now is a *soldier*, and therefore naturally becomes enamoured of the “pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war;” and among them “*the neighing steed*,” of course, holds a conspicuous place in his affections—the field of battle is become “familiar to his thoughts;” and from what before he would have turned in disgust, he now contemplates with pleasure. It was just so in Rome—it was not till after the time of Terence, who was the friend of Scipio and Lælius, that the Romans took so violently

violently to *gladiatorial exhibitions*; nor did they prefer them to his comedies, till, like us, they were at war with the whole world. *Cæsar*, in the same feeling of a *martial critic*, blames *Terence* for his want of spirit, and adds a wish, in which, I am sure, as applied to our modern dramatists, every playgoer of the present day heartily joins:

Lenibus atque utinam scriptis, adjuncta foret vis comica.

This spirit-stirring observation of *Cæsar's* is, I am certain, the opinion of every *militia and volunteer colonel* throughout the nation—no wonder then that a body of such weight should have an influence in turning the scale of national taste.

There is another, and a very strong concurring cause for this partiality towards equestrian performers; need I say that I allude to that respectable fraternity called the *Four-in-hand Club*; who, with a laudable veneration for antiquity, are trying, *as far as in them lies*, to revive the glories of the Olympic Games in the exalted characters of *mail-coachmen*: excellent members, not merely of the community, but of *Parliament*, they are preparing themselves to superintend the great scheme of the *Post-office conveyances* (invented by *Mr. Palmer*, who, unfortunately for himself, did not, like *Lord Liverpool*, make his bargain sure), and to obtain a personal knowledge of all the *turnpike and bye roads* in the kingdom.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
And England see her thronging senators,
Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs;
Of bets and taxes learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed or state.

Yes, *Mr. Editor*, it is to the prevalence of the *military spirit* and the *four-in-hand* that I ascribe this passion for *equestrian mummery*; and while I hail the cause,

STROUD

K 5

I cannot

I cannot but say I am heartily grieved at the effects
 But I have already trespassed too long on your time.
 I must now take my leave, and subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

OLIVER OLD TIMES.

THE AGE.

[From the same, May 3.]

HOW arts improve in this aspiring age!
 Peers mount the box, and horses mount the stage;
 While waltzing females, with unblushing face,
 Disdain to dance but in a man's embrace.
 How arts improve, when modesty is dead,
 And sense and taste are, like our bullion, fled!

EPIGRAM,

ON THE VOTE OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON
 TO THE PRINCE REGENT IN A WOODEN BOX.

[From the Morning Post, May 6.]

TO Princely George they give a box of wood,
 Knowing his loyal virtues are not sold;
 But thought a golden one for W——e good;
 For well they knew—the patriot's price was gold.

OWEN AP HOEL.

THE PETITION OF THE ANCIENT AND COMICAL CORPORATION OF FARCES TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC,

HUMBLY SHOWETH,

THAT your Petitioners have a prescriptive right to
 the occupation of the stage next in order to the
 higher and more honourable denominations of the
 dramatic art, Tragedies, Comedies, and Operas.

That, in consequence of this prescription, your Petitioners

tioners did, for many years, enjoy the said privileges unmolested, until the period of the governments of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under R. B. Sheridan, who did thereon tolerate certain Bulls; and of Covent Garden, under Harris and Kemble, who have far exceeded the misdoings of the said Drury Lane; and have most *mummingly* and *mountebankly* introduced divers *horses, tumblers, rope-dancers, and fire-eaters*, on the stage, against the statute of decorum in that case made and provided.

That, in consequence of such introduction, your Petitioners have, for *weeks and months together*, been deprived of their just privilege of amusing the public, while, for a series of *forty*, and sometimes *fifty*, nights, the same despicable display of equestrian abomination has been palmed upon the public, to their great detriment, and to the utter destruction, of your Petitioners.

That your Petitioners, the *legitimate offspring* of the brains of the best writers this country ever produced, feel themselves especially aggrieved, inasmuch as they considered themselves the means, *delectando pariterque mœnendo*, of correcting those levities and follies which were beneath the notice of their respected relations, Thalia and Melpomene; and that they thus acted as gleaners in the fields of absurdity, leaving no head of human absurdity uncultured; and that this their *appropriate and essential use* is *annulled* and rendered *utterly* abortive, by the perseverance of the above Harris and Kemble, in sanctioning, continuing, nay, it would appear *perpetuating*, the prancing of horses on the boards of a regular theatre, to the utter exclusion of your Petitioners.

That your Petitioners have heard, with sincere satisfaction, of the intended motion of Mr. Taylor for a Select Committee, to inquire into the relative advantages and disadvantages of a dramatic monopoly,

in the hands of Paternoes who so utterly misconduct their concerns; and look to the meeting at the Thatched House, lately held to determine upon the erection of a new Theatre, with well-founded hopes, that, through the intervention of persons of real taste, spirit, and talents, your Petitioners may be recalled from their present exile, and restored to their ancient rights.

Your Petitioners beg leave to say, as for the above-mentioned Sheridan, that, in consideration of his having done credit to their order, by the production of certain most ingenious and amusing afterpieces, they have pardoned, excused, and forgiven him, on the *express* condition that he never more repeats the above-mentioned enormity of bulls: but that Harris and Kemble having, in the *utter barrenness* of their brains, no atonement to offer for their most *unprovoked* and *gothic* attack upon our rights and privileges, we do most *cordially* and *solemnly* condemn the said Harris and Kemble as *recreants* to true dramatic dignity, taste, and feeling, and do esteem them no longer in the illustrious rank of our progenitors, Garrick, Foote, Murphy, and Colman, but consign them to the class of *jockies, stable-keepers, mountebanks, and buffoons*.

That your Petitioners, though they suffered materially by the O. P. war, lament that public indignation *wasted* itself on an object so comparatively *trifling* as the occupation of a few private boxes by a certain description of wealthy idlers, esteeming that mischief, great as it was, *infinitely* inferior to the present endured by your Petitioners, who are, with our excellent and esteemed representatives, Liston, Munden, and other our well-beloved coadjutors, absolutely shut out from the performance of what is not *less our pleasure than our imperative duty*.

That, under these circumstances, your Petitioners do humbly expect that you will, in your wisdom and humanity,

humanity, take such steps in these premises as may relieve your Petitioners from this their distressing predicament, and restore them, and the drama in general, to their proper place, and their appropriate functions. And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever make you laugh.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 6.]

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, May 7.]

NO more the poet's strains engage
Our admiration of the stage;
For there, instead of actors playing,
Nothing is heard but horses neighing,
While they curvet it on each leg;
But none have wings—alas, poor Peg!

Hampstead Heath, May 6.

CIRCULAR ADDRESS TO THE FRIENDS OF
REFORM,

AS PERFORMED BY MAJOR J. CARTWRIGHT,

AT THE SELECT MEETING HELD BY THOSE GENTLEMEN ON
THE 6TH OF APRIL.

A CANTATA:

CONTAINING THE ORIGINAL SENTIMENTS AND LANGUAGE
OF THE CIRCULAR LETTER SINCE DISTRIBUTED AMONG
THE SUPPORTERS OF THAT GOOD OLD CAUSE.

[From the Morning Post, May 8.]

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

AIR—"Sir, prior to the Revolution."—See Address in the
Morning Post of Friday last.

SIR, prior to the Revolution,
Notwithstanding all the teaching
Of our holy Constitution,
Rights from Magna Charta preaching,

Parliament

208 ADDRESS TO THE FRIENDS OF REFORM.

We never have had or have heard of;
 An old constitution that never existed,
 Old rights which our ancestors always resisted,
 And many wise people despaired of.—(*Du Cape.*)

CHORUS.

We'll recover and 'stablish fair Liberty's reign;
 We ne'er had it before—so we'll get it again.

GRAND MOVEMENT.

"Those whose guide is truth," &c.

The men whose guide is truth are the enlighten'd,
 Those who appeal to reason can't be frighten'd;
 We're temperate and moderate, wise and chaste;
 Be just in future, we'll forget what's past.

Fee—faw—fum,

This is the way to tranquillity;
 But falsehood, fraud, force, and oppression,
 In vain hope for any concession,
 Or even for common civility.

MADRIGAL.

"As the beneficial effects," &c.

As nine parts in ten
 Are not Gentlemen,

Of those who attend at our meeting,
 If a few would but come
 To keep up the hum,
 They should not complain of their treating.

Or if even their names,
 To strengthen our claims,
 Would give an eclat to the party,
 Though in person they fail,
 From sickness or jail,
 We'll swear that they're all well and hearty.

Then, Sir, let me put
 Your name at the foot
 Of my list, and believe an old stager,
 If your friends too should come,
 There is plenty of room,
 And I rest your obedient MAJOR.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU

ON THE PRINCE'S ABSENCE FROM THE CEREMONY OF
LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 11.]

AN arch wag has declar'd, that he truly can say
Why the Prince did not lay the first stone t' other day:
The Restrictions prevented—the reason is clear;
The Regent can't meddle in making a pier. T. H.

STATE OF THE COIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[May 13.]

SIR,

I HAVE been lately taking what Mawworm calls an
excrescence into the country, to keep up my in-
terest with my constituents, and prevent any other
candidate from insinuating himself into the repair of
their pots and their frying-pans. It is with sincere
satisfaction that I perceive, on my return, the com-
plete adoption of the schemes proposed in my former
letters, and that my coadjutors the *State Tinkers* (who
are so laudably polishing the *handle* of the *State*
Kettle while they are *boring a large hole in its bottom*)
have so thoroughly entered into and adopted my plans.
No man, though I say it who should not say it, takes
a warmer interest in the welfare of my country than
myself. I never replace the nozzle in the extremity
of a decayed pair of bellows, without glancing at the
hope of a Reform in Parliament; or solder a tin spout
on a dismantled teapot, unmoved by the services of
the Bullion Committee: judge, then, of my rapture at
the adoption of the Irish plan of a *depreciated cur-*
rency, and the oracular words—"a new coinage is
about to be introduced to the public, and directions
have

have been already given at the Mint for the immediate preparation of *silver pieces of coin*, one of which is to pass for three shillings, and the other for eighteen-pence." Mind, Mr. Editor, the precious words—"they are to pass for three shillings and eighteen-pence"—they are not said to be *intrinsically worth three shillings and eighteen-pence*, for then they would follow the gold out of circulation, before perhaps the last of them was issued from the Mint. But they are said to pass for three shillings and eighteen-pence! Here is a stroke of *artificial finance*, worthy of that first of all tinkerly Statesmen, yea even of Pitt himself! And observe too, Mr. Editor, how respectfully the nation is treated in this business—a *new coinage is about to be introduced to the public*: this is quite in the style of a presentation at a drawing-room, or the first appearance of a country cousin of a Ministerial Member of Parliament, who is cringing for a place, at the levee of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is, I must confess, Mr. Editor, with genuine complacency I look upon this *realization of my Irish plan*. The Irish *early* saw the necessity of *marrying* depreciated silver to depreciated paper, which now, like *man and wife*, jog on very *contentedly* together. In England there was a *balance of impediment* in the obstinate prejudices of John Bull, which are at length happily giving way—*his note is changed* as well as *depreciated*—he no longer grumbles at the disappearance of guineas, and will pocket these *representatives* of shillings with just as much glee as Perceval pockets any other *Representatives*; and every man will walk about with a Parliament of counter-votes in his purse, in which the alloy will universally obtain a *dead majority*.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. TINKER.

HORACE,

HORACE, ODE XXII.

Vili potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis.

[From the same.]

TO J. P. KEMBLE, ESQ.

COME, Kemble, thou chivalrous wight,
And tippie my humble Brown Stout;
'T was bottled and seal'd on the night
When Timour the Tartar came out.

The Theatre set up a bawl
On seeing his cream-colour'd hobby,
That made Shakspeare shake in the hall,
And startled the Muse in the lobby.

Thalia, Melpomene—shrews!
A fig for their Ladyships' ire;—
Half your stage is already a Mews,
I offer you *Meux's* Entire!

H

 THE LONG-EARED REFORMERS.

A FABLE.

[From the Morning Post, May 14.]

THAT Asses once could speak we know,
In history 't is recorded so;
And that shrewd beast which *Balam* rode,
Who stopp'd to gossip with his load,
Had a most numerous progeny
(Although we've lost the pedigree),
Who long surviv'd to rail and chatter
On whate'er chanc'd to be the matter.

Once on a time a general meeting
Was call'd for speaking and for eating;
At which these sages rose to prate,
And talk about affairs of State.
They held their meeting in a cavern
(To them a sort of London Tavern).

In

In which secure they thought to say
 Whatever they might have to pray.
 Their leaders wish'd to raise a storm,
 By bawling out, "Reform, Reform!!!"

An Ass they call'd "Black Bob" began—
 "Too long we've borne the yoke of man;
 'Tis time that we should let him see
 That British Asses will be free:
 Our ancestors, who yielded first
 To bear his loads, were not so curst
 As we are now; nor did they think
 Their sons the bitter cup would drink,
 Which we, though writhing with the pain,
 Are to the dregs compell'd to drain.
 Then let us, oh! my friends, unite,
 And make the Tyrant feel our spite."

A visitor, who now came in,
 Who might have boasted nobler kin,
 Here rose: but while they view'd his phiz,
 'T was thought he only meant to quiz.
 A sneer he hastily repress'd,
 And thus the long-ear'd throng address'd:
 "My friends, you're treated with neglect,
 Some change we somehow must effect;
 Things as they are will never do,
 For I am dish'd as well as you.
 Did you, O Donkies! know your strength,
 All you desire you'd gain at length;
 Be but unanimous as warm,
 And who will dare refuse Reform?
 I to the last will by you stand,
 And they shall find in me a *Brand*;
 Who tear me from you in my ire,
 A *flaming Brand* pluck'd from the fire."

An Ass, well known upon the town,
 A stupid Ass, whom they call'd *Brown*,
 Who late had serv'd a certain Dame,
 To whom he ow'd his well-earn'd fame
 (She gave him *Villain* for his name),
 Now rose to speak; but soon the elf
 Forgot Reform—spoke of himself;

And,

And, thoughtless of the nation's cares,
 Talk'd only of his own affairs.
 Upon this subject long he dwelt,
 And spoke as if indeed he felt.
 At last he swore, that in the strife
 With power he'd boldly risk his life.
 He paus'd—a horse or donkey laugh
 Prov'd he had said too much by half.

A grave old hack, whose lengthen'd years
 Bore some proportion to his ears,
 On his hind-legs, before the host
 Now stood, and seem'd a grizzled ghost.
 This venerable Ass, 't is said,
 Had long since made Reform his trade;
 He'd borne a *Cartwright's* burdens long,
 Reform his object and his song.
 And now he rose to urge to action
 The long-ear'd patriotic faction:
 "Donkies," he cried, "hear what I say—
 Ere you could either snort or bray,
 I sought, with public spirit warm,
 A full and radical Reform;
 And now I'm old enough to be
 Reform's Grand Daddy, as you see.
 Though years ago I had begun,
 And nothing has as yet been done,
 Yet let us not a morsel flinch—
 No! d——e, don't draw back an inch;
 For since each year augments our powers,
 Success must in the end be ours.
 A Revolution must take place,
 And we shall thrive on man's disgrace.
 Then, oh! my heroes, persevere,
 And play the devil without fear;
 Distinctly I will show the way,
 Upon the twenty-third of May;
 When 't is my hope to see you all
 In Moorfields Quarters, or Guildhall."
 Th' assembly thought his counsel good.
 An Ass now rose who carried Wood;

His

His head was but a pond'rous block,
 Well form'd to meet the battle's shock ;
 'T was empty—or 't was full of mud,
 Thence nonsense flow'd a copious flood,
 Fill'd all his friends with rage and shame,
 And e'en disgrac'd the *Asses' name*.
 He now extended wide his throat,
 And rais'd a most harmonious note ;
 But while his powers he thus display'd,
 While still most musical he bray'd,
 The peaceful neighbours, fury heating,
 Hasten'd to end this solemn meeting,
 And give the Orators a beating.
 As swift they ran to beat the cattle,
 As watchmen *fly* when springs the rattle,
 The *Asses' glee* to grief is turn'd,
 The meeting's hastily *adjourn'd*.
 In vain they strive the foe to fly,
 In vain for mercy loud they cry ;
 In vain they wish in this sad hour
 To bolt like *Sly-go* * from the Tower ;
 Each Ass in turn the stick employs,
 Each gets a drubbing for his noise,
 Till weak, exhausted, bruise'd, and sore,
 They think about Reform no more.

MORAL.

Learn hence, ye T——rs, to be quiet,
 And tremble at th' effects of riot.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 14.]

THE Celebration of the *Triumph of Mummery* over
 the legitimate Drama, consummated in the rejection
 of Mr. Mellish's Bill, was commemorated at the
White Horse Cellar last Friday. The Patentees of

* An Ass of some note.

Covent Garden were seated at the top of a *horse-shoe* table, which was filled by the troop of equestrians. Several deputies from the provincial booths were also present: the Hottentot Venus was at a side-table, as the *smell of meat* affects her, being accustomed to live chiefly on *train-oil*. The dinner abounded in all the delicacies of the season: The only novelties were a roasted haunch of a two-year old filly, which Mr. Harris declared in his opinion to be equal to venison, and a fricassee of horse-beans, of which it was observed Mr. Kemble ate a prodigious quantity, upon the principle that they greatly improve the *wind*. The wines were excellent and in profusion, and the utmost hilarity prevailed. Among the toasts we noticed, with particular pleasure, some highly *anti-dramatic* and *appropriate*.—" *Confusion to Shakspeare* " was drank with three times three; " The Four-in-Hand Club, and success to them; "—" May Riding flourish and Plays decay; "—" The Veterinaria, breaking, backing, and biting; "—" The Cause of *still-vaulting* all over the world," &c. &c.—Two or three very ingenious sentiments were added by a fire-eater, whose name we could not learn—" *Monopolizing Patentees, and the Spaniards*;" and " *You may bring a Horse to the water, but you can't make him drink*;" and many others equally good, which memory failed us to record. Upon Mr. Harris's health being drank, that Gentleman got up and returned thanks, but in so low a voice we could with difficulty ascertain what he said.—He adverted with great feeling to the O. P. war, which had considerably *embarrassed* him. He confessed he had long balanced between *tumblers and horses*, as a stimulus to public curiosity, but decided on the latter as the greatest and most monstrous novelty. At this period of Mr. H.'s speech Mr. Sheridan came into the room, dinner being *as usual completely over*; and his health being proposed to be given,

given, he begged for a *short delay*, till he had taken a snack, which was immediately procured: during his repast he conversed with his usual affability with the Hottentot Venus on various topics—the modes of making love and war, and hasty-pudding, in Africa; the size of their Theatres; the merits of their dramatic writers; and the amount of their national debt. To all which she answered in a way which astonished and delighted him. In return, she expatiated on his transcendant abilities, and put into his hands a *manuscript Melo-Drama*, founded on the story of *Aningait and Ajut*, which he, according to *immemorial custom*, put into his pocket, and promised to read the *earliest possible opportunity*. Mr. Kemble's health being now given, he rose, and in a speech, to which it is impossible to do adequate justice, embraced and elucidated a variety of topics.—He treated, with merited contempt, the *squibs* and *crackers* which had exploded against him in the newspapers—they called him *Marshal Neigh*, and sneered at his having confessed that he derived benefit from breathing a *horse-dung atmosphere* on the principles of the *immortal Beudoes*; but supported, as he was, by the good opinion of the respectable society (*hear! hear!*) then present, and particularly distinguished by the countenance of one man, whose praise was fame, he suffered the clamours of the public to pass by him like the idle wind, unregarded—"Yes," said he, "scandal had gone so far as to insinuate that my *predilection* for Horses was such, that, like Lord Monboddos's *original men*, I had determined to let my tail grow, and go on *all fours*—what *then* was the conduct of my dear, my highly-endowed friend?—he got up in the great Council of the Nation, and openly declared the report unfounded, and that I had *all my life* acted, and still intended to act, *on my two legs*. What he further mentioned there on the subject of the *depravity of taste*,

taste, and the *vitiating* of the minds of the higher orders, and their absolutely *calling for* equestrian mummery as a Supplement to the Drama, I can bear ample testimony to, having letters in my possession from no less than five Duchesses, eighteen Countesses, six Bishops' wives, and a great majority of the Ladies of the lower House, *insisting* upon the introduction of Horses." Under these circumstances, and so sanctioned, he declared his determination to persevere, and concluded a most animated speech by proposing the health of Mr. S. who rose amidst the most rapturous acclamations. The particulars of this address neither our limits, nor indeed our talents, allow us to detail; the wing of genius has sometimes such a rapid flight; at one moment skimming the surface like the swallow, and darting with inconceivable quickness at the minutest objects; at another, soaring like the eagle, and drinking intelligence from the fountain of brightness; that labouring attention toils after it in vain. Suffice it to say, that he proved to demonstration, that the public taste was *perverted*, but that no blame on that account was attached to the *Patentees*, who could not *avoid producing* what the public *called for*—the depravation proceeded not from the deficiency or the size of the Theatres, but from the *degeneracy of the day*, from the vice and debasement and dissipation which grew with the increase of wealth, and so vitiated the minds of the *higher orders*, that they had no relish for more refined amusements. It was under this impression that Tobin's charming play of *The Honey-moon* had been so long kept back from the *degenerate* public, and the production of an ingenious female writer recently taken out of the hands of the Acting Manager. After passing some observations on the nature and propriety of dramatic monopolies, he sat down amidst a thunder of applause. At this moment a *deputation* arrived from the Lyceum, requesting

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requesting permission for the *Proprietors and Performers* to walk round the table, to prove that they had not, by an alleged but unfounded report of the desertion of their Theatre, been reduced to a state of *great debility by starvation*. This interesting procession was immediately admitted, on the motion of Mr. Parker; and we are happy to say, that, from the plumpness of the Company, they appear to have lived, during the whole season, under a regimen of very good houses. They all received half a glass of wine and a pinch of snuff apiece from the hands of Mr. Kemble, the Chairman, who congratulated them in very handsome terms on their good looks, and their *recent escape from damnation* in their animated defence of *The Americans*, against whom the public had nearly voted a *non-intercourse bill*. Mr. Astley, senior, was greatly amused at the admirable imitation, by Mr. Mathews, of *the Tailor riding to Brentford*; and Mrs. Bland gave universal satisfaction in the song of the *Horse and his Rider*. The President now retired, and the Chair was taken by Mr. Makeen; nor did the Company disperse till a late hour in the morning. There was a good deal of talk respecting the formation of a Club for the *perpetuation of Horse exhibitions at the regular Theatres*, and some resolutions were proposed; but the plan has not yet assumed a *tangible shape*, as soon as it does, the particulars shall be communicated.

COMMON SENSE VERSUS MUMMERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[May 16.]

SIR,

THE maiden modesty and sweet compliance with which Mr. Kemble, High Priest of Shakspeare, &c. &c. &c. yields to the Equitation of his colleague.

Mr.

Mr. Harris, should not have extorted a single serious remark—such coquetting only deserves a cracker to be tied to its tail; but Mr. Sheridan's opinion must always have weight, and, if *unfounded*, as I *sincerely think, and hope to prove it*, must be proportionably mischievous.

His first position is, that the *public taste* is *vitiating* with respect to dramatic amusement, and that this proceeds from the *vice* and *debasement* and *dissipation* growing from the increase of wealth, which have destroyed *all relish* in the *minds of the higher orders* for more refined amusements, and induced them to call for these equestrian gambols. The latter part of this assertion is *utterly* groundless—the public *never called* for such exhibitions; they frequented the Theatre during the last and the preceding seasons, and neither expected nor demanded such disgusting mummery.—As to the former part of the charge, of *disrelish* in the *minds of the higher orders* towards more refined amusements, I cannot believe it *by any means true* in the *unqualified* extent attributed to it. At the representation of an affecting tragedy, when I look from the stage towards the audience, I see my fair countrywomen, of *all* classes, paying the sweet and accustomed tribute of their pity to the sorrows of Constance, and the dignified resignation of Katharine. I can neither trace *vice* nor *dissipation*, nor that *hardened levity*, which, only to be gratified by pageantry, would betray the usual symptoms of *ennui* at the performance of an interesting play: instead of that, all is *attention* and *sympathy*—nor will Mrs. Siddons, at least, join in this *general charge of debasement*, while she can call up that tear in the eye of loveliness; which only dims its lustre for a moment, to render it more *lastingly* interesting.

Mr. Sheridan next proceeds to say, "that for this alleged depravation the Patentees are not in fault."

I, on the contrary, contend, that whatever deprivation exists arises *entirely* out of the monopoly, which, limiting the number of Theatres to *two*, has rendered it the interest of those Patentees to enlarge the dimensions of the houses to such a *preposterous degree*, as to subvert every good consequence that can be produced by a well-regulated and properly-sized Theatre. It is *notorious*, that, except in the pit and dress-boxes, *there is no possibility* of either *seeing* or *hearing*.—The monopolists, with their exclusive privileges, are perfectly indifferent as to the *accommodation* of the audience, who, from the want of other places of dramatic amusement, are *constrained* to frequent these areas for the exhibition of *processions and pageantry*. Hence arises, not the *preference* for, but the *toleration* of, such mummery by the public. No longer able to distinguish the features, or to discriminate the tones, of the actor's voice, they have gradually been tempted into the *endurance* of melo-dramas and such trumpery, which, by music and gesticulation, convey those ideas to the mind, which, in Garrick's time, were communicated by the fire of his eye, the variable inflections of his voice, and the magic of his countenance. Suppose that such a man could again delight and improve the public, and silence the croaking and the bellowing, and the solemn foppery, and measured strut, and *affected pronunciation*, that now infest the boards, would not his enchanting powers be *utterly lost* on three-fourths of the audience, from the *single circumstance* of their *distance* from the stage? And yet we hear from Mr. Sheridan, that the *size* of the Theatres has *nothing* to do with the mummery and disgraceful horsemanship which now contaminate the Theatre!

I shall, at a future opportunity, trouble you with further remarks on this subject: your columns now are too full of those *debatings*, which, after a *war of words* for *seven successive days*, have left the most *important*

important question, that was ever discussed at the mercy of a Minister, who, in prosecution of his own plans, has brought the existence of the English people into jeopardy, and placed it upon the desperate hazard of the event of war. If Buonaparte be subdued, and if, being subdued, his system of exclusion be discontinued, and if, being discontinued, the continent be again thrown open to us, then our commerce will revive, and the depreciation of our currency be arrested: if not, we shall be consoled by the escape of our Pilot from impeachment into the upper House, where he can, undisturbed, like the leech after it has done the duties of exhaustion, purge away his political delinquencies in the pickle of a Peerage.

I am, Sir, yours,

VERA,

LINES

WRITTEN BY A LADY ON A WINDOW.

[From the same.]

THE power of Love shall never wound my heart,
Though he assail me with his fiercest dart.

THE ANSWER,

WRITTEN UNDERNEATH BY A GENTLEMAN.

THE Lady has her resolution spoke;
Yet writes on glass, in hopes it may be broke!

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR ON THE CURRENCY.

[From the same, May 17.]

SPECIMENS of excellence in parliamentary speaking come so rapidly upon us, we have hardly time to recover from the rigour and excursive imagination of

Fuller, when the classic, reconcile, and luminous statements of Sinclair dazzle, and at the same time delight, our minds. What can be finer than the dipping the Bullion Committee in any of the three great united rivers? The question of the depreciation being now *put to rest*, he naturally wishes the Bullion Committee to be composed to sleep, to which nothing is so conducive as immersion in cold water—

—ter uncti,

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto.

His allusion to the Chinese, who have *plenty of silver but no coin*, is ingenious, and quite in point; but his *six advantages* are so admirable, that they *deserve to be written in gold* at the Royal Exchange and the Bank, and be framed, glazed, and hung up in the apartments of every private house.

Advantage 1st.—Paper can be easily *procured and secured*. This is clear and cogent, and peculiar certainly to *paper*; for gold cannot now be *procured* at all, and therefore any *endeavour to secure it* is evidently superfluous.

Advantage 2d.—It may be *produced to any amount*. In the *convenience* of this advantage, Mr. Perceval and the Bank Directors will cheerfully concur.

Advantage 3d.—It allows the gold to go out of the country; e. g. to pay our troops in Portugal, who are likely to stand *much longer* in need of guineas, as *hostilities are again commencing seriously* in that country.

But Advantage 6th is the greatest of all advantages, and was accordingly *loudly* cheered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—*Public Loans are raised with ease!* Excellent advantage!

Now then has Sir John, in addition to the other services done to the country, *avowed the intentions of the Ministry—he is their trumpeter, their champion,*
their

their man in brass armour sitting on a black ram. Be it therefore ordained, that the question of the depreciation is put to rest for ever—war, which can only be carried on through the *status quo* of our depreciated currency, is the order of the day—therefore not a single syllable more on the question. So be it, says Perceval, through the organ of Sir John. Then to Sir John will the English people wish, for his services in their cause, *Health and Longevity, and a speedy sale to the first edition of it.*

The observation on the quartern loaf, and its not being influenced by *metaphysicians*, is worthy of Frederick and Sir John Sinclair. *Metaphysicians*, alas! are but small eaters, and their impression upon the loaf is slow and cautious. It was reserved for Pitt, who was no *metaphysician*, to work this change on that great criterion of real wealth. Before the year 1797, and the Bank restriction, the price of the quartern loaf was 7^{d.}; and since that period, along with every other necessary of life, the price has gradually doubled.—So much for the artificial system of finance!!!

Thus then, People of England, after seven days solemn deliberation of your Representatives, the vital question of your circulating medium is determined by the fiat of your Prime Minister. The paper currency is no longer held out to you as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent system, excellent and salutary, involved essentially with your commerce, and indispensable towards carrying on a just and necessary war. Let no man therefore henceforward complain, or ever ask for, or ever dream of, a guinea, under the penalty of being considered a disturber of that grand and portentous system of salvation concerted for us by Spencer Perceval and his colleagues. In their hands we are; and may God send us a GOOD DELIVERANCE.

READ! MARK! AND INWARDLY DIGEST!

[From the same, May 20.]

ALL agree that our Bank Paper is depreciated abroad; some contend that it is not depreciated at home, but answers, to all the intents of internal intercourse, the purposes of money. Listen then to me, ye non-depreciators, while I tell you, that I went to buy a quantity of flour—having, upon my arrival in the market, one hundred guineas in one pocket, and one hundred pound notes and one hundred shillings in the other pocket. I happened to meet with Mr. Perceval's valet-de-chambre, and found that I could get precisely the same quantity of flour for *my guineas* as for my *pound notes* and *shillings*, and I was just going to part with the former, as they were really weighing down my pocket, when a little swarthy fellow drew me aside, and whispered, that as he had no objection to the *burden* of gold, he would not only ease me of it, but give me twenty pounds *into* the bargain; so that, quicker than thought, I found my guineas gone, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds in my hand in lieu of them. I then returned to the market, bought my flour to the amount I originally intended, *to wit*, and brought home the *twenty pounds* to my wife, who was as much surprised as overjoyed, and ran immediately to pay her mantua-maker's bill, and purchased a hat and feather for our little Billy, as promising a child for his age as I think I ever beheld. Now, let me ask, is the case of *internal depreciation proved*, or is it not? If it *be*, Mr. Perceval is wrong! if it *be* not, Heaven help the mantua-maker, for I have her receipt in full upon the file!

QUINBUS FLESTIN.

ALAS!

ALAS! POOR FALLEN SIR FRANCIS!

ELEGY WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

[From the Morning Post, May 10.]

THE Judges toll the knell of Burdett's fame,
 The rabble-rout disperse with lack of glee;
 The Counsel homeward plod just as they came,
 And leave the Hall to darkness and to me.

Now fades each fairy prospect on my sight;
 All nature now appears to make a pause,
 Save where the wits the *Chronicle* who write
 Weave drowsy paragraphs to patch my cause.

Beneath these ancient walls, once vocal made
 By vote of thanks, which late I found so cheap,
 Indignant Justice bids my laurels fade,
 The dull copartners of my folly weep.

For me no more the flaming press shall teem,
 Nor busy printers ply their evening care;
 No patriots flock to propagate my theme,
 Nor lick my feet the ill-got wreath to share:

The fulsome strain of incense-breathing puff,
 The *snuffman* bawling to the throng misled;
 Cobbett's foul Register, nor all the stuff
 Of weekly scribes, can raise my drooping head:

Oft did the thoughtless to their judgments yield,
 Their railings oft disloyal rage provoke;
 How jocund each his secret soul reveal'd,
 How laugh'd the crowd at ev'ry hackney'd joke!

Now you, ye loyal, fix on them the fault,
 If memory to my name no trophies raise,
 Where in the ample page, with zeal unbought,
 The pen historic gives the meed of praise.

Can golden box*, though worth a hundred pound,
 Back to poor Burdett bring his forfeit fame?
 Can honour's voice now on his side be found,
 Or flatt'ry shield him from contempt and shame?

The boast of popularity's short hour,
 And all that faction gains by means most base,
 Await alike exposure, dreaded power!—
 The paths of folly lead but to disgrace.

Yes; still my name to rescue from neglect,
 Some frail memorials that on bookstalls lie,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 Such pleasing transient laurels e'er resign'd,
 Left his proud height, the idol of a day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some frail prop sedition still relies,
 Some pious souls its frustrate arm admires;
 E'en from the grave its fetid stench will rise,
 E'en in its ashes live its wonted fires.

For ye, who mindful of my honours dead,
 Do in your lines my hapless tale relate,
 If by kind feeling to your office led,
 Some crazy patriot shall inquire my fate,

Ah, woe is me! some wicked wit will tell,
 "Oft have we seen him, ere the evening fall,
 Brushing with hasty steps along Pall Mall,
 To meet Lloyd Wardle at the House's call.

"There to the nodding Members, luckless wights!
 In hackney'd strains, till midnight would he preach
 'Bout Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights,
 And prate of things far, far, beyond his reach.

* The City Box, refused by the Prince Regent, was proposed by draper Waithman to be given to the Baronet if his cause had succeeded; but, alas! it is destined again to go a-begging.

" To prison sent, he swore they 'd us'd him ill,
 The room * was powerless, as all should see ;
 The trial came, and British Judges still
 Refus'd to change the House's just decree.

" And now with judgment due, in sad dismay,
 He sees himself consign'd to public scorn ;
 Approach and read, if thou canst read, the lay
 Penn'd in the *Past*, to Jacobins a thorn :

EPITAPH.

" Here lies his head, now humbled to the earth,
 A man to John Horne and his Faction known ;
 Fair talents never smil'd upon his birth,
 And Disappointment mark'd him for her own.

" Large were his wishes, but his lot severe ;
 To Tooke he ow'd his fortune and reverse :
 He gain'd from John, 't was all his portion—shame ;
 John gain'd from him, 't was all he wish'd—his purse.

" No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
 Where they have met the awful test he chose,
 The judgment of his country and his God."

ALFRED,

PAPER CURRENCY.

[From the General Evening Post, May 21.]

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

SIR,

I AM astonished at the assertion, that paper-money is depreciated. The following fact will, I trust, convince you that you are mistaken. You must know, Sir, that I find it convenient to *live upon my shifts*, as the phrase is ; I have tried various ones, but not

* Room—a name given by the Baronet to the British House of Commons.

any with so much success as the following: About a month ago I sold a guinea, or rather "bought a pound note," by which I netted 4s. The odd silver purchased me two dinners. On the third day I called at the same chop-house, ate my dinner as usual, and pulled out my one-pound note: "Oh, Sir," said the waiter, "we have no change; I had much rather trust you." This was good—I finished my porter, and went away. Not having been able to *raise the wind* in shillings, I went the following day to another chop-house; ate my dinner—produced my note:—
 "Upon my word, Sir, we must trust you—we have not five shillings in the house: d—n the Bank and its paper too, we shall all be ruined!"—"Bless the Bank and its paper too," thought I; and then left the waiter biting his lips with vexation at losing his "odd halfpence." This circumstance happened the day following at a third house; when I began to find that my one-pound note was as valuable to me as Fortunatus's Purse. I have only to eat my dinner, show my paper, curse the Bank, and live like a gentleman. Who now will say that paper-money is depreciated? Besides, the moral effects of this new system of "Ways and Means" are incalculable.—I who, for these twenty years past, have been compelled to invent a weekly succession of frauds, have now reduced them to this simple one, of exhibiting a single one-pound note, which I came honestly by, in part of payment for a solitary bit of gold, which would hardly have furnished me with as many dinners as I have lived weeks on the credit of Mr. Henry Hase.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,

S.

MAN

MAN AND HORSE.

[From the same, May 21.]

TO THE EDITOR.

ALTHOUGH I do not profess to be an advocate for the managers of our theatres in all their measures, yet the attempts now making to excite a clamour against them, on account of the quadruped performers, are not, in my humble opinion, entirely reconcilable to the strict principles of justice. That *all* the blame should rest with those who have introduced horses, and none with the public which encourage them, is a paradox that demands some explanation. But it is not the only one which has arisen out of the present convulsed state of our theatrical republic; and I should suppose there must be something very ominous at the present crisis, since we see as many reformers and capitalists gathering about the stage, as gathered about France previous to her Revolution.

As to the question between the managers and the public, with respect to matters of *taste*, I am much inclined to think that the latter are more reprehensible than the former. What the facetious Jack Fuller says of the people, with regard to *currency*, I should be disposed to apply to them with regard to theatrical amusements:—"They will take tallow candles; they will take oyster-shells, or any thing." And without going farther back than about thirty years, the period of my own remembrance, I think I may venture to say, without danger of contradiction, that the public *has* taken any thing. In 1781, they submitted to; but that is a weak word; they eagerly patronized, the transformation, as it was called, of the Beggar's Opera; when the male characters were performed by women, and *vice versa*; which was surely as gross a violation

of taste and decency, as ever was permitted. They have since encouraged *boxers*, a *fox-chase*, and many other similar *amusements*, down to the present novelty of *horses*; not only without any objection, but with an avidity, which shows, at least, that if the managers cannot fill their houses by legitimate dramas, they know well and easily how to do it by other means.

Again, Sir, while we are thus severe upon these dumb prancers, let us reflect for what they are a substitute; or rather, to what they are an appendix.—They are introduced, to supply the place of, or to aid the amusement derivable from *farces* and *pantomimes*. Now, I should be glad to know of those gentlemen, who are interposing their *refined taste* between the managers and the public, how long *farces* and *pantomimes* have been considered as entertainments worthy of a rational public, and deserving to be classed with the legitimate drama; with the works of our celebrated and acknowledged geniuses? I conceive, that if we look into the history of the stage, we shall find that *farces* (rather more sufferable in point of taste, than *pantomimes*) are almost a novelty on the stage. Fielding, if I remember right, is the first author of any merit who wrote a *farce*; and there are persons, I presume, now living, who can remember, that in Garrick's days it was not the custom to have a *farce* performed during the run of a new comedy or tragedy.

As to *pantomimes*, against which our men of *taste* have not yet exclaimed so loudly as to endanger the peace of the theatre, I should be glad to know where is the mighty harm of introducing either horses or asses, to give effect to such pieces of mummery? The question, indeed, might be easily answered, were Richard III. introduced, not only *wishing* for a horse, but *riding* upon one; and if his antagonist, our Henry VII. were to be *visibly* indebted for his success to a troop of British cavalry. But when horses are introduced

duced merely to heighten the effect of such competitors as Blue Beard and Timour the Tartar, although I may see some absurdity in the whole, I can surely see no *inconsistency*. If our plots and fables are to be taken from children's books and nursery tales, I know no means by which they can be degraded; and certainly not by the additional and graceful motions of so noble an animal as the horse.

How, then, does the question stand? The managers, finding that the old plays are not sufficiently attractive, and that the present race of authors are not capable of producing any thing that can do much more than defray the expenses of *getting-up*, very naturally turn their attention to some amusements that may be supplementary to the regular drama, and the public flock to these novelties with eagerness. If this be the fact, to what purpose do a few splenetic reformers agitate questions about *taste* and *refinement*? And to what purpose do they propose themselves as *arbitrators* between the managers and the public, who have no quarrel with one another? I can agree with them on the common principles of taste. I have seen, what all men have seen, disgraceful absurdities introduced on the stage within these few years; but as some of our modern stage-reformers affect a *taste* of another kind, I would have them careful how they agitate the abstract question much farther. I would have them in particular reflect, how long, if *taste* and *morals* had been *leading objects*, would the *Opera* have been tolerated among us.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

IMPARTIAL.

IRELAND.

(1852)

IRELAND.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 23.]

"The circumstance of Ireland being unable at present to raise her own taxes, is no ground of alarm for her prosperity."

Mr. Foster's Budget Speech.

THERE is something so *curiously* and *comfortably* paradoxical in this assertion, that it certainly demands a little time and consideration to reconcile it to the *general* notions, which, from time immemorial, have been entertained on the subject of *national* prosperity.

Swift said long ago, and nobody knew Ireland better, that "no maxim of national prosperity, applicable to other countries, was verified with regard to Ireland; her population was not wealth, her fertility was not abundance, her ingenuity was not revenue;" but it remained for Mr. Foster to add to this list of political singularities, that the "inability to pay taxes, was not a ground of alarm as to her prosperity."

Ireland, like an embarrassed tradesman in the agonies of white-washing, is, according to her interpreter in the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Foster, a *little slow* to be sure, but *very solvent*; not a *bankrupt*, only *soliciting time*; *no statute* yet taken out, but *ready to give bills at twelve and eighteen months*; not shut up and *gazetted*, but still going on with every prospect of *ultimately* paying twenty shillings in the pound. This must be highly satisfactory intelligence to her creditors, who, with every reliance on these protestations, will, doubtless, continue their loans, particularly since they have the *additional* security (through the disinterested aid of Mr. Perceval) of the *English consolidated fund*, which has kindly consented to indorse the *Irish bill of contingent prosperity*, and give it a *temporary* currency; Ireland being always considered pledged for her *full quota*, which she is to pay *whenever she is able*,
together

together with the interest so *handsomely* advanced on the present occasion by England, and *all* the other expenses of English agency. "But Ireland cannot raise her taxes," says a caviller, and how can Mr. Percival reconcile this to his *high-finished* portrait of the prosperity of the United Kingdom, of which Ireland is an integral and very important part?—How comes it, that while Great Britain is so well managed as to be capable of raising her taxes to a surplus, Ireland has fallen off so lamentably in the levying of hers?—Is she *unable* to pay, or *unwilling*?—Is she poor or refractory?—Perhaps she has been misgoverned; ah! there's the rub; but let us see. The political godfathers and godmothers, who in the year 1800 gave us the *sponsorial appellation* of United Kingdom, did, it is shrewdly suspected, *promise and now* things in her name, which they well knew their god-child could never fulfil; she was bound to pay more than her estate, even *under good management*, was able to produce; and which the *ignorance and interestedness* of her agents rendered still less productive. Under these circumstances, it was not wonderful that she grew progressively poorer and poorer; that she drank *less wine and tea*, and put a *smaller quantity of currants* in her puddings, made *fewer shifts*, and of a *coarser linen*, and fell into a state of despondency and *whiskey-drinking*, for which solace, her gratitude is unbounded to Mr. Foster, who, kindly compassionating her *melancholy*, took off the duty from her favourite beverage. But this will not last; oh! no; though matters are a *little dull* at present, they will *very soon* revive; in two or three years, under the wise and successful management of Mr. Foster, there is *no estimating* the state in which Ireland may be placed. About that period, the *Bog of Allen* will be *completely* surveyed and *divided into farms*, which will only want the quality of being *habitable*, to render them most valuable concerns.

concerns. The grand measure of putting down *illicit distillation*, by the discouragement of the *breweries*, and the general intoxication of the *Irish population*, will, by that time, be also consummated. Who can look forward to this situation of things, without the most rapturous feelings of joy and triumph? Even Mr. Perceval, that true friend to Ireland, must, in the recesses of his cabinet, drop the tear of delight over such an anticipation, and, true to the principles of the immortal *Pilot*, now no more, and his *artificial system of finance*, hug his friend and coadjutor and fellow-disciple, Mr. Foster, who has established such an admirable proof of Pitt's paradoxical policy, in the state to which Ireland has been reduced under his administration, "*unable at present to raise her taxes, yet not at all impaired in her resources* (no, they are, in the Pitt phrase, *inexhaustible*), nor under any the slightest alarm for her prosperity!"

Lay this to heart, ye jobbers and contractors—go on and prosper, having for your security the prosperity of Ireland, propped on a fund of consolidated paper. Your adoration of Perceval, and your trust in Foster, will, doubtless, meet with their deserved reward. So be it, says

A SOBER IRISHMAN.

IMPROMPTU

FOR THE MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB ON TUESDAY.

[From the Morning Post, May 24.]

FROM the sturdy Pitt club may a good knock-down blow
Put an end to unsound reformation;
And a pit-fall be theirs, whose intention we know
Is the downfall of worth in the nation.

TEUTHANTL

PETITION

PETITION FOR A THIRD THEATRE,

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 25.]

GREAT Sirs, behold how *Kemble* deats !
 To classic taste a stranger ;
 His Pegasus is fed on oats,
 His Muses bite the manger.
 Then let him too the bridle bite,
 And yield his forfeit charter ;
 So may Monk Lewis *Timour* write,
 And *Kemble* catch a *Tartar*.

ODE

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-
 DAY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM FITT.

[From the Morning Post, May 28.]

WHEN mortals quit this earthly sphere,
 Unhallow'd by the Muse's tyre,
 Repose, inglorious, on the bier,
 Not general sympathy inspire ;
 Though friendship their departure mourn,
 Though costly tombs their dust enclose,
 Fame o'er the bust, or storied urn,
 The mantle of oblivion throws.

Not such his fate (whate'er his birth)
 Whose deeds a nation's blessings crown,
 Whose talents speak his inbred worth ;
 The author of his own renown :
 Resplendent as the orb of day,
 Upon his course with awe we gaze,
 Revere the turf that wraps his clay,
 Embalm his ashes with our praise.

Amid the wise, the brave, the great,
 Who, fir'd with an enthusiast's zeal,
 Liv'd to adorn and serve the State,
 Or perish'd for their country's weal ;

If peerless one,—'mid souls so blest,
 Who liv'd admir'd, lamented died;
 Truth, honour, gratitude attest,
 That man was Pitt,—Britannia's pride!

Firm as the cliffs this isle that bind,
 Unsway'd by flattery, power, or gold,
 His daring and enlighten'd mind
 The factious curb'd, the base controll'd.
 In prosperous scenes his greatness shone;
 In adverse gales, at ills unmov'd,
 His eloquence upheld the Throne,
 His virtues sav'd the land he lov'd.

Nay, baneful as th' electric beam,
 When mad ambition, unrestrain'd,
 More ruthless than the whelming stream,
 Laid kingdoms waste, and states enchain'd;
 Pitt, like th' imperial bird of Jove,
 Mocking the bolts at Freedom hurl'd,
 To glory tower'd,—made Britain prove
 The stay and safeguard of the world.

Combined in his exalted form,
 All that the hero, patriot, sage
 Inspir'd,—the youthful breast to warm,
 In Greece, or Latium's purest age:
 Should feuds distract, or doubts arise,
 His spirit, like the polar star,
 Shall shine, a mirror to the wise,
 A beacon true, in peace and war.

Native to worth so great, each year
 (Surpassing sculpture's magic art)
 An intellectual shrine we rear,
 And stamp his image on the heart;
 That, till the spark of heavenly flame,
 Which fires each bosom, cease to glow,
 Britons may venerate his name—
 The source from whence their comforts flow.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM ON MR. C——'S NEW CURRICLE.

TOM Tropic, one day, in his way to Long Acre,
 By chance met a *friend*—an unmannerly Quaker;
 "Come with me," said Tom, "my kind Sir, I'd advise you,
 To see my new curricle, which will surprise you!
 A carriage more elegant never was known,
 'T will charm all the town, Sir! *the plan is my own*;
 The snakes and the cocks make such beautiful show;
 My crest is a cock—while I live I will crow *."
 "A cock!" said the Quaker, "you certainly jest;
 A cock's-comb would be the most suitable crest."

B. C.

PICTURE OF A POET.

[From the Morning Herald.]

NO. 79.—Portrait of Walter Scott, Esq. author of
 the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, &c.; by
 H. Raeburn.

Go, gentle reader, to the EXHIBITION, if thou hast
 not been there already, to regard this portrait. It is
 the effigy of the poetical and renowned sheriff of Sel-
 kirkshire, and the tulip of Paternoster Row. Lo! the
 bard sits complacently upon the rocks of Parnassus
 (for it is an ungenial region, that never yet yielded
 either cabbage, or carrots, or *brocoli*, or potatoes, or
 Scotch kail, to its famished occupiers) looking dis-
 dainfully upon the rational mob in the low vale of in-
 dustry! The small speck that may be seen as glim-
 mering through the ether, is Mistress Luna, who is
 breathing her divine influence upon the *sensorium*!

The little agent with the quizzing-glass, who is
couchant in the corner, is the illustrious Monk *****,
 a wholesale dealer in the marvellous also, and who
 doth not disdain (to use a modish apology for arro-

* The motto.

gance)

gance) to steal the skeleton of a thought from other men; as he is now in the commission of a literary misdemeanour, and filching a young *Marmion* in MS. from the breeches pocket of his too thoughtless associate!

The hole which the wizzard is digging in the back ground, is meant for the *Inferiæ*, or sacrifices to the *Dii manes*, or souls of deceased heroes, such as Jack the Giant Killer, Mr. Thomas Hickathrift, &c. &c.

Hark! the "Comet of Caledonia" is now chanting in confident importance, while a brace of old nurses are brushing away the gnats and musquitoes of criticism from his radiant head!—By the mass, he is now pouring forth an invocation to the present mistress of his affections!—*Ecoutez, mon ami.*

TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE, GREETING:

SAY, Blowzabella, whither art thou roaming,
Or by Loch Lomond's verge, or Tay's green side;
Thy ample, golden, matted ringlets combing,
Or laving in the Clyde's pellucid tide?
Or gathering cockle-shells to deck the grot,
Where I and thou, at e'en, may pig together;
Darning thy tartan manteau, or what not,
To shield thy matchless beauties from the weather?
Ah! then, for my dear sake,
Sweet, if you love me, come away,
And let us play
Upon this brae,
Dear *Lady of the Lake.*

I've trac'd, in my mind's eye, a water king;
Walk, with a *succubus*, towards a bower!
Then I heard generated monsters sing,
As Wonder blew the horn from Terror's tower!
If thou shouldst see a goblin in the dale,
Or fay, or elfin, or whate'er you call 'em;
Seize them for me, I'll make them all find bail,
Or else, as sheriff, by the Lord I'll maul 'em!
Ah! then, &c.

I saw a ghost, last night, of muckle state,
 Stumbling, as though it were of John Bell's ale full!
 And, ever and anon, it scratch'd its pate!
 And then it wept, I'm sure it blear'd a pail full.
 It look'd aw' pale and wan, like *Sandy Wright*,
 Who came from Walcheren with laurell'd Chatham,
 And when the filthy kine annoy'd the sprite,
 It scoop'd the *faeces* up, and threw them at 'em!
 Ah! then, for my dear sake,
 Sweet, if you love me, come away,
 And let us play
 Upon this braid,
 Dear *Lady of the Lake*.

A NEW PALACE.

[From the same, June 4.]

THEY write from Paris, that the first stone of a magnificent palace is laying for the royal residence of *young Nap*; but that probably before the builders have accomplished their work, his tyrannic sire may be compelled to find out a more humble residence for his illustrious race! A *pasquinade* on this occasion was placed on one of the Venetian horse's tails at the Tuilleries, which is thus translated:

"A royal house for *Master Nap*
 We might agree to build, mayhap,
 But for this one objection;
 That for his *daddy* first we'd rear
 (To lodge him snug and safely there;)
 A strong House of *Correction*!"

THE RADICAL REFORMERS;

OR, A WAY TO CURE THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

[From the Morning Post, June 5.]

WHEN Dr. Last the *tooth-ach* was to cure,
 He said his remedy was safe and sure.
 "What is it?" said the learn'd of *Warwick Lane*;
 "I pull *all out*, though only *one gives pain*."

"Well

"Well answer'd, Doctor," said the sapient College;
 "That cure is radical, and shows your knowledge."
 Just so, by *forceps* of a revolution,
 Some are for curing Britain's Constitution.
 So *Fawkes* intended, when, with fiery Brand,
 He went to kill the *Magnates* of the land;
 And there is still a B——d, likewise a F——s,
 Who think such cures are very pretty jokes;
 Who only wanted (to display their skills)
Guildhall, for warehousing combustibles.
 Then they 'd have come, in thunder and in storm,
 And blown up all—a radical Reform!

MASONIC MEETING.

[From the same, June 11.]

REPULS'D in the city, our patriots seek
 The Free Masons' Tavern, to gorge and to speak.
 Their madmen assemble to plan revolution,
 And prate about mending the State's Constitution.
 But in vain will the rogues information seek there,
 Who, nor *keep within compass*, nor *deal on the square*.
 To honours *masonic*, all claims must resign,
 Though each may, ere long, be rais'd high in his *line*.
 Who can hope that a fabric like that Britons boast
 Will e'er be excell'd by this hot-headed host?
 Let each mind his business, who fain would do good,
 And re-form his own house, shop, or warehouse, with *Wood*.
T.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

[From the same, June 13.]

ONCE, 'tis said, perhaps 't is true,
Brutes could talk as well as you;
 But that, often interfering
 About concerns *they had no care in*,
 Jove, to punish such rank treason,
 Took away their *speech and reason*.

Since

Since then a few have learnt a whispering
And scarcely ever cease from chattering;
Though, after all, the sole pretence is
To bother men out of his senses,
Just as parrots speak by rote,
Repeating over the same note;
In blustering language, loud and warm,
Bellowing out "Reform! reform!"

A few of the most discontented,
Great Britain's envied state reported;
And grumbled much, both soon and late;
They govern'd not the helm of State.
All o'er the country soon was sent
The cry "Reform in Parliament!"
And ev'ry brute was then invited,
In "the great cause" to be united.
In London next they fix'd a meeting,
As well for speaking as for eating;
For, be sure, these hungry beasts
Had never much dislike to feasts.
Yet, e'en among the brutes were some,
Who, though invited, would not come;
And, after all, so scant and thrifty,
They muster'd little more than fifty.

Of these, most sure to find a place,
Half were of the long-ear'd race,
Some were hogs in Hampshire bred,
Others Essex calves 't is said;
A few were geese, graz'd on the Downs-hill,
And plenty from the Common Council;
And where geese are, I do insist on 't,
Foxes will not be far distant.

The conclave met, the chair is taken,
By one design'd to hang—for bacon;
And then began a long debate
About abuses in the State;
Of selling places, giving pensions,
To which they all declar'd pretensions.
The Foxes' knowledge was most thorough
Upon the score of rotten borough;

usually consumed; and appoint larger allowances of bone to all mutton chops.

I remain, Sir,

Most profoundly yours,

E. M.

June 8, Swan Tavern, near St. Martin's Lane.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post, June 18.]

—E'en such a man, so woe-begone! SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Wardle began the political line,
The world all predicted his speedy decline;
But his friends, as excusing, one reason would quote—
'Twas a contract refus'd for an army great coat.
But when on reforming abuses he spoke,
For the coat they agreed—his reform was a cloak.

ANOTHER.

WHEN Uproar for Freedom no longer shall pass,
With Waithman departed; the skin of the ass
May still stand in very good stead;
For the use of our army, then chang'd to a drum,
Though troublesome once, he may useful become,
And still make a noise though he's dead.

ROYAL BALL.

[From the Morning Herald, June 18.]

"Laugh at the pert and foolish; if they're sore,
So much the better—you may laugh the more!"

POPE.

THE splenetic *conversations* which have prevailed for some days, amongst those who could not reasonably have expected to receive cards of invitation, are whimsical beyond measure, and would afford matter in plenty for an additional scene to the *School for Scandal*.

Scandal. The following sketch of a dialogue that took place a day or two past, may give some idea of various other colloquies, which the disappointed hopes and pride of the mortified and resentful have called forth:—

SCENE—*Berkeley Square.*

Lady BAB RESTLESS, Hon. Mrs. UPTONGUE, Miss JUNIPER, and Sir HARRY EASY, seated.

Sir Harry Easy. Nay, nay, every body, you know, my dear Lady Bab, could not have been thought of.

Lady Bab. But if you please, Sir Harry, nobody of my rank in life ought to have been forgotten!

Miss J—. Lady Juniper, my mamma, might have had tickets for us both, had she condescended to owe an obligation to a page of the back stairs.

Sir Harry E—. I don't doubt it, my dear.

Hon. Mrs. U—. For my part, I can bear any mortification but silent contempt. My grandmother, by my revered father's side, was bedchamber-woman to the Princess Dowager of W—s; of course, we call ourselves of *the family*, and therefore ought not to have been neglected!

Miss J—. And sure there's no such mighty favour in it; for I am well informed, that there will be plenty of tickets on Wednesday morning, at *Hookham's*, dog-cheap, after all.

Lady Bab. What a ridiculous *melange* there must be! If all should come who are invited, there will be some miraculous appearances, as tickets are gone out to three Dowager Countesses, and two Baronets' widows, who have lain quietly in their graves for seven years, to my knowledge.—(*General laugh.*)

Sir Harry. Very good, Lady Bab!

Miss J—. How preposterous!

Lady Bab. It can be but a Bartholomew-fair business, after all the fuss that has been made about it;

for Sh——n, who you know is manager, told me but this very morning, that he was obliged to send an express down to Birmingham for the *acting horses* to come up to entertain the company!

Hon. Mrs. U. How brutal!

Sir Harry. Too excellent, I fear, to be true!

Miss J. I heard him tell my mamma the very same thing, 'pon honour!

Hon. Mrs. U. Then as to the *national good* they talk so much about; though I think I am full as charitable as my neighbours, I cannot see what earthly good can arise from setting the Spital Fields weavers, and other raw-bone fellows, to work in this way, who might be more usefully employed in fighting against that monster Buonaparte in Spain and Portugal!

Sir Harry. But surely, Ma'am—thus dispensing bread to so many deserving families of the indigent, and in such distressful times——

Miss J. Nonsense, Sir Harry!—Have we not asylums and workhouses for them in plenty?

Hon. Mrs. U. But you have a ticket, Lady Bab, no doubt?

Lady Bab. Not I.—Knowing what kind of affair it would be, I wrote to Colonel Thing-a'-me, desiring that I might not be troubled with a card.

Sir Harry. That's rather strange, Lady Bab! Pray how long may this kind of capriccio——

Lady Bab. Not at all strange, Sir! Why, you heard me say a hundred times, that I would not have gone to it for the world.

Sir Harry. Certainly so—and there was so much *fiction*, as well as *fancy*, in the idea, that I have thought it worth while thus to record it in jingle:

“ I would not go for all the world,
The thing will be so low !”

“ That is, my Lady Bab,” quoth I,
“ You'd give the world to go !”

Lady

Lady Bab. Vastly clever, Sir; but my pride on this occasion is proof against all your jingling jokes!

Hon. Mrs. U. And would you not really go, my dear, if—

Lady Bab. As I've a little soul to be saved—

[Enter Servant.]

Servant. A gem'man, in one of the Royal liveries, brought this to be delivered into your Ladyship's own hands.

[Exit.

Lady Bab. Royal livery!—[Taking a card out of its cover, reads, partly aside.]—"Colonel—commanded by—Prince Regent!"—Oh, charming!—"to desire Lady Bab Restless's company!"—What a delightful princely creature!—"at Carlton House—to celebrate—birthday—earnestly desired—dresses—manufactures—kingdom!"—How thoughtful! What a splendid spectacle it will be!

Miss J. I hope to God she has not procured one at last. [Aside.]

Sir Harry. If I mistake not, Lady Bab, although it stuck some time in the wheel, the ticket is come up a prize at last.

[Lady Bab, musing.]

Hon. Mrs. U. Why, surely she would not go, Sir Harry, after all that she has said, and almost sworn to the contrary.

Sir Harry. Oh! my life against the little fluctuating soul which she would so hastily have pledged, but she will!

Lady Bab.—[Kissing the card, and carefully replacing it in the envelope.]—Well, my dear creatures, you must excuse me; we shall meet at *Catalani's hermitage-thing* to-morrow!—What a triumph over the *D—woods*, the *Macf—nes*; and, best of all, over that little spiteful devil, *Lady Emily Tattle*! [Aside.]

Sir Harry. Come, Lady Bab, I perceive that you have

have now a favourable opportunity for the full display of your natural fortitude and forbearance!

Lady Bab. And how do you know that, Mr. Inquisitor-General?—When I pettishly threw out, that—that—yes—that I would not go for the world—you—you had so teased me——

Sir Harry.—"That is, my Lady Bab, quoth I,
You'd give the world to go!"

Lady Bab. Well, you are—a pleasant creature, it must be confessed; so let me go and arrange my dress, and I'll listen to your jingles till you have tired yourself with your own jingling!—Good by. [*Exit.*]

Hon. Mrs. U. Come, Miss Juniper, let us drive to the W—ms's; we may hope that they, poor d—ls, at least, remain disappointed like ourselves!

Sir Harry. How consolatory and affectionate, and—

Miss J. Who could have thought that Lady Bab, with all her pride, would have so degraded herself?

Hon. Mrs. U. Mean and spiritless creature!—*Sir Harry,* good morning; now, pray don't stir.

Sir Harry. You must allow me to see you to your barouche, ladies. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

VERSES.

WRITTEN ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS HIGHNESS
WILLIAM FREDERICK, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM, ESQ.

[From the General Evening Post, June 27.]

SHALL Granta's sons, at this meridian hour,
Crawl in the dust to lick the feet of power?
Submissive own the mimic-thunderer's nod?
Obey the mandate, and adore the rod?
Forbid it honour, reason, science, truth,
Guides of my life! and guardians of my youth!
Let not fair Freedom in our days expire,
Oh! watch with care the animating fire;

Bid

Bid the pure blaze in patriot bosoms glow,
 Truth's firmest friend; and Error's deadly foe.
 Confided only to the good and great,
 The ancient sceptre of this classic state,
 To our high ruler, civic power imparts,
 To rule in science, and to reign in arts;
 Merit alone should such a prize obtain,—
 And in these halls can merit plead in vain?
 No:—judging Granta, scorning all control,
 To merit points, as magnet to the pole.
 The requiem sang o'er Grafton's honour'd urn,
 To active duties thy attention turn,
 Love beaming Granta!—duteous sons entreat—
 Fill thy lamented Fitzroy's vacant seat.
 If generous feelings, unassuming worth,
 The glow of virtue, and the blaze of birth,
 Should grace the Patron of the Muses' bow'rs,
 Say, Alma Mater—is not Glo'ster ours?
 Will not his virtues, with persuasive force,
 Lead thy young sons in Order's peace-pav'd course?
 Will not his bright example guide their way?
 By night a watch-fire, and a flag by day?
 Our sapient mother, from her seat on high,
 Darts round these walls her scrutinizing eye;
 And, as before her pass the filial race,
 Assigns to each his merit-purchas'd place;
 Fixing, her just discernment to evince,
 Her fullest radiance on this virtuous Prince;
 Then bade him mount, proud such a son to own,
 Her science-column'd, bay-encircled throne.
 Round the throng'd courts this righteous sentence ran,
 " 'Tis not the Prince I honour, but the man.
 What hand so fit to bear grey fasces' sway
 As his, whose fair example cries—obey?"
 With shouts her sons applaud their parent's choice,
 Plaudits re-echo'd by a people's voice.
 Religion, Learning, Science, hear the sound,
 And joyful tread this consecrated ground;
 Well pleas'd 'mid these time-honour'd fanes to share
 His lib'ral efforts, and his zealous care.

No bigot rage, no torch-compelling zeal,
No forc'd assent; no all-convincing steel;
But zeal like that which fires a martyr's eye,
Who, true to God and reason, dares to die;
Zeal, that with blessings crowds the parting breath;
Zeal, nerv'd by truth, and sanctified by death.
Such is the zeal a Christian spirit knows;
Warm to its friends, benignant to its foes.

As 'neath some cedar, whose exalted head
O'er Eden's vale its grateful umbrage shed,
(To whose vice-regal care the charge was given;
To shield the tuneful harmonists of heaven.)
The hallow'd choirs enjoy the sacred shade,
And with melodious strains enchant the glade;
So shall the vot'ries in the Muses' train,
Protected, warble 'neath a Glo'ster's reign.
Thy cheering voice shall wake the slumb'ring lyre,
Rouse British bards to rival Grecian fire;
In varied cadence, piercing, tender, strong,
Pour the wild ode, or swell the epic song;
Aspire to excellence before unknown,
And with their patron's fame enwreath their own.

A balmy fragrance round this dome extends;
In odours veil'd sweet Charity descends;
"Let me," she cries, "my grateful aid impart,
I rule his actions, I possess his heart:
Children of sorrow smile when he appears,
E'en griet-worn wretches wipe their falling tears;
The rescu'd negro joins the loud acclaim,
While new-taught tongues pronounce my Glo'ster's name:
For, lo!—enliven'd by his fostering rays,
The deaf and dumb now hymn their Maker's praise;
Exert new faculties unfelt before,
And, wing'd by faith, to Heav'n exulting soar.
As exhalations from the bounteous earth
Repay in dew the soil that gave them birth;
So noble boons, emitting sparks divine,
Will, halo-like, their donor's brow enshrine;
Blessing and blest, diffusive spreads the light,
And kindred worthies kindle at the sight.

Mind-opening

Mind-opening Science, picturing Poesy,
 Snow-vested Candour, dove-ey'd Charity,
 Religion, Learning, Virtue, all agree
 To ratify our Parent's wise decree.
 Decree!—that firms yon rock-supported chair
 On adamant—by placing Glo'ster there.
 As some hill-fort, possess'd by British power,
 To Nature's strength adds Valour's strongest tower;
 So our storm-beaten bulwarks know no dread,
 Truth in our hearts, and Glo'ster at our head,
 To us, illustrious Prince, thy care extend,
 Be thou to us a guardian and a friend;
 From clime to clime be thy example known,
 And shine a star round Brunswick's glorious throne.

ODE,

PERFORMED IN THE SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,
 JUNE 29, 1811, AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS HIGH-
 NESS WILLIAM FREDERICK, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND
 EDINBURGH, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

RECITATIVE.

THOU, from thy realms of brighter day,
 Thou, the Bard, whose matchless lay
 Once gave to deathless fame thy Fitzroy's praise,
 Now, when again the festive pomp we lead,
 Oh, yet receive, for 't is the Poet's meed,
 The earthly homage, which the heart would raise;
 The fond, warm sigh, that would to life restore
 The Genius lov'd and mourn'd, that must return no more.

AIR.

O thou, lost Master of the British Shell!
 Pleas'd in the calm of Academic bowers
 To win the spoils of meditative hours,
 And from thy studious cell
 See thy lov'd Arts and Virtue's gentle train:
 Wide round the world securely reign,
 Alas! how is that world defil'd,
 How chang'd each scene, that peaceful smil'd,

Since in this crowded dome thy skill divine
Did laurel-wreaths round Granta's sceptre twine ?

CHORUS.

What countless forms, with frantic mien,
Have flitted o'er yon darken'd scene !
They come—they rage—they disappear—
The storm is won—the pause is fear—

RECITATIVE.

But who is he that treads th' uncertain gloom,
That comes the last, nor shares the general doom ?

AIR AND QUARTETT.

Vain now each mighty name,
Through ages long descended ;
Each banner's storied fame,
Which conquest once attended.

RECITATIVE.

From height to height the Alpine Eagle flown,
Screams, as he finds no wild remain his own.

RECITATIVE.

With sullen march recede
The Russian's wasted train ;
The high, indignant Swede
Th' Oppressor braves in vain ;
In dim eclipse the Crescent's glories fade ;
And the far Indian sees th' approaching shade :
Where, 'mid the clouds of war,
Where now the fortune of the Austrian Star ?
The high-born Maid, in bridal garlands shown,
Leads up the last sad pomp, that speaks a world o'erthrown.

CHORUS.

The shout is heard on high—
Britannia! hark—they fly—they fly—
Hark—fallen is the foe, and thine the victory.—
On Alexandria's plains glad sounds arise ;
Vimeira loud replies ;
The Conquerors of the World are conquer'd now—
Rise, bind the laurels on thy brow ;

Britannia,

Britannia, rise !—'t is thine—'t is thine
 To roll the thunders of the blating Line,
 And bid the ruin wide the scatter'd foe pursue ;
 And thine, to rush amain
 Along th' embattled plain,
 Pour o'er the opposing ranks, and sweep them from the view.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

On Talavera's height,
 And 'mid Barrosa's fight,
 High beat each English heart with triumph warm ;
 And England's Genius o'er the battle's storm
 Rose proud, and show'd her Edward's laurell'd form, }
 While near was seen the sable Warrior Son,
 Crown'd, as on Poitiers' day, with wreaths from Cressy won.

AIR.

O Gloster ! pleas'd to thee while Granta bends,
 And gives her sceptre to thy faithful hand,
 Oh think, while round the baleful storm extends,
 Why yet thy native land,
 Why yet the lov'd, the beauteous Isle
 In peace can rest, in virtue smile ;

RECITATIVE.

'Mid States in flames and ruins hurl'd,
 Why England yet survives the World ?—

AIR.

From hardy sports, from manly schools,
 From Truth's pure lore in Learning's bower,
 From equal Law, alike that rules
 The People's will, the Monarch's power ;
 From Piety, whose soul sincere
 Fears God, and knows no other fear ;
 From Loyalty, whose high disdain
 Turns from the fawning, faithless train ;
 From deeds, the historian's records show,
 Valour's renown and Freedom's glow :
 'T is hence that springs th' unconquer'd fire,
 That bids to Glory's heights aspire.

AIR.

O Glorious I herice the sage's kin,
 The scholar's toil, the statesman's fame,
 The flaming sword, still ready found
 To guard the Paradise around—
 Here in their last retreat are seen
 The peaceful Arts, the Classic Muse;
 And heavenly Wisdom here her light serene,
 Her holy calm can still diffuse.

AIR AND CHORUS.

No common cause, no vulgar sway
 Now, Gloster, claim thy gen'rous zeal—
 In England's bliss is Europe's stay,
 And England's hope in Granta's weal.

AIR.

Thee have the marshall'd hosts of France
 Seen on their firmest ranks advance;
 Thine was the soldier's fearless glow,
 And thine the skill that watch'd around;
 Shann'd and repuls'd, the conscious foe
 The laurel gave, though Fortune frown'd;
 And England heard, with loud acclaim,
 The promise of thy youthful fame;

DUET.

The modest Virtues on thy steps attend—
 To thee the sons of grief and pain
 For pity turn, nor turn in vain;
 The hapless African has call'd thee Friend—
 Oh, ever thou the gen'rous cause defend!

CHORUS.

Pursue thy course!—an honest fame is thine—
 And Granta still shall bless the day,
 Granta, that ever lov'd a Brunswick's name,
 The honour'd day, that saw her thus consign
 To thee the ensigns of her sway;
 Thee, Guardian of her Laws, her Rights, her Fame,
 Son of her matron Lore, Prince of her Monarch's Line.

THE DEJEUNE CHAMPETRE.

[From the Morning Herald, June 29.]

Say, why should Dutcheses engross our tongues?
Rise, honest Muse, and sing of Mrs. Lungs!

ON Tuesday last, the Dowager Lungs, the most eminent Ballad Singer within the bills of mortality, gave her annual rout, at her wooden villa, in Totbill Fields, to all the fashion, beauty, and genius of the vicinity.

When the chimes of Westminster were announcing the death of day, the company began to arrive in taxed carts, buggies, and caravans. On alighting from their carriages, the parties were severally served with an *amodiluvian* offering of gin and gingerbread, which the hostess delivered herself, with her accustomed dignity and grace. The saloon of her *cottage ornée* was aptly decorated (like the interior of the Luxembourg Palace) with the progress of individual heroism: on the naval side were the graven adventures of Kyd the Pirate; and on the land side were those of the dauntless, and, we trust, inimitable Jerry Abershaw. The niches of the apartment were filled with bottles of rum, aniseed, and Deady's proof gin; and, "not to speak it profanely," many a pair of ruby lips smacked with ecstasy, as they condescended (a modish phrase) to taste their contents, in rapid succession, and quick time!

In the potatoe-garden, *au derriere*, a beautiful awning was erected: this was illuminated at each corner with parish-lamps, and covered with two pair of dowlas sheets, to shield the votaries of pleasure from the chilling dews of the evening. When the company were seated, Dr. Bosky, a local Pedagogue (who officiated as the *arbiter pro tempore*, as he was the only visitor who had gone through the vulgar drudgery of learning

learning to read), proposed to recite *an Ode to his Tom Cat*, which he had written in Sapphic measure, for the particular amusement of the Ladies. As the proposition passed *nem. con.* the rusty Author hemmed, stroked his cravat with symptoms of *l'amour propre*, and thus pompously began :

Who drives the mice away from Cheshire cheeses ?

Who tells that rain will come whene'er he sneezes ?

Who claws the table's legs whene'er he pleases ?

My Pussy !

Who, like a Lord, in Pleasure's rosy bower,

Will doze away full many an idle hour ?

Who licks up all the cream, like men in power ?

My Pussy !

Who creeps, by night, along the Bridewell walls,

And perks, and purs, when Grimalkina squalls,

And fears no censure while he caterwauls ?

My Pussy !

Who claims sweet modesty's unsullied meed ?

When stern necessity impels the need,

Who scratches, decently, to hide the deed ?

My Pussy !

We lost the remaining stanzas of this matchless and delectable ode, because the *couvresse* (hostess) threw a killing frown towards the ardent Bard, as significant that her delicacy had been invaded by the figurative tendour of the last verse ; on which he prudently abandoned the recitation, and slunk, blushing, into the ranks of the *beau monde* !

Joe the Sandman now entertained the ladies with a comic imitation of the courtship of two cats in a gutter, in the manner of the celebrated Mr. Lath, the Comedian ; after which Mr. O'Blarney vociferated the famous old Irish ballad of

" As my true-love and I went huffing together."

But

But the fair hostess checked the progress of this amatory ditty, by warmly observing, that it was too much about himself: "I does n't like a *hegotist*," said she. What a document for Sir John C——!

At the end of the first course of pigs' cheeks and Chelsea buns, a letter was brought, post, from the *Prad and Swimmer* (Horse and Dolphin), in Hedge Lane, to apologize for the absence of Mister Molineux, who had set out for Yorkshire on that morning, on the top of the Hightlyer, to be in ready training to meet Tom Crib in the *Campus Martius*. "How d——d unlucky!" exclaimed the Ladies. "Not at all," answered Dr. Bosky; "for things, in general, looked *black* enough without him:" then, pointing to the portrait of the sinewy Negro, which was pasted over the fire-place, he emphatically ejaculated—"Hic *niger* est, hunc tu *Cribbe* caveto."

By the way of *intermezzo* or *Trojæ Ludus*, the elegant hostess had provided that incomparable *corps de ballet*, called the *Dancing Dogs*, who presented us with the Siege of Troy, in a grand style: here was a dramatic lesson for the *Mimi*; as, unlike our modern tragedians, they appeared to *feel*, as well as *act*. This immortal siege was carried on with due vigour and decency, until one of the canine principals, who dishonoured Agamemnon, as his representative, made a *faux pas* in discipline, by slyly disemboгуing upon Miss Flyblow's pantoufle; when the enraged Belle gave the poor animal such an Amazonian kick, as (in the heroic language of the *Moniteur*) sent him, like a tennis-ball, *hors de combat*!

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Saturday's pride is dead on Sunday!

As a treaty of marriage was on the *tapis* between Mr. Silverthumb the Bruiser, and Miss Wallop, the enamoured fair was requested to repeat the following invocator:

invocatory lines on the occasion, which the Doctor had taught her, as any aunt teacheth her parrot, by rote. It will be perceived that they are a free translation from a love-sick passage in Virgil, viz.

Huc ades, O formose puer. Tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis, &c.

Hither, dear Silverthumb, while nymphs prepare
Big wreaths of daisies for thy yellow hair;
Lo! piscatory Sal with strides advance,
Fairest of dames! the pride of Petty France!
But turn not to her, she's a shrew, and rude,
Her ~~beads~~ (eyes) shed murder, and her songs delude:
'Tis mine to offer you ~~pearlman's~~ and nuts,
Unstain'd by hunger, and unsmear'd by sluts!
Come, lovely Costermonger, hold me fast,
Make me thy *pal* (wife), and give me all thou hast;
For who like thee can *cut a swell* (swagger), and then
Tickle the damoiselles, and *mill* (beat) the men?

As the Ladies now began to wriggle, and show symptoms of saltation, the blind Fiddler was lifted upon one of the shelves of the corner cupboard, and country-dances were commenced in the ensuing order:

Doctor Bosky	Mrs. Lungs.
Joe the Sandman	Miss Murzzy.
Mr. Slang	Miss Wallup.
Mr. O'Blarney	Miss Georgiana Blowzy.
The Young Ruffian	Mrs. Gimlet.
Mr. Fogarty	Miss Louisa Limbo.
Natty Sam	The Dowager Skewiff.
Morgan Rattler	Lady Dimadell.

It was intended to have had a Donkey-race; but as Asses were scarce in Tothill Fields, a *Naumachia* was substituted: it took place in a stagnant pond, near the Cowhouse, where two young sweeps were launched in washing-tubs, to splash each other into a state of comparative

comparative purification. At the termination of this engagement, Mr. Trivox, the prodigious ventriloquist, entertained the company with a spirited imitation of Buonaparte's Physician curing young Nap of a colic, while the Prince of Benevento mopped his Imperial catastrophe; and concluded with the amorous parley of two Pigs in a Sty. The charming hostess was deprived of the company of the Mayor of Garrat, as his Worship was up to his ears in business, cleansing a sewer in Peter Street!

Madame la Boue, the clear-starcher, having refused to hob or nob with Master Bang, because his mamma lived, incontinently, with a potatoe-merchant in Off Alley, the dispute was referred to the Doctor, who decided that the crooked circumstance of the young Gentleman's being a son of a w——, might affect his *rank* but not his *fashion*! The company drank deep, until the third cock. The Ladies were freely indulged in potations of whiskey and brown stout; and the Gentlemen with purl and tobacco. The leading toasts were, "The King"—"The Prince"—"The Royal Family"—"The Navy"—"The Army"—and "Gin Spinning." No calamity occurred, excepting what befel Lady Dimsdell, and the Misses Blowzy, and that was not extremely important. In the absence of Luna, her Ladyship drove her buggy, unluckily, against a post, at the corner of Dirty Lane, and *spilt* (upset) her fair companions in a muck-heap, from whence they were instantaneously dug out, without any material injury.

This *helegant* breakfast will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there, and by those who were not,

Vide PADDY O'ROURKE'S FESTIVAL.

ON THE WISH OF JOSEPH BUONAPARTE TO
BE "AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL," WITH RESPECT
TO SPAIN.

[From the British Press.]

A FOOLISH wish ! why separate the two ?
Art thou not both, Cæsar and *Nothing too* * ?

**

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS TO THE ROUND ROBIN,

A MUSICAL FARCE,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

[WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.]

[From the same.]

THE vet'ran Bard who courts your favour now,
Might fairly hope to smoothe the sternest brow ;
For oft your Sires have heard him with delight,
And hence, indeed, your kind support to-night
May well be offer'd as a filial rite :
At length, by Time subdu'd, no more he sings,
Yet still with patriot warmth he strikes the strings.
When first with youthful hand he touch'd the lyre,
Our Naval Heroes rous'd his Muse's fire,
And long as Britain for their valour calls,
Or their dread thunder ev'ry foe appals,
His songs will echo through her wooden walls ;
Prompt them with dauntless ardour to the fight,
And cheer on Saturday their jovial night.
Nor only for our Heroes of the Main
He tun'd his lays, but for our Martial Train,
Who urge in distant lands their glorious way,
To rescue Nations from a Tyrant's sway :
For them the votive strain he pours with zeal,
His fav'rite object still his country's weal.

* Quidni alterutrum velit, cum utrumque assequi possit, ut Cæsar
in nomine, et re nihil ?—De Cæsare Borgia.

While

While Britain's Heroes chiefly claim'd her song,
 His Muse has varied with Life's motley throng;
 Yet ne'er from Virtue have you seen her stray,
 Whether she struck the plaintive or the gay:
 Whate'er the changes of her tuneful art,
 His purpose still was to refine the heart;
 And all his countless labours only tend,
 By pleasing means to gain a moral end.
 Shall then the vet'ran, in declining age,
 By sickness doom'd to quit the public stage,
 See his last hope destroy'd by hostile rage!
 No—gen'rous Britons, though ill-nature snarls,
 Poor Jack's "sweet Cherub" will protect Old Charles.

ON THE QUANTITY OF ODD SHOES LOST IN THE CROWD AT CARLETON HOUSE.

[From the General Evening Post, July 4.]

OF shoes a vast collection made is,
 For all the Ladies thence to choose:
 The shoes were *odd*—without the Ladies;
 The Ladies *odd*—without the shoes.

BUONAPARTE.

FROM A POEM JUST PUBLISHED, ENTITLED "THE
 CONSOLATIONS OF ERIN."

[From the same.]

HIS aid is murder in disguise;
 His triumph Freedom's obsequies;
 His faith is fraud, his wisdom guile;
 Creation withers in his smile—
 'Mid ruin upon ruin hurl'd,
 He flames—the Ætna of the world!
 No off'ring can avert his wrath,
 No human feelings cross his path:
 See Spain in his embraces die,
 His ancient friend, his firm ally!

See

See hapless Portugal, who thought
 A common creed her safety bought;
 A common creed? Alas!—his life
 Has been one bloody, impious strife!
 Beneath his torch the altars burn;
 And blush on the polluted urn—
 Beneath his Christian foot is trod
 The symbol of the Christian God!
 The plunder'd Fane, the murder'd Priest!—
 The Holy Pontiff's age oppress!
 Religion's blush, and Nature's sigh,
 Proclaim Napoleon's piety!!!
 Where'er his locust legions veer,
 Ruin and Woe, and Want are there—
 And dreams, as future murders sweep
 Across their fever'd hours of sleep.

BUONAPARTE'S LATE SPEECH

TO THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

[From the Morning Post, July 4.]

GOOD Gentlemen Deputies, as you besought me,
 I'm come, in my purple array'd:—
 For the Tarquin in clouts which my other Wife brought me,
 The young King of Rome that she happily got me,
 My people quite easy has made.

Yet the Church is the thing that I care most about,
 And the Church of old Rome most of any;
 Though some may presume my religion to doubt,
 And think, notwithstanding I speak so devout,
 I value the Pope not a penny.

To this scandal I'll now put an end in a jerk,
 And Rome shall in Paris be rising:
 The scandal was over, when first I turn'd Turk;
 But now, since I've finish'd my renegade work,
 I've done with Mahometanizing.

Since

Since old Dad has a place at Paris and Rome ;
 If his bosom true Piety carries,
 He will make Christianity's Centre his home,
 And scorn like a Mendicant Friar to roam,
 But pitch his head-quarters at Paris.

Though Holland I fix'd in a sovereign station ;
 When on the French Throne I was seated,
 I saw she was only a small Emanation ;—
 So out walk'd my Brother with due abdication,
 And her Ditches my Empire completed.—

But England, of me and my Commerce afraid,
 Would suffer no Flag to be neuter ;
 That is, with myself and my vassals to trade,
 While her Ports and Possessions I keep in blockade—
 But I've settled that point for the future.

By fair means or foul, as a foe or a friend,
 I got the Ems, Elbe, and the Weser ;
 But, trust me, it was not my reign to extend ;
 As for land I've enough—I shall gain all my end,
 When exalted a maritime Cæsar.

America labours on ocean to shine ;
 And faith I will second the Yankees ;
 While the Sovereign Kings whom I strung in a line,
 With the slip-knot that's titled *the Rope of the Rhine*—
 I have nothing to give them but thankees.

The English they bring all the passions in play,
 Supposing I mean nothing good ;
 And if there were any design in my way,
 Of kidnapping Kings, or contriving a fray,
 Which I could not have done, if I would !

With pride and with jealousy England would plot,
 Of empire and crown to bereave me ;
 But as for more power, I wish for it not,
 Being wholly content with the share I have got,
 If Europe will only believe me.

And

And here is Don Joseph, the true King of Spain,
 At your Council assisting quite sober ;
 I have given him all that was proper, to gain,
 By rapine and murder, one glorious campaign,
 Which he ought to have done last October.—
 Yet, alas ! since the year eighteen hundred and nine,
 When I swore this rebellion to finish,
 As a principal actor did England combine,
 With her gold, her intrigues, and her troops of the line !—
 But soon all her hopes shall diminish.—
 For, since into Rome I've transmogrified France,
 So England to Carthage I'll turn :—
 Much better on Spain than at Sea is my chance ;
 So swimming on land, I'll to conquest advance ;
 And her navy at Badajoz burn.
 And when she is ready to tumble asunder,
 Oh then I'll appear in the true nick :
 I'll ring in her ears such a peal of my thunder,
 As shall make all her destinies quickly knock under,
 And give up this contest so Punic !

CAMILLUS.

THE PAINS OF A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

[From the General Evening Post, July 6.]

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

SIR,

I AM greatly mistaken, if, in stating the difference between the English and French modes of living, it was not agreed by all travellers, that the French are total strangers to what we call *comfort*—either in their houses or their parties. The distinguishing characteristic of an Englishman's *happiness* was, not that excess of joy and animation which is peculiar to our more lively neighbours ; but, in all his pleasures, his highest gratification was a species of *comfort* and of *snugness* connected with his notions of liberty, and excluding every idea of *constraint* and *inconvenience*.

Englishmen,

Englishmen, in their parties, delighted in that unconcerned species of relaxation in which the body, as well as the mind, was at perfect ease. He lolled in his chair, took his glass, and cracked his jokes—stretching his limbs under the table, with a sort of indolence which showed the absence of care and concern. However industrious in business (and no nation can exhibit greater industry), when he came to relax, as he called it, he presented a perfect picture of ease, freedom, and comfort, which, whilst it admitted social pleasure, excluded fear, anxiety, and ceremony.

But, Sir, how comes it about that all this has of late been reversed—that in all our *parties of pleasure* we should study only to what inconvenience our guests may be put, and even to what danger they may be exposed? Whether our *fashionables* give what they call a rout, or a dinner; a breakfast, or a gala; or by whatever name the entertainment may be called, why is it become the fashion to surround us with inconveniences and risks, which totally banish all ideas of pleasure or comfort? A *dance*, and the room so crowded that it is impossible to move—a *dinner* or *supper*, and the guests so numerous that all politeness and accommodation are exchanged for a scramble, that would do credit to a shilling ordinary—*card-parties*, in which all play is turned into fainting-fits and swooning—*refreshments*, which are so difficult to be procured, that hartshorn and lavender must be substituted—a *promenade*, in which we enjoy every thing but the power of breathing—and the whole produce of a hothouse brought into a room, that *fresh air* may be excluded—and *ladies* and *gentlemen*, instead of talking, laughing, and joking, are screaming, gasping, and crying.

Such are the *pains* of a modern party of *pleasure*; and all I wish to know, Sir, is, the *advantage* to be

derived from this system of inconvenience and embarrassment. I should suppose that some advantage must arise, although I cannot discover what it is; for I am confidently assured, that there are ladies of distinction who give routs of the kind I have described, and are happy only in proportion to the number of fainting-fits within doors, and of accidents without: such as the pole of one coach driven through the back of another; a footman's leg broken; the whole neighbourhood disturbed; glasses smashed; horses rearing, kicking, and plunging; ladies walking without shoes to their carriages, &c. &c. Without a column or two of these casualties in a newspaper, Lady A. and Lady B. and Lady C. declare that a rout would be *worth nothing*; and so it may, for aught that I know. All I wish explained is, the theory—the philosophy—of such entertainments; in order that, while a considerable proportion of mankind are laughing at the preference given to personal inconvenience and risk, they may be instructed in what they cannot at present comprehend.

But while I mention this aversion to social comfort as something *new* in our entertainments, I would not have it thought that I mean to compliment the *ingenuity* of the inventors. In truth, there is so little of invention, so little of what any blockhead may not practise, that they can take scarcely any credit to themselves on this score. In order to render a Party of Pleasure as uncomfortable, inconvenient, and dangerous, as possible, nothing more is required than to invite twice the number of guests which the house will hold! Surely this recipe is simple, and adapted “to the meanest capacities;” and if it requires any addition, it must derive it from the state of the weather. Thus, a *fête-champêtre* may be given in a rainy season; or an *in-door rout* when the thermometer stands at 70; and this, with double the number of

of guests that the house can contain, will provide a series of mobbing, crowding, squeezing, screaming, fainting, scrambling, &c. &c. enough, I should suppose, to gratify the most ardent admirers of personal fatigue and danger, and to produce such a number of colds, and other inflammatory affections of the lungs, as may give an extraordinary *eclat* to a rout, and enable the parties to ascertain, with great exactness, the night they caught the disorder.

In the mean time, until it shall please some of these noble hosts and hostesses to instruct us in the *rationale* of making their guests alarmed and unhappy, I should humbly propose a little addition to their routs. They are already dignified by the presence of the Bow Street Officers, for the better preservation of *morals* and *property*; and to this I would propose to add a *Medical Staff* for the safety of *lives*; and, in addition to the ball-room, the saloon, the gallery, and the supper-room, I would add a *Dispensary*, to which the wounded and fainting may be removed, and properly taken care of; provided that *removing*, or *moving* at all, be *practicable*. When I look back to our former ideas of social comfort, I must own it is to me an odd species of compliment to say of any one of our fashionable parties, that "we are happy to add, no lives were lost," as we formerly used to say of a *fire*, or a *shipwreck*.

I am, Sir, yours,

SIMPLICIUS.

ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[July 6.]

SIR,

IT is now nearly a century since I have thought it worth while to address myself to the public. Though my notions have been since that time very

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much

much adopted, I have not had much encouragement; my most valuable productions having been attributed to Dean Swift, a fellow whose wit I could never perceive, and who owes no small portion of his reputation to the meanness of having insinuated to the literary world of that day that he, forsooth, was the real author of the Treatises, learned and elaborate, which I then gave to a discerning public.

My "Art of Sinking in Poetry" seems to have been almost universally pursued since that valuable tract was published, with the exception of one or two of my contemporaries of that day, and two or three obscure fellows, whom I shall not condescend to retrieve from oblivion. But whatever obligations they (the Poets, Dramatists, and Critics) have been under to me, they have never had the magnanimity to allow it; and I now call your attention to an act of injustice and ingratitude which cannot be sufficiently reprobated. The Drama being so great and so lucrative a part of Poetry, I then published my proposals for "The Advancement of the Stage." I shall trouble you with some extracts from this my project, and I will submit to your judgment whether I have not been treated with the basest ingratitude by Messrs. Kemble and Harris, who, like the Poets, have almost to a man followed my precepts, without having the candour to confess the source of their information, or who it has been that has principally directed their efforts. Read my proposals; you must perceive their plagiarism:—"It is proposed, in the first place, that the *two Theatres* be *incorporated into one Company*; that the Royal Academy of Music be added to them as an Orchestra; and that *Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with his Rope-dancers*, be admitted into Partnership.

2. That a spacious building be erected at the public

public expense, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators, which is become *absolutely necessary*, by the great addition of *children and nurses* to the audience since the new entertainment. That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the Honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall all have their places frank."

I shall occupy too much of your paper by quoting verbatim the remainder of my propositions; but I suggested the propriety of demolishing Somerset House, that the said Theatre might be built upon its site; and I have it, upon pretty good authority, that when Mr. S. was Treasurer of the Navy, he had a great inclination, which was indeed thwarted only by the obstinacy of his colleagues in office, to carry the scheme into effect.

The classical mind of Mr. Kemble can never be sufficiently admired for introducing quadrupeds on a regular Theatre; but I flatter myself, that the idea would not have suggested itself, had I not previously recommended the Rope-dancers and Prize-fighters. — The size of the Theatre is evidently from my plan, and the Private Boxes, which were thrown open by a barbarous effort of the multitude, is as certainly taken from my proposal of particular seats for the privileged orders.

I am an old man; but as a new Theatre is speedily to be erected on the site of the old one in Drury Lane, I hope to see it quite upon the principle I proposed to my less enlightened countrymen so many years since; with this addition, that as the two rival Houses will vie with each other in the classicality of their productions, I should command the building of Stables round

the Theatre, that the principal Actors might be conveniently lodged. I have the honour to be

Your profound admirer,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS AND
COMMONS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

The humble Address, Remonstrance, and Petition of a Guinea,

MOST HUMBLY SHOWETH,

THAT your Petitioner hath, for ages past, been held in universal estimation by the people of these kingdoms, borne the stamp of its monarchs, and been preserved in its purity by the wisdom of the legislature.

That your Petitioner lays claim to no peculiar distinction, but what arises from its intrinsic worth : that the labour and expense of collecting any portion for the convenience of mankind, is a sufficient security against the evils of excess ; whilst its inherent qualities protect its possessor from the artful designs of the impostor.

With endowments like these were its rude ancestors brought from the mines of Golconda and Peru ; with the aid of its numerous family these favoured kingdoms have had the ready means of extracting from the habitable world all their rarities, commanding all their labour ; bringing armies into the field in war, and preliminary articles to a favourable conclusion by a definitive treaty of peace.

That in domestic life it has soothed the sorrows of many an afflicted family, given life and animation to the neglected, secured assistance to disease, and snatched the prostrate victim from the voracious jaws of death. Those are only a few of its qualities—it may be considered as the universal linguist, since it facilitates the intercourse between nations whose vocabulary is not known to each other ; it softens the acerbities of ap-
proach

proach to the high; and elevates the low with whom it associates.

That its value was known to the most remote antiquity, because it "would abide the fire*;" and when the Queen of Sheba visited the court of Solomon, the wisest monarch of the East, she brought with her gold in abundance and precious stones; her present to the King was 120 talents, besides the six score talents from King Hiram, and 420 talents brought from Ophir, making in the whole 660 talents of pure gold poured into the treasury of that potent Prince in one year.

History furnishes no example where the ancestry of your Petitioner have been contemned, and it now becomes its painful duty to utter the language of complaint; it is driven into exile by the severity of penal enactments said to be made for its preservation—it is associated with companions from the rags and filth of the people; and these méretricious children, who only a few years ago sprang from the loins of your afflicted Petitioner, have now usurped its authority, and have the audacity to disown their neglected parent †.

Your Petitioner, that used to glisten on the eyes and gladden the hearts of the people, is condemned to solitude without a crime; it never sees the light with the impression of a beloved Monarch, but it trembles for its existence; as well might it have been buried for ever in the bowels of the earth, as to remain thus impotent and degraded. Your Petitioner only claims its lost rights—it only claims the rank that the common consent of mankind gave it—and it asks now for that, with confidence, which is given to the impression of

* The Militia, who volunteered into the line during the expedition to the Helder, ate their bounty with their bread, which was paid to them in Bank-notes. Vide all the ministerial Newspapers in 1799.

† Vide Chalmers, Perceval Elliot, Bosanquet, Coughts, Trotter, &c.

272 SCHEME FOR PAYING THE NATIONAL DEBT.

a Foreign Prince*. While the Spanish Monarch languishes in captivity, his coins of silver, "that will abide the fire," have been elevated, and these meretricious beauties of which it complains have been permitted to come in, in increased numbers, in order that they may make the tokens stay.

Your Petitioner, therefore, as a subject of our Sovereign, demands equal justice; he prays to be delivered from the noxious embraces of Four-and-Twenty Protectors, who know not his worth, and, by permitting him to go alone while his family is not quite extinguished, he has well-founded hopes that he will keep his place among you, secure your liberties and properties, and, as his power increases, he will diminish the number of your and his enemies.

By taking all these premises into your serious consideration, your humble Petitioner will ever pray, &c. &c.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 6.]

SCHEME

FOR PAYING THE NATIONAL DEBT, AND SUPERSEDING
THE NECESSITY OF TAXES.

[From the same, July 11.]

1. **I PROPOSE**, that an inquiry should be made into the income of the Bank Directors.
2. Into the salaries paid the Clerks of every denomination connected with, as well as those in, the Bank employ.

Having so done, by way of complete satisfaction to all the parties concerned, I propose to double the amount of their incomes.

* Alluding to the notice from the Bank to take in Dollars, which were current at 5s., at 5s. 6d.

The

The ground being thus cleared, I propose an act should be passed, compelling all manner of persons to receive Bank-notes at their denominated value. Then an act to take possession of the concerns of the Bank (to which no objection could be raised, all the parties being satisfied as above).

Being thus legally in possession of the Paper Machine, I propose paying the National Debt, by giving to every one of the large Stock holders notes of 1000*l.* each, to the amount of their respective claims—after which I would in like manner proceed to pay the lesser ones.

Now, Mr. Editor, you perceive, by *only* admitting that Paper is Money, how pleasant the office of State Minister will become, and in how little time the burdens of the people may be taken from their shoulders.

7th July, 1811.

C.

AN IMPROMPTU,

ON LEAVING WANSTED-HOUSE FETE.

BY MR. W—— P——, JUN.

[From the Morning Herald, July 15.]

THOUGH my feet caper'd first with the smart Emma
L——g,

My eyes danc'd in chase of her sister ;
And salt tears never fail'd in their sockets to throng
Whene'er for a moment they miss'd her !

So bewitching her jewels—attractive her pelf
Titled Lads throng in troops to ensnare her ;
But, by J——s ! I vow, by my own precious self,
That a W——s——y shall win her, and wear her !

'Mid the tumult of *waltzing*, and wild *Irish* reels,
As prime dancer I'm sure to get at her ;
And by Love's graceful movements to trip up her heels,
As the *Long* and the short of the matter !

Cocoa Tree, July 13.

MARGATE, JULY 21.

A TOUCH OF THE MARVELLOUS.

[From the same, July 23.]

LAST Friday, as Mrs. Philpott's *maitresse-femme* was reclining upon the eastern cliff, to watch some linen that was placed there, like a Mussulman at Mecca, to be blanchéd and purified, she heard, or swears that she heard, a very animated colloquy between a *Shirt*, that belongs to an old Bachelor, who boards in Hawley Square, and a *Chemise*, which appertains to a maiden Lady of the same *Table d'Hotesse*. This event has caused as great a sensation here as the Cock Lane Ghost did in London, when credulity had even a broader establishment in the metropolis than in our times. Crowds arrive daily from Broadstairs, Kingsgate, and St. Peter's, to visit the miraculous spot, and gather evidence as to the fact. The following poetical chit-chat is said to contain the spirit of this wonder-inspiring dialogue. The merit of the versification is attributed to one of our celebrated M. C.'s; but whether it is the dancing bard of Margate, or his great compeer of Dandelion, is not as yet precisely ascertained, as they are "*Arcades ambo*," equally refined and erudite, and far above mortal parallel.

THE SHIRT AND CHEMISE.

" On affronte, pour vous, la mode et l'etiquette ;

Le beau ton languit sans pouvoir ;

Chacun desertte la toilette ;

Et, seule, la Beauté s'endort dans le boudoir !"

Voyez D'UNISTH.

To a Holland *Chemise*,

Quoth a *Shirt* (ill at ease),

On our cliffs, in the late stormy weather ;

" Sweet

" Sweet wench, pr'ythee say,
Why as aliens we lay,
When we both might be happier together."

Said the *Shift* to the *Shirt*,
" A vile soap-tearing flirt
Spread me here, because she was the stronger :
But may Atropos' knife
Cut the *thread* of my life,
If I'll bear this affront any longer.

" Now, ye Gods ! see a lass
Thus expos'd to the grass,
For the rabble to pass in rotation ;
While Sol laughs from the sky,
Though I bawl out ' O fie !'
And am blushing like any carnation !

" Can the M. C. look on,
And see each day what 's done ?
Though this is no Brothel to sin in,
Yet coarse fellows, by squalls,
Come and roll on these sods,
And, s'blood, some will handle my *linen* !

" Hither, calm Hannah M—,
Read your heart's dampers o'er,
Such as Ursula's self would call clever ;
Make their morals more nice,
Touch their pulses with ice,
And I'll pray for you ever and ever.

" Lift me up from the dirt,"
Sobb'd the *Shift* to the *Shirt*,
" And don't let a poor Lady be penn'd on 't.
Come and act like a man—"

" I'll be d—'d if I can,"
Said the *Shirt*, " Ma'am, and so there's an end on 't !"

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post, July 24.]

BURNING with rage, fierce Napoleon cries,
" Cowardly thus to quit your post with shame :"
Humbled, the routed Massena replies,
" *In Egypt, Emperor, you did the same.*"

IMPROMPTU

ON READING THE EXPOSE'.

[From the same.]

NAPOLEON still boasts that he'll drive us from Spain,
Aye, and Portugal too, if he can ;
That his thief-coupled conscripts shall cover the plain,
And France shall be drain'd to a man.
Let his handcuff'd conscriptions come on, if they dare,
With " another such neighbour to back 'em,"
They all shall be treated with Massena's fare,
And Wellington soundly shall thwack 'em.

G.

PARODY

OF ODE XVI.—BOOK III.—HORACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 25.]

Inclusam Danaen.

WHEN Danaë's father smok'd old Jove's
Design upon his daughter,
He swore he'd interrupt their loves,
And Jove should ne'er come at her.
In chamber dark, on attic floor,
To make all sure, he put her ;
Secur'd with patent lock the door,
And double-barr'd the shutter.

The god, who knew the world too well,
 Would not be humbugg'd so ;
 But brib'd the faithless sentinel,
 As well-flogg'd scholars know.

For golden key he held, they say,
 Will always let you in ;
 And bribery the surest way
 The human heart to win.

Gold opes the guarded city's gate,
 The sleepy sentry charms,
 Gives sudden turn to fierce debate,
 And patriot rage disarms.

'Tis gold decides the venal choice
 Of Cornish Boroughs still ;
 And gains the ready members' voice
 To vote whate'er you will.

France owes her wide-extended sway
 Not to the sword alone :
 'Twas gold all-powerful pav'd the way
 To Buonaparte's throne.

"What! gold?" cries St—h—pe; "long ago,
 While banks were yet unknown,
 I grant, perhaps, it might be so ;
 Thank Heav'n! we now have none."

Let sordid fools with sleepless care
 Their cumbrous wealth conceal,
 Whose ear each midnight step can scare,
 Whose store each pilferer steal.

Without a guinea in their purse
 See bankers strut and vapour ;
 Their credit still is ne'er the worse—
 For why? they're rich in paper.

No dread of nightly prowling thieves
 Disturbs their balmy slumbers ;
 One simple rule their care relieves—
 They take down all the numbers.

What

What miser now locks up his hoard
 In chest or iron closet ;
 While consols three per cent. afford
 To tempt the safe deposit?
 Though growing taxes and excise
 Affright the groaning nation,
 The Bank in pure good-will supplies
 Increasing circulation.
 While Indian wretches waste their days
 Beneath Potosi's rock,
 One single note from Henry Hase
 Will purchase Rundle's stock.
 Then why such countless thousands spend
 To beautify Tower Hill?
 We need, our clam'rous wants to end,
 But one small paper-mill.

C. P.

INDECISION : A TALE, NOT OF OTHER TIMES.

[From the same, July 26.]

Qui capit ille habet.

A LEARNED Peer, in office high,
 Sat, an important cause to try,
 Heard learned counsel twist the laws,
 And for their clients search out flaws ;
 Talk much of equity and right,
 In words and phrases erudite.
 Each side made out their case most clear,
 And strove to gain His Lordship's ear:
 This to remove, that fix th' injunction,
 Fleecing their dupes without compunction !
 His Lordship's mind with doubts perplex'd,
 A sudden pang his stomach vex'd ;
 He sought relief from a vexation
 Common to all in ev'ry station :
 So powerful nature wills, *that* Throne
 The slave and monarch call their own !
 w But mark the sequel of my tale—
 A judge is man, and man is frail ;

And

And mark the adage, fully known,
 " Misfortune never comes alone !"
 It so fell out, that full in view,
 This temple boasted seat-holes, two,
 Of varied form and plan, design'd
 To suit the bottoms of mankind;
 To fit the case *à fortiori*,
 Or more at ease *à posteriori*.
 His Lordship view'd them with surprise !
 He gaz'd, then wildly threw his eyes:
 With anxious doubts his bosom heav'd,
 With racking pain his bowels griev'd.
 Were this less straight it might be fitting,
 It sure must be uneasy sitting ;
 But best of all 't would have been found,
 Had this been oblong 'stead of round.
 Thus musing, doubting, undecided,
 'Twixt right and left his mind divided ;
 Now half determin'd, half amaz'd,
 He look'd, still doubted, paus'd, and gaz'd ;
 Till nature, who will ne'er defer,
 Nor grant e'en Judges to demur,
Discharg'd the motion with costs of suit,
 Then said, " Behold, my L—d, the fruit
 Of indecision, and of wav'ring speeches :
 The cause is clear, th' effect is in your breeches !"

THE ROMAN POET.

ON LORD COCHRANE AT MALTA.

[From the British Press, July 27.]

—— " *animum ad civilia vertit
 Jura suum, leges que tulit.*"

HE turn'd his mind to civil laws,
 (A friend to those who plough the seas,)
 And in the practice finding flaws,
He bore away the Code of Fees.

Would

Would that the Muse could add, that he,
 Like Cæsar, first had peace restor'd * !
 But let them trust him, and they'll see
 He'll conquer, or he'll die on board.

His words and actions prove his aim,
 To war with all mankind that do ill;
 On throne or bench to him the same,
 Napoleon hight, or Dr. Sewell.

DEFENCE OF AN INJURED CHARACTER.

[From the General Evening Post, July 27.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

KNOWING the liberal principles upon which your paper is conducted, I have no fear of your rejecting any application in behalf of injured innocence; and I am equally confident, that if you have, by any mistake or misapprehension, been led to join in the popular clamour against the worthy old gentleman for whose character I plead, you will be ready to retract all such suspicions, insinuations, and reflections, when you have perused this letter.

The worthy, and (I may add) illustrious man, to whom I allude, has long been accused of being an enemy to the corn-trade of this country; and I cannot remember a bad harvest, for many years past, in which, if you believe common report, he has not had a very active hand. But as there are people, especially in this great metropolis, who feel more for themselves, and their own selfish enjoyments, than for the fruits of the earth, there is a still heavier charge brought against my worthy old friend; and that is, the pains he takes to spoil parties of pleasure, both

* The beginning of the passage runs thus, "*Pace date terris*;" and this part does not apply to His Lordship, it is not his fault.

by

by land and water. I do not remember when there was a more remarkable instance of this species of accusation that on last Sunday; I never, in one day, heard so many spiteful things said of this gentleman. If I did not know his character better than any of his accusers, I should have thought that he had no other employment than to break chaises and coaches in pieces, and to lame all the horses in all the stables in London; and no greater pleasure than to lay the streets and roads under water, and spoil all the Sunday clothes of all the Sunday parties in and about the metropolis.

The number of disappointments, of broken engagements, and of engagements performed out of all humour and temper, which he is said to have occasioned on the aforesaid day, are beyond my calculation; but I am confident they were as many in number, and as bitter *in the baulk*, as ever occurred within the same space of time. By these, many were reduced to that most painful of all necessities—*staying at home*; without any employment, any amusement, any resources within themselves, to defeat that great enemy, *Time*—an enemy, who, for what reason I know not, exerts his power on Sunday with a force more resistless than on any other day.

But in all this, painful as it may be to bear, I cannot discover why the old gentleman, whose history I am about to give, should be blamed. I can discover no proof nor evidence of the slightest kind. I inquire of as many of his accusers as come in my way, why they fix their suspicions on him? but they can give me no reason whatever. Many avow that they know not even who or what he is; and others, when hard pressed on the subject, can bring no other authority for their accusations, than the traditionary rumours of a parcel of old women, or old men who have passed into the stage of old women. I ask what interest so good a man, as he they accuse, can have
in

in disappointing either farmers or men of pleasure, in spoiling markets or engagements, in lessening the number of hackney-coaches, and increasing the demand—in disturbing the temper of good housewives, or deranging their dinners? I ask if it be likely that a man, whose functions in the State and Church were so important, should take pleasure in no more dignified employments than dirtying boots and splashing stockings? I ask if it be likely that a man of such extensive benevolence should confine his liberalities to washerwomen and shoeblacks, and evince no taste but for a display of ankles and petticoats? I ask, in a word, if there be any feature in his character that corresponds with the exercise of so much caprice, and the production of so much mischief? But I ask in vain, since his accusers—no uncommon case—abuse a man whom they do not know.

To remove this ignorance, I will endeavour to open the eyes of all the old women in this kingdom—a prodigious undertaking—to the true history of their supposed enemy, St. Swithin! This venerable prelate, Sir, was Bishop of Winchester in the ninth century, a man of an illustrious family, and a native of Winchester. Early in life he took the religious habit among the regular clergy of the cathedral, and made the greatest proficiency in sacred literature and piety. Being ordained priest, he succeeded to the provostship of the cathedral. In the year 838, he was raised to the episcopal dignity, which was a subject of universal exultation; and he even surpassed the expectations that had been formed of him—but not a word about *rain*. He was indefatigable in promoting the good of the whole kingdom, and particularly of Winchester city and diocese; insomuch, that a great part of the merit in whatever was well or wisely done by the King, was justly ascribed to him—still nothing about *rain*. He built a great number of churches in those
parishes

parishes where none had before existed, and either first of all constructed, or at least rebuilt, the main city-bridge—but still no rain. He was, says his biographer, a treasury of virtues; but those for which he was most distinguished, were his mildness and humility—would such a man have *rained* forty days? So great was his aversion to pomp and ostentation, that he was accustomed to go from one part of his diocese to another, when he went to consecrate churches, or perform other duties of his charge, by night; and these journies he constantly performed on foot—a likely story, if it *rained* all the way. Finally, he carried his affection for humility even beyond the grave: giving orders, in his last sickness, that his body should not be buried with marks of distinction in the cathedral itself, but among the common people, in the church-yard.

I would now ask these accusers of this good man, where they can, in all this character, find any evidence of his aversion to dry seasons, fine weather and pleasant parties, open carriages, or sailing-boats; from a royal yacht to a Margate-hoy? I have laid the facts before them, and I hope we shall be able to account for our bad harvests and broken engagements in some more probable manner.

I am, Sir, yours,

AN IMPARTIALIST.

REVIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT:

AN EPISTLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 30.]

T IS true, my friend! on Lisbon's fertile coast
 Glory still new has crown'd our British host.
 Those Gauls, whose triumphs ev'ry realm deplores,
 From Poland's confines to Calabria's shores,

Have

Have left their eagles, long-tried bravery's trust,
 Beneath our lion, grov'ling in the dust.
 Fair Portugal, ally of England's fame,
 Revives the glories of her ancient name,
 And sleep appeas'd on drear Corunna's shore,
 The shades that wander'd round the grave of Moore.
 I own all this. (Nay more, will e'en restrain
 Blame of the haughty sluggishness of Spain;
 Spain, whose false pride would force me to confess
 E'en Well'sley's conduct doubtful of success.)

But is this all? Can this alone bestow
 The gifts our country justly seeks to know?
 Hush bigot prejudice, set commerce free,
 Make Britain blest, as Britain ought to be.
 Pardon, my friend! if, while I pleas'd applaud
 Our soldiers' valour, leader's skill abroad,
 I cannot cease those ills at home to blame,
 That undermine us in our flush of fame.

He, whose whole life to Britain's realm hath stood
 A sacred pledge of ample future good;
 That Prince, whose brilliant hope has giv'n, for years,
 Erin still cause to smile, through all her tears;
 Her sole great solace still his heart to know
 Her freedom's champion, and proscription's foe;
 Upon that Prince's brows intrigue hath plac'd
 A crown, whose brightest jewels are effac'd.
 First of his race, whose sceptre in this land
 E'er yielded any of its high command;
 Constrain'd to wield, in Britain's trying hour,
 Insulted monarchy's restricted pow'r.
 Not spar'd one hateful toil, one curse of state,
 Still forc'd to doom the wretched to their fate;
 But still forbidden to bestow on those
 Whose valour triumphs o'er their country's foes;
 Who watch, who labour for her weal and fame,
 The native honours that their actions claim.

I blame not him, whose filial love retains
 Those men as servants, whom his mind disdains;
 But oh! I loathe those men, who, for their gain,
 Can sport unfeeling with a people's pain;

Who

Who use that filial love by lowest art,
T' enthrall the generous feelings of his heart,
And make a sire's disease, with selfish care,
An engine for their purpose on his heir.

These are the men, who, while their course destroys
To every hearth a portion of its joys,
Should any patriot's bold and generous heart
Bid him unveil their low, debasing art,
And show the means—means legal, just, and plain,
By which a Briton may those joys regain;
All their fed pack its loudest anger stirs,
Their gauntest bloodhounds and their vilest curs;
At theory's falsehood, growl the sullen whelps;
Ring "black malignity," in louder yelps;
Of "Jews and Pedlars," snarl; and plaintive whine
Their hopes that none will follow such a line.
Gold's fragrant honours Bank Directors draw,
And tooting lawyers strive to doubt the law.
Hints and Amendments crowd the long debates,
To manage for us all our own estates,
And e'en more deep our private cares explore,
Than all our prying taxes did before.

These are the men, whose wisdom must oppose
The awful power of Britain's bitterest foes,
Lacking alike, far, far their hopes above,
Their Prince's confidence and people's love—
That Prince, who, firm, their venal praise neglects,
Distrusts as statesmen, and as friends rejects,
Nor lets them add to those who hem the Throne,
One other hungry minion of their own.
Each vegetates, contented in his place,
'Mid baffled wishes, ever new disgrace,
And scorn as mark'd, as drives, despite of gain,
The liveried menial from his master's train.

"Keep we our places! keep them still," they cry,
"Though war envelope all, though commerce die;
Nor longer dares her old reliance place
On credit tott'ring on a paper base.
No plans of wise relief will we enforce,
We'll use no remedy, seek no resource;

The

The gifts for which these realms our names would thank,
 Would vex the City, and displease the Bank,
 None, 'mid improvement, can our seats enture,
 But, 'mid the present horrors, they 're secure."

Ambition's base, without just Pride's control,
 (Ah ! sometimes mingled with the greatest soul ;)

Ambition, that from lofty stations draws
 Its pride, nor rests upon its own applause ;
 Ambition, that, when baffled in the plan
 Its wisdom labour'd for the good of man,
 Cannot the fall from worldly state endure,
 Content, when useless, to become obscure.

Said I obscure ? Did I forget the man,
 Whose ease ennobled thy retreat, St. Anne * ?
 Not such as placemen, free from business, soothes,
 'Mid pension'd elders, and expectant youths :
 Not hail'd and cheer'd at every trite remark,
 By the prompt plaudits of some Treasury Clerk,
 His pleasure dwelt upon the classic page,
 His converse sought the learned of the age ;
 Retir'd and hid, still would the people greet
 Him as their guardian in his close retreat ;
 'Twas still their soothing hope, 'mid all their woes,
 That happier times would call him from repose,
 And bid him tread beneath a fav'ring reign,
 The path of safety he had shown in vain.

Could then obscure be this retirement's name,
 This splendid happiness, untroubled fame,
 Which deck'd the pleasures of a private state
 With all the real honours of the great ?
 Not power, or titles, or th' admiring crowd,
 Where cring'd the wealthy, and where knelt the proud,
 Could aught increase (though bane to all his bliss)
 The simple greatness of a man like this.

Such, oh my friend ! is of our state the scope,
 Ah ! much more full of terror than of hope !
 But still one ray of cheering hope is shown
 Through all the clouds that now obscure the Throne ;

* Mr. Fox's villa at St. Anne's Hill.

ASSES VERSUS HORSES.

And firm I trust, when that again is bright,
With all its rightful majesty of light,
Then shall its beams, chasing this paltry band,
Shine on the great and virtuous of the land,
And all our cherish'd hopes, all Britain's trust,
However vast and glorious, shall prove just.

ASSES VERSUS HORSES.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 1.]

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

SIR,

I N some remarks I sent you, a few months ago, on the subject of introducing quadruped performers on the stage, I endeavoured to prove that the *blame* of this absurdity, be it more or less, ought to be shared equally, or nearly so, between the Managers who *offer*, and the Public who *accept*. I did not think it quite fair to provoke the indignation of any part of the Public to violent measures, in a case where a much greater part of *that same* Public seemed inclined to extend their patronage. While I allowed the difference between man and horse, I did not conceive we had any right to abuse the Managers, because there were persons who declared themselves as much amused with the one as the other.

At that time, however, I had no objection to such opposition as might be vented in *ridicule*; against which, I am persuaded, neither theatrical nor any other absurdities can long maintain their ground; and I am pleased to see ridicule employed in the case of horses, whether they usurp the place of actors, or are more harmlessly employed in drawing a fool in a *harouche*. Caricature prints, newspaper squibs, epigrams, and essays, prose or verse, have all been useful in their way; and I now remark, with satisfaction, that the powers of ridicule have found an usefu'

useful ally in the Theatre itself. A kind of farcical parodies have been introduced, and horses, and German plays (which latter were always more absurd and more pernicious), are now in the right road to expulsion, by being fairly *laughed off* the stage, without any aid from the violence of riotous conspiracies.

Yet, it has been remarked, with some degree of indignation, and as a reproach to the taste of the times, that the *same Public* which admired and encouraged horse-actors and German plays, amiable adulteresses, benevolent highwaymen, and sentimental shoplifters, now flock, with equal pleasure, to see all these extravagancies burlesqued. Be it so—All we can infer from this is what might have, long ago, been concluded from similar premises, namely, that the Public is a very strange and unaccountable being, led by caprice, and in its pursuits various, unstable, and inconstant; untractable if opposed, but if permitted quietly to come to its senses, ready to retract its errors; and, as we now see, not reluctant to join very good-naturedly in the laugh against itself.

Such, I think, is *the Public*; but let me not be mistaken—I allude only, in this character, to *that* Public (we have more *Publics* than one in this country) which is in pursuit of *amusement*; and when we consider how little the lovers of amusement regard the means—a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, an ass-race, a pig-race, &c.—it will not, perhaps, appear very inconsistent that they should laugh to-day at what made them cry yesterday. All this apparent difference of feeling is prescribed by *Fashion*; and whether that despot (the Buonaparte of public places) shall enact floods of tears, or bursts of laughter, she is sure to be obeyed by a *Public*, which, although we can neither count it, nor measure it, will always be found large enough to fill our Theatres.

I am, Sir, yours,

—
FULTON

FULTON TO THE KING OF ROMÉ.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 1.]

GREAT King, two years ago, I wrote
To Lord Marbois a civil note,
Which he ne'er answer'd, like a bear;
So now I send my modest prayer
To your dread throne, or *stool*, or *chair*.

The plan, *great* King, which I have hit on,
Will quite destroy the pride of Britain;
'T will send her navy to the devil,
And bring her to your nation's level.

The great *torpedoes* I prepare
Will blow her ships up in the air;
And every man of war will soon
Ascend, just like a vast balloon.
In half a day one thousand men
Would scatter all the ships you ken
Now hovering round about Boulogne;
And, if I'm *not* completely wrong,
A force but twenty thousand strong,
(Well organiz'd and train'd, you know,
To eat and drink, and sleep below,)
Would clear the Channel, and do over
All between Calais port and Dover.
Thus, in two years, Sir, might be seen
The end of England's proud marine;
And then that isle, without a doubt,
Puff'd, like a farthing rush-light, out,
Instead of reigning o'er the waves,
Would only furnish France with slaves,
How glorious then were such a thing,
To grace your annals, mighty King!
And (turn it over in your mind),
How happy 't were *for all mankind*!
And more, (but that 's a thing between us,)
How worthy of your daddy's *genus*!
For who can say that it is not
To happen while his head is hot?

It may be that to raise his name,
 And add to his uncommon *fame*,
 (*Fame growing out of mighty works—
 Pois'ning his troops, and mard'ring Turks.*)
 This business will be done:—this blow up
 Take place, great Monarch, ere you grow up.

Let not the greatness of my plan
 Lead you to think 't is not for man
 To accomplish such a vast design,
 As that which I avow as mine;
 I wish you only to retrace
 What revolutions have ta'en place,
 Not those which made your father king,
 (I would not speak of such a thing,)
 But those which learned scribes disclose,
 As science and invention rose :
 Reflect, Sir, powder *was invented*,
 And *then*, Sir—you *must* feel contented.

In planning this, my *first great view*
 Is but to show my love *for you* ;
 Yet (though not greedy after pelf)
 I must confess I like myself ;
 And, if I open in this trade,
 I could, Sir, wish—to be well paid.
 I shall expect my work well done,
 A thousand francs for every gun.

Now, Sir, soon as the haughty foe
 Shall feel the meditated blow,
 Their ships, perhaps, they will abandon,
 That you with ease their coasts may land on :
 Or—England, if I don't befriend her,
 May quickly all her fleets surrender ;
 Unless, indeed, she should reduce 'em,
 And never from her harbours loose 'em.
 For all reduc'd, or prizes made,
 I humbly hope I shall be paid ;
 Though, Sir, (you must have notic'd it,)
 I'm apt my interest to forget.

Now render'd master of the seas,
 You may let ports out as you please ;
 These can be rented, understand,
 Just as some kingdoms are on land.

England,

England, then prostrate at your feet,
 For peace on any terms must treat;
 Her power thus shook to dissolution,
 You 'll *lay her under contribution*.
 Then, Sir, before you grant her peace,
 Before you bid your thunders cease,
 Be this your language firm and bold,
 "While yet the brand of war I hold,
 As you are most completely beaten,
 This basis only will I treat on,
 That you, without the least delay,
 Two millions to Bob Fulton pay."

Observe, *great King, I am not greedy,*
 Though, truth to say, I'm rather needy,
 And, prosecuting these great labours,
 Have been annoy'd much by my neighbours,
 Who, jeering, oft my feelings hurt,
 Because I go without a shirt.
 For this, sure no man ought to flout one,
 E'en you, *great King, were born without one*.
 Pray mark my moderation well;
 The profits of my plan I'll sell,
 For this *small* sum; and this not France,
 But humbled England, must advance.
 This proves my plan is no vain vision,
 And ought not to call forth derision.

A native of a neutral state,
 I thought I had a right to wait,
 Before I brought my plan to light,
 To see who'd best my pains requite.
 So first to England, Sir, I went,
 And thence my *mighty* engines sent
 Against your fleet, but with th' intention,
 That you should profit by th' invention.
 However France might feel alarm,
 I never meant to *do her harm*;
 On England, after all her toil,
 I knew the project would recoil;
 But us'd by France against *her* foe,
 It never can recoil—you know.

It may, perhaps, be in your breast,
 I some one else might have address'd,
 Communicating this my plan
 To an experienc'd naval man;
 But *sailors*, Sir, will always scout it;
They won't, who nothing know about it;
 This feeling makes me send to you;
 Doubt it who will, Sir, *this is true.*

I am, *great King!*

Your Majesty's most devoted humble servant,
 ROBERT FULTON.

TO A MISER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 3.]

MEN say you are wealthy, but falsely, I'm sure,
 And thus can I prove it, my friend;
 You have not a penny to give to the poor,
 Nor have you a penny to spend.
 You keep, it is true, an abundance of pelf;
 But that 's for your heirs, it is not for yourself.

THE UNDERTAKER'S BLUNDER.

A TRUE TALE.

[From the British Press, Aug. 3.]

IN Derby died lately, poor dear Mistress Young,
 An excellent woman as ever was seen;
 On her husband and servants she toil'd with her tongue,
 And kept them in order; and kept her house clean.
 Now, poor dear Mistress Young, having got rather old,
 That is, between fifty and sixty I wot,
 Could no longer breathe—therefore, no longer scold—
 For Death stuff'd his stopper down Mistress Young's
 throat!

When

When dumb—to the dark undertaker was sent,
 With orders to cover her up very soon ;
 And tell on the plate from the wide world she went
 To the narrow world on the *eleventh* of June.

But this fellow, so stupid, was sure never fit,
 Not even in Derby, to live by the dead ;
 For he put on the plate, Mary Young *obüt*
 The *fourteenth* of June, of the *eleventh* instead.

With this blundering mistake, overdating her date,
 The coffin for dear Mistress Young was sent home—
 Into which she was popp'd, by the mark on her plate,
 Just two days *a priori* her death-day was come.

Now, it must be confess'd, it would look rather queer
 To bury a lady the day ere she died !
 So the plate must be alter'd, to make it appear,
 'T was not meant prematurely the lady to hide.

So to scraping, and rasing, and punching, they fell,
 While disconsolate relations all stood by to weep ;
 And with punching and rasing, most wond'rous to tell,
 They awoke Mistress Young from her death-looking sleep.

Then she scolded amain, and she scolded again—
 And admir'd what the devil they all were about !
 She protested to God, all their labour was vain,
 For she would not be buried till life's flame went out.

And she rav'd all that day—but her spirit, so vext
 At the thought of their wicked and hellish design,
 Could not bear her out longer—and, lo ! on the next,
 She was forc'd, in good earnest, her breath to resigu.

Then no rasings were needful, the plate turn'd out right ;
 The doleful death-bell does most dismally sound ;
 In her coffin they screw'd poor dear Mistress Young *tight*,
 And *gently* they lower'd her into the ground.

DING DONG,

REMARKS ON A JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 3.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS I was some time since travelling down to the north, a portfolio was brought to me by the waiter at an inn, where I stopped to change horses, with a request that I would deliver it to an elderly gentleman, should I chance to overtake him, who had left it behind him there a few minutes before I arrived. As, however, I had not the fortune to overtake the gentleman, and have never been able to trace him, I opened the portfolio a short time ago, with a view of discovering the owner by its contents. In this object I was disappointed; but I found amongst its contents some speculations, so new and curious, that I cannot help feeling a wish that the public may, through the medium of your paper, be informed of them, whilst at the same time such a publication may give to the owner an opportunity of reclaiming his property. The first sheet I examined, contained "Remarks on a Journey to Scotland, relative to the effects of my Bill;" of which remarks, the following extracts may serve to give some idea:—

"Three miles on this (the Scotch) side of Barnet, met the old Stamford Fly, eighteen outsides."

"Four P. M. Biggleswade, N. one mile, York Highflyer, boxes on top ten inches by observation, above Act. Q. Whether my quadrant is correct?"

"Six o'clock—Passenger driving Edinburgh mail."

"Broad-wheel waggons, enormous weights, wheels conic sections. Q. Whether parabolic or hyperbolic?"

Several sheets were filled with similar notes, of which the above is a sufficient specimen. I found also what appeared to be minutes of a proceeding at the Board of Agriculture, and a project for a British Herring Fishery

Fishery at John-o'-Groat's House. But by far the most curious and interesting paper is entitled, "An Essay on the Utility of soft Paper, and a Project for extending its Use to all the Necessaries of Life." This Essay being fairly and carefully written out, apparently for the press, the singularity of the title induced me to give it an attentive perusal, and I was much gratified by finding it contained matter equally new, curious, and important. After expatiating at some length on the great advantages which the nation has experienced by the substitution of paper for coin, the unknown author proceeds to develope a plan for substituting this valuable substance in the room of all, or the greater part of those bulky and expensive articles called necessaries of life; for, as he says, bread, beef, pork, and mutton, being very costly, not only in the production, but in the transit from place to place, by substituting *paper*, under proper regulations, which is cheaper, and easily circulates from hand to hand, or from hand to mouth, not only a prodigious saving of labour will be the result, but the whole of our parochial taxes may be saved, except such as are levied for the repair of roads (for which, says the author, see my Bill). Now, Sir, although such a scheme may appear a little visionary to those who still obstinately reject the ideal or immaterial hypothesis of Berkeley; yet to me it appears perfectly satisfactory, being convinced that all those substances are merely impressions upon the mind; that paper representing them, may produce the same impressions; and that a note issued by the Treasury, bearing the inscription, "I promise to give the bearer a pound of bread," may, to those who are not prejudiced, answer all the purposes of satisfying hunger. Nor can any thing be more reasonable, seeing that I pay my butcher with paper, purporting to be convertible into so many pounds sterling, but which pounds no one will give him for the paper,

if he in return furnishes me with paper bearing the inscription of so many pounds of meat; for as the paper, not convertible into money, by the confidence which it bears, circulates with all the freedom of money through the body politic, why should not paper, the representative of beef, circulate in like manner through the body natural? for it would be extraordinary indeed, should the body or belly refuse to the mind of the same men, that confidence which every man places in the merest stranger to him.

I regret much that I cannot, within the limits of a letter, more fully explain the system; I shall, however, unless this should bring me acquainted with the author, give his lucubrations at length to the world. I cannot, however, close this account, without just hinting at one or two other features of the system. One is a proposal to save brick and mortar by building houses of *paper*, of which several successful experiments are said to have been made in the city. Thus, Sir, it is interesting to a philosophic mind to observe, that the amusements of childhood often become the serious occupations of advanced life; but the most pleasing part of the plan is an admirable scheme for a *paper war*, and an infallible method of subduing all our foes by means of *paper bullets*.

Enough has been said, I flatter myself, to show that I am in possession of a very valuable secret. My only fear at present is, that the French in this, as in some other projects, are beforehand with us; and, indeed, I strongly suspect they have already reduced it to practice, and that their army in Portugal has, for some months past, been fed and clothed with *paper*. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Threadneedle Street, July 15.

PAPIRIUS.

JEU

JEU D'ESPRIT. I

[From the British Press, Aug. 6.]

CRIES Tag to his friend, "Bob, were you at Old Drury,
 Last night, when my *Richard* so charm'd all the crowd?
 I hope you were there; but, if not, I assure ye,
 Nor Kemble nor Cooke e'er got plaudits so loud:
 You may smile—but 't is true—I had *peal upon peal*;
 Such a flatt'ring reception was sure never seen."
 "No doubt," replied Bob, as he turn'd on his heel,
 "But the *peals* must be *orange peels*, Tag, that you
 mean."

SONG.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 6.]

Tune—" *'T was when the seas were roaring.*"

'TWAS when a new Election
 Was coming round again,
 Poor C****, in dejection,
 With tears express'd his pain.
 From Dublin, o'er the ocean,
 He cast a wistful look,
 And, with acute emotion,
 Address'd the *herring-brook*:

"Some years are gone and over,
 In blunder-making lost,
 Since I, a luckless rover,
 Forsook my native coast.
 Cease, cease, thou cruel fluid,
 And let a *Placeman* rest;
 Or wash—if you can do it—
 Remembrance from my breast!

"My tongue, I wag no longer,
 No naval news indite—
 An ousted *Borough-monger*
 Is but a sorry sight!

No Minister will ever find
In Dublin town, or Cork,
My equal of the turnspit kind,
To do his filthy work.

"How can they say that nature
Gave me a sterile brain !
For though a tiresome Prater,
I did not prate in vain :
When Royalty was peck'd at,
Did I refuse to bark ;
And was I not selected
To worry Mrs. Clarke ?"

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd he for his seat,
No consolation spying,
And scarce a meal to eat.
When—as a kind assuager
Of this his mighty grief,
The thought of turning Ganger,
Afforded him relief.

*Swan Tavern, near St. Martin's Lane,
July 31.*

ON A DULL PREACHER.

[From the British Press, Aug. 7.]

THE moral worth of Parson B——
To all his flock is known ;
But at a Text, or Sermon, he
Is really quite a *drone*.

In Charity's blest aid one day
He preach'd, good pious soul !
And made a labour'd long essay
Our bounty to control.

But sad 's the tale I've to impart ;
For while he thus did try
With Charity to *ope* each heart,
With sleep he *clos'd* each eye.

H. G.

A GOOD

A GOOD LIAR.

[From the same, Aug. 12.]

THE minions of Ministers, foreseeing the fall of their patrons*, and anxious to put off the evil day, wish to revive the old scheme of "a combined and extended Administration."—The scheme, as originally suggested by Mr. Perceval, they do not like to follow implicitly. From the popularity of the Regent, they think the addition of the Foxites will make them strong enough for any emergency, and therefore it is thought advisable to reject the Grenvilles.

That point being settled among the minions of Ministers, that all just and honourable means shall be employed to ensure its attainment,

It is, in the prosecution of this plan, necessary to show, that the Regent hates Lord Grenville mortally; and that no man bearing the name of Grenville, or directly or indirectly connected with that House, shall ever be honoured with the countenance of His Royal Highness.

A good, clever, plausible Liar, hard-mouthed, and gifted with a pleasant fancy, who has no objection to forward this loyal and patriotic object, is therefore wanted.

The following is a sample of the lies that will be required of any literary gentleman undertaking this office:

"The Regent dined lately with Lord Grey, and His Lordship rebuked His Royal Highness pretty sharply for not having invited his friend Lord Grenville.—N. B. The Regent, whenever he accepts an invitation, always invites his own company."

"It is a curious fact, that at a late interview at Carleton House, Lord Grenville proposed to the Regent, as a *sine quâ non* of his acceptance of office,

* Numberless articles, in our volumes will show that *wits* are not always prophets. EDIT.

that His Royal Highness must discharge his present bootmaker, and must buy his blacking at a new shop.—Will any man in his senses suppose that His Royal Highness will suffer himself to be thus dictated to by a subject, even though that subject be a Peer of the Realm?"

The candidate for literary fame, it is hoped, will find nothing discouraging in these samples.—The Gentleman who has hitherto filled the situation with so much credit to himself, and advantage to his employers, is now at Boston, in North America, forging State Papers for the *London Courier*.—Any person who may answer this advertisement, will therefore be only wanted to furnish matter until that Gentleman's return.

Application to be made to any of the Ministerial Printing Offices in the Strand.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 13.]

A WAG, who had recently taken a wife,
Was ask'd by a neighbour what caused their strife,
As her *beauty* had been the sole cause of his liking?
"Alas!" said the wag, "I have found her too *striking!*"
Gray's Inn, Aug. 7. R. H.

ON A HASTY MARRIAGE BETWEEN A YOUNG LADY AND A FOP.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 14.]

BELINDA, in her twentieth year,
Holds solitude such woe,
She 'd rather lead a Monkey here
Than lead an Ape below.

A NEW CHEVY CHASE,

ON A LATE MEETING, WHICH DID NOT AMOUNT TO
A DUEL.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 17.]

GOD prosper long our Regent Prince,
And eke his subjects true,
That when our noble youths do wince,
No bloodshed may ensue!

Two Knights, as Chronicles do tell,
Did woo one Fair La-dy,
And so to loggerheads they fell
In mortal Jealousy!

For she was rich in lands, 't is said,
And had of pelf galore;
So, for all this, no costly maid
Was e'er so lov'd before!

So desp'rate grew this doughty twain,
Men swore it; who had seen 'em,
Impossible there should remain
One throat uncut between 'em!

The one was Kill-worth's Lord, I trow,
To couch a lance right willing;
Who never turn'd his back to foe
He thought was *worth* the Kill-ing.

Well'sley the other, nickna-med
Great *De la Pole* also;
'Cause on his shoulders he'd a *Head**,
And two *light heels* below.

* A profound Etymologist has proposed to furnish us with a speculation upon the subject of what he calls *transmutation of names*; and we are sorry that we cannot afford him the sixteen columns which he kindly and modestly wishes to fill. We find, however, that he imputes many English surnames, which have the syllable *Head* in them, to that good old habit of patriotic *katachresis*, by which our ancestors endeavoured to read every language, as if it were English. Thus the dignified *De la Pole* of the Normans seemed to them to mean neither more nor less than *Poll*, and they thought themselves highly decorous when they turned this into *Head*.

Now Killworth's Lord march'd out to fight,
 And rob Dan Pole of breath;
 Resolv'd to teach this *walking* Knight
 The deadly *Dance of Death*;

Who, mounted on his dappled horse,
 But slowly reach'd the plain,
 In hope that, shaking *hands across*,
 They might dance *back again*.

For on the Common he did say,
 "A plain ~~so~~ *green* all o'er
 Should not, on such a luckless day,
 Be made '*one red* *' with gore!"

They should have met at crow of cock,
 The time bold fighters like;
 But where's the use of cock, or clock,
 To one not prone to *strike*?

Dan Pole now talk'd about a *glove*,
 Which none could understand,
 While Killworth rav'd about his *love*
 For the Fair Lady's *hand*!

'Mid this colloquium, *peace* I wot
 Was seal'd by fates above;
 So down from Wimbledon they trot,
 Close friends as *hand* and *glove*!

The Lady Fair, of rich renown,
 When told this truce was made,
 That her just sentence might be known,
 Thus humorously said:

"Of *bloodshed*, then, I'm free from guilt,
 (Who did not wish to win 'em;)
 For not a drop could there be spilt,
 If they had none within 'em!"

* "Making the green one red."—The mis-reading of this passage in Shakspeare is well remembered. The true text and true sense have been restored, and the correction is highly valuable; but it would have been too much to have had a practical illustration of it by red-dening the green of Wimbledon Common.

" Now from my train each doughty Knight
 Be banish'd speedily ;
 For *love of Gold* if they 'd not fight,
 They 'd not—for *love of Me* !"

So prosper long our Regent Prince,
 And all his subjects true,
 That when our noble youths do wince,
 No bloodshed may ensue !

ON A DANCING POET *, IN LOVE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 13.]

IF W—ll—ley's head has no more brains,
 Than poetry his verse contains ;
 If W—ll—ley's legs be deftly wise
 In proving where his genius lies ;
 How fit, when all his suit advancing,
 To rest the issue on his dancing !
 For otherwise, could Pole succeed,
 With such a Muse and such a head ?—
 So W—ll—ley P—e a-dancing goes,
 And flirts away with all his toes,
 And jigs so fine, and jigs so smart,
 He'll dance his way into her heart,
 And captivate her longing soul
 As she whirls round her dancing Pole.
 Then, Pole ! where'er the Fair you meet,
 Oh ! shake your legs to show your wit ;
 Show her, in spite of nature's rigour,
Your only way to make a figure :
 And while they cut and caper so,
 Be sure you let the Lady know,
 Your legs can cut more fine and true
 Than e'er your *wit* was known to do.
 Go—heed not what a rival feels,
 And woo the Lady with your—*heels* !

* See page 273.

GRIEVANCES OF NOBODY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Aug. 17.]

SIR,

I HAVE for a long time suffered greatly by the injustice of mankind; crimes and follies have been alleged against me by the very persons who asserted my innocence and my wisdom; and the reward of approbation has been withheld by those who in the same breath have confessed that my conduct was meritorious. Permit me humbly to specify a few of the grievances I have, thus far, patiently endured; and while, Sir, you cannot fail to observe the strange and ludicrous perplexity in which those who make free with my name are constantly involved, you will, I am convinced, feel disposed to admit that I am an object of compassion, and, at least, do me the favour to represent my case to the public, by giving this address a place in one of the columns of your valuable Journal.

So various are the charges brought against me, and so numerous the instances of neglect and malignity I have experienced, that I must resign all idea of methodical arrangement in drawing up this appeal, and rely on your candour to forgive the confused and desultory air which my letter must necessarily assume.

Without further preface, I proceed to inform you that I stand accused

Of being in the secrets of Buonaparte, and of knowing what he will do next.

Of admiring the style and sentiments of the *Courier and Morning Post*.

Of believing that the Duke de Cadore *did* write what has been recently published in his name.

Of thinking that Bank of England Notes are not depreciated in value.

Of

Of wishing the ruin of this great and energetic nation, and victory to her enemies.

Of having personal acquaintance with the Devil, and a violent wish to go to him.

Of reading Rosa Matilda's Novels.

Of writing a better Poem than Milton's immortal Epic.

Of having seen His Royal Highness the Regent forget his dignity ;

Heard Doctor D—g—n make a polite speech in favour of toleration ; and

Observed Mr. Secretary C—k—r embarrassed by modesty.

Of being dead and alive at the same moment.

Of wishing the failure of the Petition for Catholic Emancipation.

Of going to the country when no one goes there, and staying in town when every one has left it.

Of being more corpulent than the late Mr. Daniel Lambert, and as thin as the edge of a razor.

Of bearing what is intolerable ; keeping my temper when out of humour, and being silent whenever I speak.

It is by no means unusual to hear a fellow swear that I can swim on dry land, pay my debts without money, and eat at one meal twice as much pudding as I can get. I am said to have more wit and genius than Mr. Sheridan, and also to be as thick-headed as Earl C——n. It is at one and the same time averred, that I look more like a cut-throat than the Baron de G——, and yet that, with a bull-face and bandy legs, I am genteel and handsome.

I am acknowledged by several to excel Kemble in acting, and to sing better than Catalani ; and, notwithstanding this, that I have a worse conception of tragedy than Liston, and a voice more harsh than that of a jackass, or Lord ———.

I am

I am also said to be in two places at once ; and to be exceedingly partial to the present illustrious Administration.

Not to encroach too much on your indulgence, I shall, for the present, take my leave ; assuring you, Sir, that I am infinitely more a friend to you than to myself.

Aug. 10, 1811.

NOBODY.

Swan Tavern, near St. Martin's Lane.

PANTHEON THEATRICALS.

[From the British Press, Aug. 19.]

A GRAND Hudibrastic drama, entitled, *The Paper War*, has been got up at this House, the principal characters by the performers whom we have already criticised, in introducing them to public notice. This piece has a good deal of resemblance to *Family Quarrels*, only that it wants an *overture*. The music is discordant ; and to listen to the *band*, one can easily perceive that *many notes* are wanting ; not but that there are a sufficient number of *sharps*, but the *flats* are woefully deficient. The *piano* and *affettuoso* movements are most *natural*, though there is considerable merit in the *largetto* and *andantino* parts. The critics say, that Mr. Greville plays *troppo presto* ; but he defends his style as *moderato*, and accuses his rivals of playing *base*. We cannot take on ourselves to criticise with sufficient minuteness this momentous subject, but merely state the *tenor* of it to the world, that they may judge for themselves who are right among these *professors*.

The proposed Entertainment of *The Children in the Wood*, by *babes* not exceeding *seventeen* years of age, is not to be persisted in, owing, as we understand, to the interference of the *Right Rev. Father in God*

God the Bishop of ———, backed by the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*, who have unanimously declared, that the exhibition of girls at that *tender age* would be more subversive of public morals than the Fair at *Parson's Green*. The Proprietors of the *Italian Opera* have also protested against this innovation upon their patent, and assert that the *spectacles* of pretty young ladies behind their own scenes are sufficient for the amusement of the town, and, consequently, there is no need for encroaching on their monopoly.

We learn with pleasure, however, that, to make amends for this disappointment, two sterling old Comedies are to be produced, *à la Elliston*, in the *burletta* way. These Comedies are, *The Comedy of Errors*, *tragedized*, and *All in the Wrong*, *farcified*. Mr. Caldas has been sent to the Continent to import a proper company. They are expected to begin the campaign next summer. A body of *German waltzers* are also to be engaged, who will not only dance in the *ballats*, but instruct our female Nobility and Gentry in that *chaste measure*.

Notwithstanding we have noticed all these charming designs *in petto*, we ought first to have observed, that *Raising the Wind* must be the *earliest performance*, and that much pains are taking to *get it up*.—The alterations in the Pantheon, to render it eligible for plays, masquerades, and private waltzing, are to be set about as speedily as possible, so that the public can be in no danger of a disappointment. Buonaparte's improvements on the Pantheon at Rome will be mere baubles to the *intended* magnificence of this new undertaking.

PICTURE GALLERY.

[From the same, Aug. 22.]

No. I.

THE works of certain eminent Artists have been for some time open for public exhibition; but, although possessing great merit, they have passed without notice in the Newspapers. The following are among the most prominent:

No. VI. *The slovenly Letter-writer.*—The foreground presents a sheet of *Foolscap*, with a little fribbish figure of a man writing a letter upon it.—The expression of the countenance is that of a pert, perverse schoolboy. He appears regardless of all *rule and order*; the lines run at cross corners, and the characters are turned the wrong way. A little simple gall supplies the place of ink. On the right stands a black solemn-looking man, pointing out the *slovenly* defects of the letter, and how to amend it. The first view suggests the idea of a writing-master instructing his pupil; but, on closer examination, it appears to more nearly resemble Lord Eldon commenting upon the Irish Secretary's slovenly letter to the Catholics.

No. XII. *The New Mint.*—This is a good *draft* of a very bad *design*. The colours are black and white, and the piece is printed by copper-plate.—The drapery is very light, as is the stuff; the piece wants *solidity*, and has rather a poor and meagre appearance. The site is any thing but appropriate, being an exact plan of the Bank of England, and not of Tower Hill. The materials in the back ground for the coin bear no likeness to the *precious metals*. They are heaps of *rags*. This work was begun by Pittini, and finished by one of his scholars. There are many copies of it, which have been pronounced by the best judges, *capital* likenesses.

No.

No. XV. *The Lion taken in the Toils.*—This is one of the boldest and most impressive works in the collection. The Lion is a most majestic and commanding figure. A glare of indignation flashes from his eye, and he appears repressed from making a sudden exertion to burst his ignoble bonds only by a figure of *Time*, who is busily employed in cutting them away with his scythe.—The design of this work is also by the celebrated artist *Pittini*; but it is the joint execution of a few junior artists, who studied in his school.—As companions to it, in the same room, we find the battle in which *Joshua commanded the sun to stand still*, by Pierino del Vaga, and *Gulliver pinned down to the earth by the Lilliputians*, by that excellent painter Dean Swift.

(For No. II. see page 313.)

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES BELCHER, THE FUGILIST,
AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 23.]

JEM so many stout bruisers had tir'd out of breath,
That, after *long training*, he set-to with Death;
But in the last round, the grim king, with a grin,
Hit Jem on the gullet, and Jemmy gave in.

TO THE SUITORS OF MISS T. L——.

[From the County Chronicle, Aug. 27.]

THOUGH *longing* long for Long, has prov'd your *longing*
true;
You *long* shall long for Long, ere Long shall *long* for you!

EPICRAM.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 27.]

SAYS a Judge on the bench to the culprit, a woman,
 "Are you not a notorious prostitute common?"—
 "Since your Lordship," says she, "requires my confession,
 I own that I once did pursue the *profession*;
 But now 't is some time since I quitted that line;
 For a reason your Worship will hardly divine—
 There are so many *private* ones now in the trade,
 That a *common* one cannot contrive to get bread."

TO W——Y P——E.

SUGGESTED BY HIS PRECIOUS POETICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.

[From the same, Aug. 28.]

ACHILLES, theme of epic song,
 Of ancient Greece the glory,
 His laurels yields to claims more strong,
 Rehears'd in British story—
 Bid Hector's shade the proud distinction feel,
 And mock his Rival, *vanquish'd* in his *Heel*.
 While W——y, theme of *his own* praise,
 The *Dancing Master's* glory!
Waltzes and *reels*, with wild amaze—
 Or sings a *tearful* story—
 Lo! Hector's shade the proud distinction feels;
 And welcomes W——y, *conq'ring* with his *Heels*!

R. H.

DESCENT OF THE BALLOON.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 30.]

AT a late hour last night, the following curious account came to hand, from an unknown Correspondent. We give it just as we received it, not pledging ourselves for its authenticity.

* See page 273.

“The Aëronauts displayed the greatest possible impetuosity. Mr. B. scarcely even trembled till the Balloon had cleared the trees. Then, however, from the novelty of the scene, he felt sensibly affected, and, sinking back, in the weakness of the moment, his flag fell from his hand. On looking after it, the effect of what he saw turned his stomach. After he had lightened his chest, and the Balloon, a glass of brandy, in a great measure, recovered him. London now appeared to their view: it seemed not much bigger than a haystack. Mr. B. could not believe that it was the metropolis, till Mr. S. pointed out to him *London Stone*, in *Cannon Street*, which satisfied him. The Monument seemed to be about the size of a *candlestick*, and the Tile Kilns near Stratford seemed like a couple of extinguishers belonging to it. Passing over Ilford, they heard a cracker go off. This Mr. S. took as a compliment, and waved his flag in return; which seemed to be understood, as another cracker was heard shortly after.—They were then out of sight of the earth. Shortly after they saw Epping Forest: it seemed about the size of a gooseberry-bush. They now saw water at a distance. Mr. S. was apprehensive they were near the sea, and the grappling-irons were accordingly thrown out. The water ultimately proved to be a horse-pond, and they found themselves fast approaching the village to which it belonged. One of the grappling-irons unfortunately caught the clothes of an old apple-woman: she had, however, presence of mind enough to cling to her stall, which, with herself, was dragged after the car with inconceivable rapidity. The other grappling-iron shortly after caught one of the hind legs of a donkey who had come to offer his assistance, attracted, as it is supposed, by the voice of Mr. S. The animal roared out aloud, and the sound is described by the Aëronauts as having the effect of thunder on those in the

the Balloon. This proves that a loud noise can be heard to advantage in the air. Some labourers were called to their assistance by the noise of the donkey, which, combined with the cries of the old woman, and the voices of the voyagers, had a very sublime effect. The huckstress, however, rendered desperate by her perilous situation, threw one arm frantically over Mr B.'s head, and proceeded to score his face as she would a leg of pork for the spit. By this time a number of persons were endeavouring to assist them; the car often touched the ground, and bounded up again, and the Balloon, still continuing in motion, dragged the party through the horse-pond Mr. S. had observed; and shortly after, passing through a thick brier hedge, Mr. S.'s hat was torn off his head, and Mr. B.'s body thrown out of the car. Fortunately he still kept his hold, and hung dangling between the old woman and donkey, till the Balloon stopped; which it at length did, in consequence of its bumping the car against the back-door of a little hedge alehouse.

“On landing, the adventurers found they had gone no less than ten miles in an hour and forty-three minutes. From this it is clear, that if Balloons could be made to go a little faster, and be directed to any given place, they might in time prove of some use. In the course of their voyage, the Aëronauts caught several flies, *very remarkable* for the striking resemblance they bear to the common *Blue Bottle*, as well in size as in colour. They also caught an insect on the varnish of the Balloon, something like a grasshopper in form, but much smaller; which, on examination, proves to have a sting, and is supposed to be a species of *gnat*, not generally known. These curious little animals, it is understood, are to be preserved in spirits, and Mr. S. very liberally proposes to exhibit them to the curious, admittance 1s. each. The glass was sometimes as high as 71, at others as low

low as 69, which clearly proves that the degrees of heat in the air may vary.

"On landing, Mr. B. washed his face with brandy. Mr. S. generously gave the old woman three-pence for the loss of her apples. She grumbled, but the Aëronauts passed on, and went into the alehouse, where they dried themselves. They then returned to the Mermaid. Mr. B. was in excellent spirits, and quite delighted with the voyage. After supper he sung a song, with great spirit and effect, to the tune of 'Fools and their money are soon parted'."

PICTURE GALLERY,

No. H.

[From the British Press, Aug. 31.]

No. IX. *SHIPS, Colonies, and Commerce.* By Napoleon Buonaparte, R. A. — The artist here appears a complete master in the art of shadowing; but the colours are evanescent, and the whole piece wants *keep* and substance. The boy in the foreground, amusing himself with inflating soap-bubbles, is aptly conceived, and harmonizes well with the character and spirit of the other figures.

No. X. *High in Favour; or, How we Apples swim!* By Messrs. Perceval and Co. R. A. and A. S. S. — This piece presents a groupe of about a dozen figures, bowing, grinning, and fawning. Their appearance is insignificant; and the object of their attraction is a Princely, dignified Personage, apparently wearing a regal Crown. The Master, for such he seems, receives their adulation with averted eyes, and evident marks of contempt; yet they appear quite happy, as if they had feared to be kicked down stairs, and were rejoicing at their unexpected good fortune in not being actually turned out.

No. XVI. *Europa carried off by a Bull; or, The Wanstead Fortune-hunter.*—The design of this piece is vicious. The bull wants strength and vigour, and appears only a frolicsome calf. The execution of this piece also is out of character. The bull frisks about Europa, but has not yet actually got her on his back, and her countenance wears an air of indifference ill suited to an interesting situation. There is nothing original in this painting, nothing just, nothing natural.

No. XL. *Lady Godiva.* By a Mrs. ———, of Grosvenor Square, an amateur artist.—The artist has entirely lost sight of character in this portrait also. Lady Godiva is not represented riding through Coventry; it is *Eve* in Paradise, or a London *elegante* in the Green Park. We do not know in what school this female artist studied; but we learn that John Forel-tius, of Amsterdam, loved to paint nudities, and was very extravagant in his lewd fancy. His friends often reproved him for it to no purpose; but, instead of growing better by their advice, to excuse his wicked inclinations, he fell into a damnable heresy, which he spread about himself, and by which his obscene figures were not only justified, but commended. He was taken up for his horrible tenets, and, denying what was sworn against him, the Magistrates put him to the torture. He died, in the midst of his torments, anno 1640.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, September 13.]

AN aged Peer, in the decline of life,
Took a young virgin of fifteen, to wife;
And *who* to tie this heterogeneous band,
But a right *waggish* Bishop of the land,

Who

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OFF BOULOGNE. 315

Who read the marriage-rite *secundum ritum*,
Saying, "Whom God hath join'd let no man part 'em;"
Then from his lips the well-known passage flew,
Forgive them, Lord; they know not what they do."

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING IT SAID TO BE IMPOSSIBLE TO BRING
THE LATIN WORDS "DI DO DUM" INTO VERSE.

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 23.]

WHEN Dido's spouse would not to Dido come,
She wept in silence, and was *Dido dumb*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Sept. 26.]

SIR,

BEING lately at the town of Stratford-upon-Avon,
I went to visit the monument of the immortal
Shakspeare, whose bust has been so disfigured by
one of his modern commentators; and was much
pleased with the following lines, written in pencil on
the stone:

STRANGER! to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the Poet's curse upon Malone;
Whose meddling zeal his barb'rous taste displays,
And smears his tombstone as he *marry'd* his Plays.

Sept. 24, 1811.

Yours truly,

F. B.

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OFF BOULOGNE ANTICIPATED.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 26.]

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MINISTER OF MARINE.

"MONSIEUR,

WITH the liveliest sentiments of congratulation,
I have the honour herewith to submit to your
Excellency's consideration a report of the splendid
victory,

victory, achieved by his Imperial Majesty's flotilla (lying at anchor in these roadsteads), which, blessed by the animating presence and example of our august Sovereign, has begun an epocha, as glorious as it is encouraging for the French nation and its superb navy.

“ On the morning of Friday, the 20th inst. about ten o'clock A. M. signal was made from Napoleon's Needle, that an enemy's frigate, with the insolent audacity so peculiar to the piratical nation whose flag she bore, had entered the offing, and approached within the reach of our cannon. At this sight, one soul animated every class. The whole of the Imperial batteries, within gun-shot, instantly opened a most destructive fire, under the high and distinguished command of that great Captain his Highness the Duke of Elchingen, whose profound wisdom and zeal for his Imperial Majesty's service, and the honour of the French name, directed the operations on shore. In the mean while, agreeably to orders I had received from his Excellency the Admiral de Winter, I caused two of our praams, though only half manned, to get under way, and stand to sea, the wind being at S. E. This bold assault, which only the skilful evolutions and enthusiastic valour of Frenchmen could have carried into effect, struck instantaneous panic into the breast of the enemy, who sought refuge under the cannon of Dover, with which our brave mariners exchanged shots; one of which, M. Pied de Lievre, bearer of the present, will have the honour to lay at your Excellency's feet. Thanks to the shades of night! the enemy once more escaped the thunderbolts of the national vengeance.

“ On the ensuing morning, that of the 21st inst. the wind having veered round to the westward, we saw, at break of day, the collected force of the eternal enemies of Europe, consisting of one ship of the line,

One, one frigate, and fourteen sloops and brigs, insolently present themselves, discharging their disappointment from the mouths of their ill-levelled artillery. This empty menace inspired with fresh vigour and enthusiasm the breasts of our loyal hosts. His Imperial Majesty, deaf to the entreaties of our adored Empress, was the first to embark and superintend the ordering and manœuvring of his flotilla, and, by his illustrious example, to point out to his devoted subjects the path to new triumphs. The best spirit animated and invigorated the heroes of Austerlitz and Jena; and those heroes, the soldiers of the Army of England, burning with the most impetuous ardour, with cries of '*Long live the Emperor!*' and '*Death to the Carthaginians!*' hastened on board our vessels. This was indeed a terrible hour for England! The Rear-admiral Baste, the worthy brother in arms of the daring Emeriau, at this moment moving forwards in advance, exchanged a furious broadside with the enemy's van; the air re-echoed with the cries and shrieks of the English ranks, and the remainder of the praams and gun-boats, beating courageously up against a foul wind, flew to redouble the blow. The result was no longer dubious; the vain-glorious tyrants of the ocean gave way; ship after ship resigned the conquest; and soon the whole British squadron sought, in an ignominious flight, a momentary safety from French valour, which threatened to bury them in the waves. This brilliant success called forth tears of joy from the paternal eyes of his Imperial Majesty, who, with the Duke of Elchingen on his right, and the gallant Admiral de Winter on his left, were spectators of the ignoble conduct of the Captain of the English frigate the Nadir*. This vessel became a complete wreck; and struck to the terrible prowess of the Commodore de

* Probably the Naiad.—E.

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Poupe. With an ignominy peculiar only to the most debased of nations, the British Commander soon seized the occasion of a light breeze to haul to windward, and double the Point de Boulogne. The heroic Commodore de Poupe, full of indignation; instantly gave chase, and, though a malignant fog coming on snatched him from our view, there can be no doubt he will have fortunately avoided the Goodwin Sands, and have entered triumphantly, with his treacherous adversary, into Gravelines, or some neighbouring port. The remainder of his Imperial Majesty's flotilla returned, covered with glory, to their anchorage in this port, at six o'clock A. M.

"Such, Monseigneur, are the details of this signal victory, which is the triumphal arch leading to the deliverance and repose of bleeding Europe, and which our posterity will feel well inclined to pronounce miraculous and incomprehensible. In the mean time, the loss on our side has been inconceivably trivial; and France, of all her heroes, has only to deplore the wounds of one brave powder-monkey, whom an envious ball has momentarily cut short in his career of glory. It is a pleasing part of my duty to acquaint your Excellency, that his wounds are declared not mortal.

"I pray your Excellency to accept the assurances of my high esteem and most profound consideration.

(Signed)

"L'AMPOULE,

Commanding the Imperial Flotilla of the
Army of England.

"Port of Boulogne, on board his Imperial Majesty's
Ship *Le Menteur*, 9 P. M. Sept. 21, 1811."

[Original.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

SIR,

THE ancient scroll accompanying this letter, was rescued from the fangs of a tailor, by the accidental circumstance of my being in want of a new pair of pantaloons. Perceiving it bore the marks of antiquity, I greedily snatched it from his hands, hugged it to my bosom, forgot to be measured for my pantaloons, and have remained nearly *sansculottish* ever since.

I do assure you, Sir, it has puzzled the brain of many a long-headed antiquary. Some are of opinion, that it was dug from the baths lately discovered in Sussex; others, that it is a precious relic, dug up while sinking the pump in Cornhill; and for a considerable time it was doubted, whether it should be offered to the British Museum for 5000*l.* (as Parliament would soon find the money), or retained in a private collection; and differences ran so high, that at last it was determined to trace any persons, whose name it referred to, and confer a boon on them and their family. On an attentive perusal, which the legibility of the characters permits to the fullest extent, being evidently written according to the ancient Lawyerians (a tribe almost coeval with time), we come to a passage (see 10th verse) stating, that being arrived at "a place called a numerical figure, and the pride of Britain;" and as oaks are deservedly the boast and protection of this happy land, the mind was naturally led to contemplate *Seven Oaks* as the place alluded to in the manuscript.

After searching with indefatigable industry, the various itineraries that have been published, I find Greatness, the seat of P. Nouaille, Esq.; and on referring to the scroll we find, that (verse 6th) he tarried in the

house of a centurion, who, after a parabolical description, appears to be *No Ale*. This is the nearest and most probable definition to be gathered from my researches.

I must be permitted to make a few remarks that strike me on the manuscript in question. Its dirt certainly bespeaks its antiquity; and, the date being apparently in a modern hand, I should not be at all surprised, if it were much older than the reader may conjecture; and I am warranted in this opinion, by the redness of the ink round the writing; observing, that, by the graceful turns of the letters, modern art is set at defiance. The first verse is also very descriptive: supposing the name of the fish to be *Shad* (or, as *Anythingsius* writes it, "*Chad*"), which is short and dumpy; and the next clause having no farther reference than to the wick of a candle; consequently, by joining the two words, *Chad-Wick* would appear to be the name of the hero of the piece. In my very early years I had the honour of knowing a gentleman of that name, a worthy good man; but am ignorant of his fate. How very descriptive of the present day is verse 5th! it shows that our ancestors understood the method of eating and drinking; and also, that the axiom was then in force, "How often do we long for what we can't get!" We even find that powder was then in use; though, by the by, Scripture speaks of it, in Solomon's Song, chapter iii. and verse 6. I think, on the whole, that it is a unique; and from a gentleman of your talents, much pleasure will, no doubt, accrue to the learned world from your very enlightened remarks; and in the hope that I shall soon see them before the public,

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HUMPHREY RUSTY.

THE

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CHAD-WICKITES

1. Now it came to pass in those days, even in the days of the reign of Egroeg, third King of that name, that a certain man sojourned in the land, and his name was as a fish, and the wick of a candle.

2. And he was a man of good repute, and his merchandise was of many sorts, yea, even of gold and silver, and precious stones, and jewels of great value; and he dwelt in the city of Augusta, even on the Hill of Corn.

3. He was short of stature, but comely withal, wearing the hides of bulls on his feet, and the skins of rams on his back, and many were the good things that belonged to him, and the pleasures of his younger days were mighty.

4. And it came to pass, that he journeyed into another country, and took with him both paper and silver, the money that was current therein; yet he neither took razors to shave his beard, nor shirts to refresh his body.

5. And as he journeyed, he opened his mouth, and said to his companions, Verily, verily, I say unto you, my bowels yearn for food; and many were the things he thought of; yet his cravings were not satisfied; for the imagination will not fill the belly of man; and eggs on toast, beef that has been salted, yea even fowls that had been roasted by the fire, or sodden with water that is hot, wished he for.

6. And at the end of his journey he came to a fair mansion, and therein dwelt a centurion, whose name was a dread to the labourist at the door of the publican, being called *No Ale*.

7. And he received him and his companions, and they fared sumptuously, and were made merry.

8. But by the end of the fourth day, his beard grew

even like the stubble on the field which no mower hath mowed, and it appeared even as a scrubbing-brush.

9. And certain Ephraimites called unto him to shave his beard; but he answered and said, Nay, that will I not do.

10. But coming to a place, called a numerical figure, and the pride of Britain, shame was on him, and he called a penny barber unto him, and he was shaved; but the stubble waxed stubborn, and blood fell from his chin.

11. Now his shirt was a sore trouble to him; and he went to the cook of the centurion of the house he sojourned in, and he took flour, and therewith did he whiten the same; and also did he sprinkle a portion on his hair, and buttoned his vest, that his linen might not be seen by the people.

12. And great rejoicing was made, and there was feasting even on the fore leg of a sheep; and the days were as moments to the eyes of the guests.

13. And it came to pass, that on his return to his own country, he put his house in order, and took account of his merchandise and books; and the books were the more easy to do, as they only were two in number; and they were called *Hudibrasso*, and the works of Tom Brown the Wittite.

14. Having done these things, he communed with himself and said, Now will I enjoy myself; and he stood at his portal and ogled the daughters of pleasure as they passed before his house; but nothing more could he * * * * *

15. And night came, and drowsiness came on him; and he put on his night-cap of red flannel, and retired to his couch and slept soundly, and dreamt of * * * * *

PRIVATE

PRIVATION FOR EVER!

[From the Morning Herald, Oct. 3.]

Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam
Et quantum natura petat. LUCAN.

MR. EDITOR,

IN one of your late papers you informed us of a wager, which had been laid, relative to *pedestrianism without food*. It has indeed long been apparent, that pedestrianism, pure, simple, and unmixed, has nearly lost its interest, or rather one should say, has run it out with the public. The celebrated Barclay match was the first that connected pedestrianism with *privation*; and there is room for an inexhaustible variety of useful imitations of it in a nation so much addicted as ours to eating, drinking, and sleeping. That match was more a question of abstinence than of activity; and I have myself some hope of outvying the performance, since it has been supposed, that the possibility of abstaining from sleep depends much upon the certainty of not being fatigued by too much thought when we are awake.

We are, I hope, Mr. Editor, upon the eve of a series of experiments, by which it will be ascertained upon how little we can *live and walk*, and from which there will result a complete system of the *philosophy of privation*! It is said, that Socrates, upon being led into a store of jewellery, exclaimed, "How many things are here, which I do not want!" The day may come in the progress of our improving age, when we may hear the same thing from an alderman in a tavern. I hope to see a long list of competitors, who shall not only walk, but ride, dance, shoot, box, hunt, make political speeches, and write books of philosophy, some without bread and others without gin, till

it shall be acknowledged, that in England, at least, *reason* is continuing to advance in her dominion over matter, and the *perfectibility of human nature* shall again be a topic with deistical scheme-stealers from German impostors.

While these experiments shall administer to the knowledge of the physician and the naturalist, we may also hope for other *matches at privation* worthy of the notice of the moralist and the observer of manners. We have run round the present sphere of our emulations in matters of amusement, till the track has become beaten and tiresome from its sameness. What new prospects arise for adventurers in *nothingology*; and, Mr. Editor, what new occasions for paragraphs! The newspapers will not fail to record the endurances, produced under the anti-consuming system. Methinks I see lying before you for your choice, a column of such paragraphs as the following:—

“ We are assured, that the Marchioness of — has undertaken to abstain, for two nights in the next week, from rouge, routs, and cards.”

“ The next session of Parliament is expected to be unusually tranquil, Mr. — having undertaken to limit himself to five speeches per week, and not to make more than forty attempts to add the business and privileges of the executive power to those of the Legislature.”

“ A certain Countess is *in training* for an abstinence of a whole week from scandal.”

“ It is rumoured, that J— F—, Esq. the oldest of the Members in Parliament for Scotland, has bound himself not to drink more than two bottles of port per day, during a whole month.—N. B. This account requires confirmation.”

“ Mr. Kemble has resolved to conduct a theatrical campaign without cavalry.”

“ The

"The editors of all the London papers have determined, that nothing but ascertained truths shall appear in their columns.—N. B. It is intended to reduce the papers to one-fourth of their present size."

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,
NE QUID NIMIS.

THE LOST BOX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Oct. 7.]

SIR,

I 'M a justice of peace, and lives at Hackney, and my wife is a very genteel lady, I assure you, and was bread up at Camden House Boarding School, which takes its name from that great nobleman, whose *abilities* have entitled him so justly to the high situation he now holds. Now, my wife always reads the newspaper to me at breakfast, and frightens me terribly, by saying, that we live in such alarming times, no one can tell what will become of us; and then to-day, dear me, how she screamed out when she came to that paragraph, which mentioned, that a hackney-coachman had run away with the papers of some great man, and that all the state secrets might be made public, and then there would be an end of us all.

"Let us, my dear," says she, "be upon the lookout; to be sure Sukey will be gossiping to-day; but watch every coach that passes." She had scarce said these words, but who should drive by but our Bob, who robbed Sukey of her wedding ring, and took Jenny's thimble and nutmeg out of her box; and, sure enough, he pulled up at the Man in the Moon.

"Oh!

"Oh! oh!" says I to myself, "then I have caught you, by gosh, and my fortune is made, if you are the man;" and sure enough it was so, "You rascal," says I to the constable, "I seize you in the King's name, and the Regent's too;" so down upon his knees he plumps himself, and cried out "Mercy, and I will tell all." So he opened his horse bags, and, sure enough, instead of oats, out tumbled a parcel of papers, and a little red trunk, just like what our little *prattling Jeffery* keeps his playthings in. "So, so, Coachy," says I, "where does all this come from?" "Why, please your honour's worship," says he, "I'm a poor *honest man*, and we cannot always drive those who are like ourselves; so, an't please you, as I was plying top o' St. James's, up comes a thick jolter-headed sort of a chap, and wants me to take him to King Street, Westminster, for a shilling—'No,' says I, 'I'll have two, if I tips you the long trot.'—'Well, then,' says he, 'I'm your man, for I want my dinner sadly, and am in a hurry.'—'Hurry,' says I, 'that's good indeed! hurry no man's cattle; you may have a jack-ass of your own some of these days, and perhaps have got one when you're at home now.' So in I packs him, and mortal *heavy* he was, ballast behind and before. I thought, howsomever, I seed him sinouch, as it were, somewhat under his coat, as tho'ff he was after no good; and, says I to myself, 'Why, my pig-headed one, you got up in a hurry this morning; for he had one *garter* over his stocking. So off I drove him to K—g S—t. Now my fare, your honour, was two shillings, without the long trot; and, would you believe it, he gave me *one* bad one; so when I found out how he had *rummed* me, I thought it was but fair to *dash* him. 'So,' says I, 'I'll keep your little trunk for you, Master Jolter; for I see you be but a one, to leave your matters in my coach.'—'This is the account I got from this insolent fellow, whom I have

I have committed to jail, till the pleasure of His Majesty's wise Ministers shall be communicated to me. I have little doubt that when the public shall know what I have done, through the channel of your entertaining paper, that every one will agree that some high honour is due to the person who has been the means of recovering papers of so much consequence to the public at large. The moment I can investigate the contents of the red box, I shall not fail to communicate to you as much as shall appear prudent to be generally known, without injury to the state. I am, Sir,

Your very obedient and very humble servant,

TIMOTHY MITTINUS,

Justice of the Peace of Hackney Marsh, and
Tallow-chandler in the Minorities.

Hackney Marsh, Oct. 3, 1811.

THE HIEREU-MANIA.

[We have received the following letter; whether it be genuine, or a hoax, we leave our readers to determine.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Oct. 11.]

SIR,

ALTHOUGH we are not in the habits of communication, I am, nevertheless, desired by Mr. P——, to trouble you with a letter, to request you will have the goodness to inform him how he can address a Scotch physician, who, he understands, has lately written on the Hierieu-Mania.

With this disorder our good and pious Premier, as you well know, has long been grievously afflicted; at present it smarteth him sore. It is, indeed, a dangerous disorder for a Minister, and he begins to fear, that, if it shall continue, it may carry him off; as it has already done Viscount S——h. Oh, that my patron could recover! "Is there no balm in Gilead?" I should

should rejoice greatly within my heart, and sing with the brotherhood at Clapham, canticles of joy, if I saw any prospect of amendment; but there is none. Alast Sir, should Mr. P——I go, great will be the tribulation of the saints. They ne'er in office will see his like again. Who like he will bind our kings in fetters?

Although naturally meagre, you cannot imagine how much poor Mr. P. is reduced—he is brought quite low. He has never suffered so much as at present from this Hieru-Mania, and the fit having ceased for a while, he feels more strongly its effects. It prevents his paying his daily court at Y—k House, where he has to make up for many former inattentions which cannot easily be forgotten. The P—R— is also known to have expressed his dislike to persons subject to attacks from this horrible complaint. He conceives, moreover, that they did much harm to his Royal Parent, and were principally the cause of the melancholy calamity, which we all, yourself included, equally deplore. *Apropos*, Mr. P——I requests me to express his hopes, that your known good nature will kindly excuse the trouble you were occasioned some time ago in Westminster Hall, because you conceived the Prince of Wales capable of wearing the Crown, and making himself gloriously popular among his subjects. I had nearly forgotten this part of my commission. If you have any copies remaining of your trial, Mr. P——I will readily now take them off your hands. We have, during a long time, been making a collection of many rare and curious tracts, which the Premier thinks of presenting to H. R. H. Mr. Thornton, the new Marshal of the Admiralty, promises to procure many *via Hagne*.

Poor Mr. P. he certainly is in a bad way. The Doctors themselves, they who have so long attended him with flattering hopes, even they begin to shake their heads in silence—and they think of taking leave—
—we

—we shall have none to comfort us. I wish Mr. P. had never taken prescriptions and bilious bills from clerical mountebanks. He would have continued the circuit; in time the attorneys would have given him briefs; and I should have gotten my half-crowns. No good things remain for me.

We must absolutely try a new regime. If Mr. P——I could only keep within the house in Downing Street, he has half a mind to try *Jesuits beans*. He was talking of this the other day, whilst playing with the little P——ls in the nursery. But the maids cried out, “Lord, Sir! they are *poisonous*, they were found out by the wicked Popish priests to destroy heretics at the time of that there *Popish plot*, when there was all that fuss and noise about Titus Oates, just as when you went down to Northampton about *No Popery*.” Mr. P. was frightened, and stood aghast. The council had been waiting below; and the Marquis W——y came up stairs to find the Premier, who immediately consulted him about what the maids had told him. The Marquis burst into a loud fit of laughter, and cried out, “Why, P——I, they are patent pills—do you want them?” Mr. P. did not at first understand the Marquis, but, upon explanation, was angry, and assured him on his honour his Lordship was mistaken. Lord El——n hearing a noise, came in, and the matter was resumed. Mr. P. declared he firmly believed all that the *nursery-maids and old women* had told him. The Ch——lor had his doubts, and required time to make up his mind. He would not take with him, however, any papers (the first time, I believe, when he declined reading any thing handed to him), but said that he had at home many collections of the *Jesuits upon conscience and casuistry*, to which he was partial, and that he should find there information how to advise.—N. B. His Lordship is rather friendly to the Order, and would have made an excellent confessor to Lewis XIV.

A

As Mr. P——I is, as you have experienced, very liberal upon all points connected with the liberty of the press, he has had no objection to my communicating the above anecdote. I will write to you further in a day or two.

I remain, &c.

PRAISE-GOD BARE-BONES.

LETTER II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

{Oct. 18.]

SIR,

WE have no intelligence of the Scotch Doctor—where can we find him? We dare not write to Earl Grey, who lives near the border, and he would not, if we did, answer our letter; therefore, I must trouble you again, for we cannot get information even from our own friends.

Mr. P——I had applied to Viscount M——le about this doctor, and also about the treatise, which he announces to be already in the press; but we cannot distinctly understand his Lordship's answer, with which we are not altogether satisfied. He says there is no work of the kind in the Advocates' library (*we suspect his Lordship has not made the proper search*), and that as to the disorder itself, his late father always expressed a decided horror of it; he used to say it was the most fatal complaint with which a statesman ever could be seized—and on all occasions, he advised his son and all his friends to keep clear of it, and fly away from those infected. His Lordship seems alarmed; and although too civil and polite to say it, we fear neither himself nor his friends, if the disorder continues, will come near the House.

The Duke of M——e writes more succinctly. He says he never heard of the complaint before in Scotland;

land; and, if it existed formerly, it has in Scotland long since been eradicated. His Grace confines his attention principally to *Horses*, and we believe was in a hurry to ride out with the Earl of Fingall. His Lordship, you must know, whilst in Scotland, invited both His Grace and the Duke of B——h to Killeen Castle; and the manners of the Earl are, unfortunately for us, so mild, amiable, and conciliatory, that we believe the above personages are inclined to accept his invitation, and to go over to Ireland. The Scotch are very uneasy respecting that country. I wonder they should be troubled about such a contemptible set of *bog-trotting, bare-legged, vile Irish Papists*. I am not, however, surprised, when I remember that they have neither Bishops, Deans, nor Prebends, and very small livings. King Harry allowed us there to cry out *Jacobinism* as loud as we pleased; but he absolutely prohibited, within his dominions, any sermons or discourses upon *No-Popery*, and he patronized in that country the *Catholic Clergy*. Was not this impious? I hope his soul may not suffer in the other world for his great sin in supporting the abettors of their damnable doctrines and idolatrous rites! His successors, however, we fear will follow his example: we must, therefore, send to Scotland some of our good Protestant divines, and get an establishment for Episcopacy. The Scotch are getting rich, and can pay for it.

But the *Jesuits Beans!!!* We fear they are *hard of digestion*; and, if we took them, that the dose with which we should be drenched in the *House of Commons*, to work them off, would be too potent for our constitution. We would, however, swallow them; but we cannot get them. They are to be had, we are told, only from *Hibern-Anglus*, the *Irish Giant*; and he swears, by his soul and St. Patrick, we shall not have them, nor any one whom we shall send.

W.

We cannot manage this fellow: He roars like a bull, incessantly, night and day. We endeavoured indeed to tie him up; but he broke all our chains, and, in consequence of our tormenting him as we have done, will absolutely run mad and gore us to death.

We have been, Sir, I will admit, very *foolish* throughout this business. Our *Secretary* adopted *mistaken Manners*, or *Manners* mistook this strange genius; for he has behaved most *rudely*. We wrote him first a letter, to which he would pay no attention, although the *Secretary* wrote *his name* on the cover, and that it was sent on *His Majesty's service*. He tore the letter in pieces, got into a violent passion, and our messenger was glad to escape with whole bones. This you will admit was a high contempt of our authority and of all Government, not to be passed over with impunity: we, therefore, determined to *apprehend* him, and got an order to that effect signed by Paddy D—g—n, who you know *can* write, having been in former days what the Irish call a poor scholar. But here again, Sir, we have been disappointed. The man is so *strong*, we can get *no hold* of him. No constables will venture near him, *notwithstanding Mr. P——'s strictest orders*. We sent immediately a *reprimand* to them by a *Courier**; but all in vain. The *Sun* also for once proved *false*, and did not communicate the hidden tumult which it might have known, and ought to have disclosed†. He since has not shown his *gilded beams*, nor given us a solitary and cheering ray of comfort, and our friends he has left wholly in

* The *Courier* was indignant with the Duke of Richmond, and surprised at his allowing the extraordinary Meeting of the Catholic Committee!

† The *Sun* informed the public, in answer to the first letter of your correspondent Hibern Anglus, who stated that the Irish Government executed its orders timidly, even within the seat of its own residence, that he was "*miserably misinformed*," and that the Government would *vehemently suppress every illegal meeting*: *Has it perished?*

the dark. It is a sad omen of our fate. Fatal eclipse !
how are the mighty fallen !

Entre nous, what should we have done with this fellow, if our constables *had* caught him, for certainly our cage is not *sufficiently large*—we must build a *new one*, if we can get the *means* from *Parliament* ; but we are so *weak*, that we fear we shall not be able to go down to the House, even on the first day of the Session. Oh ! Mr. Perry, do procure us the *beans*, we will give every thing for the *beans*.

You will of course take *no notice of all that we have said* about Hibern-Anglus ; but have the goodness to present to him our kindest compliments—assure him of our great consideration and high regard, and that Mr. P——I would be highly flattered if he would do him the honour of dining in Downing Street any day which he may be pleased to name. There is no harm in his dining with us at table *once*, but afterwards we shall neither give him *loaves*, nor on Fridays or Saturdays any *fish*. We can settle him at one dinner, but keep him henceforward at a proper distance. Your own friends, we know, will be more kind, and entertain for him a sincere regard ; but in our hearts we hate him as the *Devil*, and nothing but necessity would compel us to take off even our *hats* to this Papist. We shall quarrel even during dinner-time, unless third parties be present. If, therefore, Earl Grey and Lord Grenville would be of the party, it would add to the felicity of Mr. P——I ; and as they will come from the country, he can accommodate them in Downing Street. There is a *smaller house*, which can contain himself and family ; but the health of the latter would suffer, if they were to remain wholly from their present neighbourhood. It agrees also particularly with his very amiable lady, who is subject to frequent indisposition and confinement.

You shall hear from me further, when I have any

news which I am at liberty to communicate. In the mean time I remain, &c.

PRAISE-GOD BARE-BONES.

• LETTER III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Nov. 12.]

DEAR SIR,

I PROMISED you, in my last letter, some more *chit-chat*; and you will see, by this long letter, that I have kept my word—*no usual thing with persons like myself*, who have recently succeeded to office.

What a sad thing it is to have *Papish* subjects! As bad as in Ireland to have *Papish* servants. Lord R——le was complaining of this the other day, and talked of recommending all the *Protestant* servants out of place to go over to Ireland, where they need not pay the M——g H——d for advertisements, but are advertised for. His Lordship asked Mr. P——l what he thought of this; and urged the measure as an admirable means of reclaiming Ireland from the errors of Popery. Mr. P——l thought the idea good; but suggested an improvement, which was, to send there all the *Protestant convicts*, and land them on the western coast, in Conna-Mora, the territories of that *Papistical* Member M——n of Galway, who, as you may happen to recollect, protected the *Papists*, and gave them an asylum when driven out from the North by the furious *Orangemen*—excellent *Protestants*, however—with a warning, that they were to depart “to Connaught or to Hell!”

Much good, Mr. P——l thought, would result from this measure; and as the ideas of Sir S. Romilly upon penal laws are gaining ground, he thought they might by this means be more safely adopted. He observed, that care had been taken, by the Legislature of late,

late, to enjoin residence upon the Irish Clergy (to the great annoyance of *Mr. King, the Master of the Ceremonies at Bath*, and of the gentlemen themselves); but it was highly expedient to go *beyond* the Legislature, and procure ~~men~~ that which the law in all its omnipotence, and assisted even by all the Circulars and Proclamations of Mr. Pole, cannot obtain, *Congregations*. Others of our peasantry would not like to venture among the Papists; but he thought the convicts would feel no alarm. A great obstacle to the Protestantizing of Ireland, was the difficulty, in many parts, of procuring not only congregations, but *even clerks*; he therefore thought those who had been repeatedly taught in England to *kneel down, and pray benefit of Clergy*, would serve excellently for that purpose.— Their influence might be increased by appointing them to the exalted, and, in Ireland, highly-esteemed, character of *Tithe-Proctors*, upon whom the people look with *singular veneration*, associating them with the ministry of the Clergyman himself. The duties of the office they might be able effectually to discharge—and defy the *Peep-o'-day boys*. They would prove *admirable protectors* of Church property; better than the Right Honourable and Learned Doctor himself.

Mr. P——l, you know, thinks deeply on these things; and the Protestantizing of Ireland he conceives the most *important* point in the consideration of State affairs. This is one of the effects of the *Hiereu-mania*; and it was raging violently at this moment, when a Messenger came over with dispatches from the Colonial Office. The Premier was so intent with Lord R——le upon *extirpating Popery* from Ireland, that he would not even open the blue box.— There came repeated messages from Lord L——l, and at length an intimation that the Church might be endangered. We then indeed applied the magic key, but with fear and trembling, and (as if it were that of Pandor

Pandora) what do you think flew out—the *Milton Petition*!!! It was like the apparition of the ghosts in Blue-Beard. Oh! if you had seen our consternation—and, as the Devil would have it, there was in the fatal box also a *Proclamation*! We shut it up immediately, and swore we would not say one word about its existence.

The very name of a Proclamation sets me a-shivering! it fills me now with horror; and, whenever I hear of one, I am sure we are going wrong. Wrong, Sir, in India, about whiskers—wrong, Sir, in Jamaica—wrong in Canada—wrong in Ireland! I was once fond of Proclamations: they sounded, as the Lawyers say, in vigour and strong government; but now I wish there existed not such a word.

The public, Sir, would have heard nothing of this but for your *lapsus pennæ*, and that vile Cobbett.—There is no keeping any thing from that fellow. We never shall forgive him for having said of us once, that “we were Jobbers all the morning, and Methodists all the evening.” We thought we did well when we shut him up in Newgate. *Entre nous*, we were great fools for sending him there. We showed neither gratitude for past favours, nor prudence for the future. He certainly ran down the Talents, and, though he would not join in the cry of *No-Popery*, he enabled us to keep our places. Our conduct towards Cobbett, you will say, has always been part of a system. We made Wilkes, and we might have *unmade* Cobbett. We wished at one time to have sent *you* also to Newgate, to show our former *good will* and *profound respect* for the P—— of W——; but you were too cunning: and now *even* Sir V. G—s himself rejoices at *your escape*. We are sadly afraid of the *Ghost of Junius*—a prophet has foretold its appearance, with the fiery tail of a Comet, and I hurry home at night from the *Tabernacle* (lest he should rise up), without waiting to

to resort to any of the ladies whom I occasionally meet at those places of pious recreation.

— But the Maltese Petition! Who can endure the idea of *vile bigotted Papists* talking of Liberty and the British Constitution! claiming also the performance of good faith, as if it were to be kept with such impious idolaters by us true Evangelical Protestants! Why will they not remain content with *Popery* and *wooden shoes*? Have we not already and repeatedly told the people of Ireland; that the enjoyment of the British Constitution and the profession of the Catholic Religion are incompatible? We hate, Sir, the name of Liberty. Buonaparte is not more alarmed at the mention of it; but he is more cunning than ourselves. He will give his dependencies occasionally the form of a Free Government—Councils, Senates, Republics, any thing but the reality of Freedom. But we seem inclined to repudiate both form and substance.

We seem determined to show the people of the Mediterranean that we can do things in a higher style than Napoleon; and, in order to prove it, we have left, as it appears, the people of Malta, during twelve years, without any Government at all! The Civil Commissioner openly declares it; and when the Maltese claim a Popular Assembly, a Free Press, and Trial by Jury, “a Constitution,” in short, to use their own expressions, “wherein may enter the spirit of their free and legitimate Government with that of the Constitution of England”—the Civil Commissioner “observes, with regret, that some *weak* and *inconsiderate* persons have been induced to subscribe a paper, purporting to be an application to the King for certain changes in the existing form of Government.”!!!—The gallant General is not satisfied with this: he mounts his charger, unfurls his Proclamation, and, brandishing his sabre in the air over the heads of the vile rabble, or, to use an Italian expression, *canaglia*, he claims the merit “of lenity and forbearance towards the

the *misguided few*," who are so much attached to their own ancient institutions, and to England, as to wish for the benefits of the British Constitution!— This, Sir, is our system, in all its *vigour, energy, and splendour*; and it is by such Proclamations we are certain of accomplishing a general confederation in defence of Liberty, against the despotism of Buonaparte!!!

We talk big, Sir, but we are confoundedly frightened. Our once kind friend the "Protestant," who wrote for us in 1807, in the *Morning Post*, and gabbled Cabinet Minutes with such dexterity, we understand, is now alarmed, and we dread the vengeance of the Ex-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He gave us *much trouble* about Malta at the time of the Peace of Amiens. Why would not General Oakes let the Petition have come over quietly without making a noise? *We* would have kept it snug; and if any one had called for it, we should have told the *Country Gentlemen* in the H—e of C——s, that we did not understand it ourselves, as it was written in *Arabic*. No one would have sent for the Oriental Professor from Oxford; no one would have searched for *former remonstrances* in the Political Register, or have looked for them *under* the table of the H—e of C——s itself, and all would have gone on smoothly. We might have sent the Maltese, as was threatened by the French, to the coast of Barbary.

PRAISE-GOD BARE-BONES.

LETTER IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Nov. 23.]

DEAR SIR,

GREAT News! Mr. Perry—Great News! Great News! The Irish Grand Jury have found the bills against the Irish Papists! We took them up for "*purposes*," and we now are going to try them for "*pretences*!"

Anders ! Have not we managed the things dexterously, and most consistently? We are, I assure you, all alive and half-intoxicated with delight. We consider the intelligence of much more consequence than the destruction even of all the immense fleet collecting by Buonaparte.

Long live those saviours of the Empire, the Policemen of Dublin, and though last not least in love, Major Sirr ! These, Sir, are your men for a Grand Jury upon a great public occasion ; and as criminal informations are becoming unpopular even in England, we think of substituting in future the *Grand Inquest*, over which it is proposed the Governor of the Cold Bath Fields Prison, or, as the rabble call it, the Bastile, shall preside for the County of Middlesex, and Macmanus for the City of Westminster. It is a good thing to let all people have sometimes a holiday. It is allowed to chimney-sweepers in London, and why should it be denied to the w——s and rogues in Dublin ?

What a noble Grand Jury would have been formed heretofore of those who were called the *trading Justices* ! I wonder, in the times of Wilkes, and Almon, and Woodfall, no one thought of resorting to such an expedient. It would have saved all our Attorney-generals much obloquy ; and how grandly the *exordia* of their speeches to Juries would have sounded with the words—“ Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendant is brought before you this day, by the finding of the *Grand Inquest of the Country*. Mr. Justice-president Hyde, Mr. Justice-clerk Bond, and the *most respectable thief-taker* whom we could select, and whom we have spared purposely for the occasion, in order that the liberty of the subject might be regarded—that the people of England may be convinced of the desire which His Majesty’s Government entertain that this great and important case should be brought under discussion *without prejudice* to the parties accused—these liberal, enlightened, and independent gentlemen,

men, it is proper I should inform you, were summoned upon the Grand Jury—to whom we would have willingly added, had he not been otherwise employed in executing some *factions orators*, condemned for High Treason, and who, at this moment, while I am addressing you, are expiating their crimes by the forfeit of their lives on Tower Hill; a personage whom you all may know, and will, I am sure, highly respect, *Mr. Jack Ketch!!!* When I mention to you, Gentlemen, these exalted characters, you will, I am sure, be convinced, that, charged as they were by the Judge, without any directions, upon *law*, and having to consider an indictment, which, framed as it *now* is, involves indeed only a pure simple question of *fact*, they would not, upon their *oath*, have returned a *true bill*, had they not been satisfied in their consciences, that there existed grounds for believing that this assembly was convened, and the parties deputed met for the *real and avowed purpose of petitioning*, which I will admit to be lawful, whatever may have passed on *former* occasions, or I may have stated in *former* opinions; but that it was all a *pretence*. Gentlemen, I have troubled you with these observations, because it has been said, and indeed with *truth*, that *not a single individual could be found* in London, or throughout England, who would *venture to swear* that he believed that the Methodists, who form so large a portion of *our population*, had it not in contemplation to petition Parliament. The Grand Jury so *respectably* composed have thought *otherwise*, and have found a *true bill* upon *their oath*, after the Convention had *actually met*, and the *draft of a Petition* had *really* been *adopted*, subject to future revision and alteration. Had I filed a criminal information, I should have been told, perhaps, in the newspapers, which, strange to tell, are *all* become the *organs of faction*, and against which his Lordship, in charging the Grand Jury, thought it incumbent on him

him to pass, in the *strongest terms*, a most *severe* and *general* condemnation, in *order*, no doubt, that they might *duly, fairly, and without prejudice*, take into their *calm, dispassionate, sober* consideration, any indictment which it was probable would be preferred against the publishers of such pestiferous infection as discussions upon '*civil and religious freedom*,' in a land of liberty—I should be told, I say, that I was comporting myself in my office with tyranny and oppression. Gentlemen, I have determined to avoid the charge of such slander—like Pontius Pilate, I wash my hands. The accusation is not found by myself, but by the *respectable* Grand Jury whom I have named—and from such a Grand Jury I am sure it will come before you as I have already stated—*without prejudice!*"

This, Mr. Perry, is the true way, and we have determined to send Sir V. G. to Ireland, to take a lesson from the Crown Lawyers in that country. He will beat them as a good classic and an excellent special pleader; but *they* will improve him in the conduct of Crown prosecutions.

There was to-day a grand Cabinet dinner; and as we think less (though with all duty and respect) of the K—g, poor man! than formerly, it was agreed, upon the motion of the E—I of W——d, that, in future, the first toast shall be "*The Police-men of Dublin*," after all our Cabinet dinners; and, to encourage *Irish manufacture*, all agreed to order razors from Alderman *Hone*. It was also agreed, that all future anonymous pamphlets, and all that we have been writing upon Popery, at our country-house near Ealing, shall be sent to Dublin, to be printed by Mr. Alderman *Blacker*; and we have recommended him particularly to Dr. D—g—n, in case, what we cannot believe, he has any new *calumnies* ready for the press. They suffered indeed formerly in England, in a *Latin* translation—at least poor Wright sustained by them a heavy loss.

We were all quite merry. The Earl of L———, who you know is fond of frequenting the Italian Opera, proposed, that, to put the Members in good humour, especially those from Ireland, there should be given, by subscription among the Cabinet, to commemorate the event, a *Concerto Spirituale*. The idea at first alarmed the C———r and Mr. P———, who thought it was meant to play off some of the tricks of the *illuminati*, of which they had read in the Hon. R. Clifford's translation of Barruel. They supposed that it was proposed to call up from the regions below the *infernal spirits*—

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey—

and they begged to be excused from witnessing prematurely, and before the day of judgment, such an exhibition. The Earl of W———d proposed, in that case, to send for a *Popish Priest*, and get from him some *holy water*. His Lordship genetally carries with him *l'eau benie de cour*, which he brought with him from Ireland; but he said he was afraid the Devil was accustomed to it, and that it would have no effect. Lord M——e and Earl C——n were not alarmed. The first said, he would get an officer of engineers to beat him off with a new *infernale* from the Ordnance Office. The latter thought there could be no harm—wit, fun, and sprightliness, were much wanting in the Cabinet; and if they could keep free of the *evil spirit*, he thought they had better have the thing. They had lost *Yorick*, and C——h entertained them no longer with a song—they had also of late been much depressed.

The C——r and Mr. P——l were not satisfied—not a Member of the Cabinet understood Italian, and they sent to the M——s W———y, who had left them to go to Y——k House, by a messenger, begging his Lordship would write with a *pencil*, he not being fond of letter-writing, except *billets-doux*, a true translation

lation of the words. His Lordship being the only one of us who has ever been Ambassador abroad, they thought him the person best capable of explaining what in their lives they never before had heard. The Marquis had a mind to have sent back some lines of *Horace*, which *Quinctilian* would not translate for his own scholars, as he likes to quiz some of us. From respect, however, to the C——r, he thought better of it. The messenger came back with a message, that *Concerto Spirituale* meant, by a strange contradiction, *Oratorio*; but as such performances were in general tiresome, and only suited to a Church, he begged to be excused from attending, as he had in his leisure moments other and more agreeable recreation.

The two Law Lords of the C——y and T——y were delighted at the sound of the word *Oratorio*; Mr. Secretary R——r recovered from a headach at the cheering sound. They were now convinced it was innocent, and that the pious fraternity at Clapham would not be shocked at hearing of it, or at receiving an invitation. To calm any scruples in the mind of the new Marshal of the Admiralty, one of us undertook to assure him that the Concert would consist of music imported by one of his friends from the *Hague*, at which an eminent female performer would be requested to attend.

The next consideration was, where the Concert should be held. It was unanimously proposed, that it should take place at the L——d C——r's, in Bedford Square; and as there existed a general curiosity to see the interior of that noble mansion, it was thought this would be a fine opportunity for a house-warming, and draw a numerous attendance of company. Our worthy and learned Law L——d gave a very significant *nod*; just such a one as was described once by Lord North, as to courtiers, meaning any thing but approbation or consent, although it might be mistaken by the country gentlemen. We do not believe for a mo-

me

ment that the expense of lighting up the rooms was a thought entertained by his Lordship; but we immediately recollected, that he had once declared he would not give *five shillings* to hear even the great Catalani.

Leaving the place to be settled hereafter, the next consideration was the orchestra—which of the Cabinet could play upon the violin sufficiently well to lead the band! They are all, *entre nous*, *wretched scrapers*; but yet it was thought W——y would not let P——l attempt to show off in that capacity. They agreed, therefore, to have a Professor; but Earl Grey, who is an excellent performer as well as amateur, and who can lead off equally an *allegro spiritoso*, and play sometimes a *solo*, was not likely to accept an engagement. Lord G——e hates music; but he understands the *contra points*, and is a good *fundamental bass*. They thought of sending to the Opera House. P. protested against a Papist; and as the *lead* is of great consequence, and a *place of trust*, he said he must have a Protestant. An Ode was to be written for the occasion, and they wanted a tenor voice. C——g and C——h, it was said, would quarrel as much as any Italian poet and composer, and they would fight moreover like true Irishmen. We now began to see how much we were in want of the *Talents*. The chorusses were likely to be deficient, particularly those from Scotland. Still, however, Mr. P——l says he will have an *Oratorio*, and he has applied to me to get it up. I tell him I dare not talk of a *fiddle* among my friends at the Tabernacle.

The Premier wished to have got the P——s to perform. The Duke of C——e says, he does not like public exhibitions; and the Duke of S——x sent word that he was recovering his voice from a fit of the asthma, to act a principal part in the Imperial Parliamentary Theatre next season. After all, it is said we are not on our side likely to get a license from the Chamberlain to perform.

PRAISE-GOD BARE-BONES.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 26.]

SIR,

THE day is at length arrived—one such day only in the year—when we agree to a suspension of all murmurings and complaints; when we forget the wars and the taxes, and the hard times, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of a *Christmas dinner*.

Somehow, Sir, the gravest and wisest of us are not unconcerned in this weighty affair, and not displeased to be invited where the good things of the season are spread out in greatest plenty; and, although I am arrived at a time of life when feasting becomes dangerous, and temperance a matter of necessity, if not choice, I cannot help saying, that an invitation on such occasions, where there is a prospect of plenty, is far from being disagreeable. A night or two ago, indeed, this matter seemed to have occupied more of my thoughts than usual; and while I was revolving some of the beautiful sentiments in that *entertaining* work, Mrs. Glass's Cookery, until my head became a chaos of bills of fare, and *first* and *second* courses, and *desserts*, I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream, which I shall presume to send you, for the benefit of those who, perhaps, never dream of any such thing.

I dreamt, Sir, that it was *Thursday morning*, the day after Christmas-day; and I dreamt that I was alarmed by a confused noise of voices, most of which I well knew, and knew that they were the voices of personages whom every body knows at this happy season. I began to listen; but for some time, as four or five spoke at one time; and that in a very noisy and indecent manner, I could not make out any distinct chain of argument. At length the parties, having, I suppose, agreed to some intermission, or suspension of hostilities and clamour, I could make out a considerable part of the dialogue, which I now

hand

hand to you with the speakers' names; all of which are, no doubt, so familiar to your readers, that I need not describe them.

The first voice I heard was that of the *Stomach*, who complained of grievances and oppressions; and of being so overloaded and overworked, that he was no longer able to perform his functions with ease and effect; and, for proof of this, he would appeal to his friend *Digestion*. *Digestion*, who appeared to be in a very weak state, declared that his business was nearly at an end; that such materials were imposed upon him as were quite out of his line; and if matters went on much longer in this way, he did not believe he should ever make a good drop of *chyle* while he lived. He also mentioned a number of persons who had forced themselves upon him, long after he had declared that he could go on no longer. This brought up Mr. *Cod's-head*, who, with some indignation, asked if either of the preceding speakers meant him? He said, it was true he had come *twice*, perhaps *thrice*, into their premises, where there was then plenty of room; and things might have remained so, if he had not been followed by others who had no business there, and came there only to disturb him. He mentioned in particular Messrs. *Sherry* and *Madeira*, whose visits were so often repeated as to *harden* him against any thing he could do to promote *Digestion*, or ease his friend *Stomach*. *Madeira* answered, that his visits were certainly frequent, but they were mere visits of compliment, sometimes to the Master of the house, and sometimes to the Mistress; and that, although he had some reputation as a Physician, in cases of the gout, neither he nor his friend *Sherry* ever pretended to assist *digestion*: on the contrary, they had probably been as much enemies to that operation as any of the company present. *Fowl* and *Ham* declared, that they could not be blamed for what had happened: they always travelled in the suite of
Cod's-

God's-head; and there might have been room for all, if a number of intruders, forming a dangerous mob, and known by the names of *Turkey, Chine, Steaks, Fricassers,* and *rich Soups*, had not assembled together and forced their way, nobody could conceive how. By this means every avenue was stopped up; and how could the business of that respectable firm, *Health and Strength*, go on? It was in vain, he added, that the *police officers, Cogniac, Cherry,* and other gentlemen of that stamp, were called in. It only increased the noise, and threatened a revolution. This remark brought up Mr. *Cogniac*, who assured the company, that it was always his wish, as it had been his business, to *keep things quiet*; and for that purpose it was well known he was frequently called in; that he had long been in the habit of serving gentlemen in that capacity, and his character was fully established in every Corporation in England, as well as in private houses: that if he sought flattery, he might flatter himself with his success, even among the *ladies*, although in their case he thought it delicate to employ his deputy Mr. *Cordial*, one of his own family, but who changed his name for the express purpose of tendering his services, where, from principles of conscience, the *Cogniacs*, a French family, might not be admitted.

This brought up the first speaker, Mr. *Stomach*, again, who said, that Mr. *Cogniac's* ingenious speech might flatter himself, but would flatter no one else. After all his vapouring about keeping things quiet, it was notorious, and the company had many sensible proofs of it, that he made as much noise as any one; and, in proportion to the frequency of employing him, every thing was thrown more into confusion. As to himself, he would repeat, that he had a certain quantity of room to spare, but that those who supposed he could enlarge his premises on certain days, were egregiously mistaken; yet such strange opinions

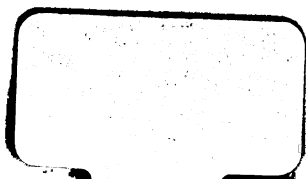
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were abroad upon this subject: that he now knew no difference between Sundays and Fast-days, and Lord Mayors'-days and Easter Mondays, or even Christmas-days. He would again appeal to his friend *Digestion*, if this was not true; and if that should not be thought good evidence, there were others then present who might speak with effect to the question.

Here he was interrupted by a person in a coat of curious mixture, whose name I was told was *Plum-pudding*, and who begged to be heard a few minutes. He said, that while he allowed the truth of much that had been said, he hoped some indulgence would be shown to him and his friend *Mince-pye*, who never troubled them but once a year: for himself, he might appear oftener, and he would say nothing for those who took extraordinary liberties with him, long after they might have been completely satisfied. But on the present occasion, he hoped that himself and his friend would be indulged, as it was well known their attachment to the church rendered their presence necessary. Some years ago, the presence of *Plum-pudding* and *Mince-pye* formed the touchstone of *churchemen* and *dissenters*, none of the latter daring to join in *superstition*. It was true, he added, that times were now altered; and he knew some *Noncons*, who were as intimate with him and his friend as the bench of Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries, could be. He hoped, therefore, some allowance would be granted, not that he cared much about it; as he came in *last*; it was probable he might be turned out *first*.

This speech threw the assembly into such confusion, that nothing more could be heard distinctly; and I was listening for another quiet interval, when a tremendous noise dismissed the whole assembly, without order or etiquette, and I awoke, and behold it was a dream!—But what, Sir, if this dream should be realized in the experience of any of my readers?

Dec 23. Yours, BUNEAB, JUN.



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